

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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## OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

JOHN H. VINCENT, *Chancellor*, 613 Mooney Building, Buffalo, N. Y. All "personal" letters should be so marked on envelope. LEWIS MILLER, *President*. JESSE L. HURLBUT, *Principal. Counselors*: LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.; BISHOP H. W. WARREN, D. D.; J. M. GIBSON, D. D.; W. C. WILKINSON, D. D.; EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.; JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D. MISS K. F. KIMBALL, *Executive Secretary*. A. M. MARTIN, *General Secretary*.

## REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

### THE OLD BAILEY.\*

BY JOHN CHARLES THORNLEY.



A TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY.

THE Old Bailey, doom-hall of thousands of wretched wights, is itself doomed. I mean the building, not the institution. After twenty years of negotiation and contention between the British government and the city corporation of London an arrangement has been completed for the building of a new Sessions

House, wherein to hold the monthly sittings of what in modern legal parlance is called the Central Criminal Court—the highest crime tribunal for London and the surrounding district. As Newgate has ceased to be used as a regular prison, one of its wings will be pulled down and a new Sessions House erected in its place. Old Bailey is the name by which the present building and its predecessors have been

\*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

popularly known for centuries, and for hundreds of years to come, I doubt not, the ancient designation will cling to the new Sessions House and any that may follow it.

Many readers of this magazine have doubtless walked along the curious, wedge-shaped street called the Old Bailey, which connects Ludgate Hill with Newgate Street, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. But only a few of these, I venture to say, have stepped from Old Bailey the street into Old Bailey the court-house and there witnessed a trial. Indeed, one may easily pass by and miss the Sessions House altogether. Like a pris-

oner in the dock, it seems to shrink from the public gaze, turning a dingy flank to the street, and presenting its best façade to a walled courtyard, into which judges, civic dignitaries, and other privileged folk are driven in order that they may alight from their carriages in privacy. The building is often confused, too, in the public mind, with the adjacent Newgate Prison, though the two are administratively distinct, the jail belonging to the imperial government and the court-house to the city corporation. Neither of those buildings is much more than a century old, but both stand on, or very near, sites that have been consecrated these five hundred years or more to the purposes of investigating and punishing crime.

Well, then, imagine yourself seated betimes one Monday morning in the box reserved for distinguished visitors. You



SIR CHARLES HALL, Q.C., M.P.  
Recorder of London.

113 years more sentences, whether of death or imprisonment, have rung across from that dais on our right to yonder dock on our left than in any other court that I can call to mind in the whole world.

Examine the dais. It monopolizes one side of the hall and is strewn with sweet herbs to prevent a recurrence of the jail-fever—pray do not laugh—which carried off some of the bigwigs on two occasions in the last century. At the rear is a continuous cushioned bench, faced by half a dozen movable desks and partly overshadowed by a canopy supporting the royal arms. These and other details appear in the photographic "interior" accompanying this article—a picture which, owing to the official ban upon everything that the judicial bench conceives to be without precedent, was taken secretly from a point not far from

are, I see, surprised and disappointed. I can, for the nonce, read your thoughts like a book, and this is their purport: "Can this low-ceiled, ill-ventilated, unadorned chamber, this big square box, with every inch of its floor penned, pewed, and gangwayed, this dingy third-rate justice hall, inferior to nearly every assize court I have seen in my tour through England, not to mention our courts at home—can this be the famous Old Bailey?" Yes, such it is; or, to be quite accurate, the chief portion of it. However uncomfortable and undignified it may be, it has somehow served the purpose for which it was built, and during



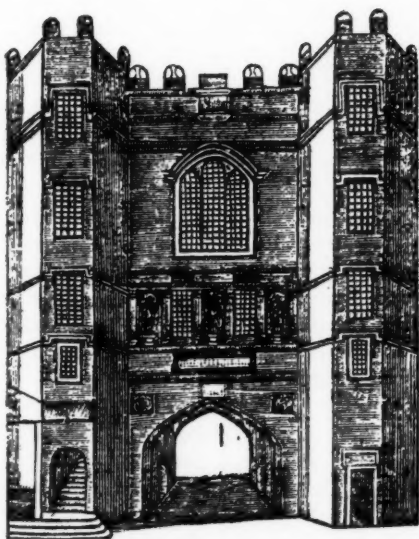
NEWGATE PRISON TO-DAY, THE SESSIONS HOUSE INDICATED BY A CROSS.

where we are sitting. In front of the dais, on a slightly lower level, is the table used by the clerk of arraigns and his subordinates. Right opposite us is the jury-box, and on our left the dock, above and behind which is the cramped public gallery. Down below, in what is called the well of the court, lies truth—so the bewigged barristers and unadorned solicitors who sit there would have us believe. On our side of the

court seats reserved for the press, for privileged visitors like ourselves, and for jurymen in waiting rise tier above tier from the well to the level of the dais.

While we have been looking round, barristers, solicitors, reporters, officials, and loungers have well-nigh filled the body of the court. Half-past ten strikes and simultaneously two or three loud knocks are given upon the outer side of one of the doors opening upon the dais. Then every one stands up, for from time immemorial that sound has heralded the approach of the dignitaries constituting the court. The lord mayor, attended by his sword-bearer, the city marshal, the sheriffs, the under-sheriffs, some of the aldermen, and the recorder, enters the court, and, after an exchange of bows with everybody present, takes the seat of honor under the royal arms, below which has been fixed one of the ceremonial swords of the city, with point studiously upturned in token of his nominal supremacy. The recorder takes the seat immediately to the right of his titular superior, and the aldermen and sheriffs spread themselves out on the left, according to seniority, while such officials as the sword-bearer and the city marshal disappear. Each member of the commission, as it is called, besides wearing the robes of his rank or office, carries an exquisite bouquet of flowers, welcome alike for color and fragrance in such drab, stuffy surroundings.

## NEWGATE



NEWGATE PRISON EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Oyez, oyez, oyez," begins the black-gowned usher in the only Norman-French he knows, and he goes on, in unmistakable cockney English, to declare the court open, concluding his formula with, "God save the queen!"

Then the lord mayor considers the excuses of, or objections to, persons summoned to sit on the grand jury, and, this duty accomplished, he has nothing more to say or do beyond looking ornamental. Nor does he do that long, for he suddenly remembers, in accordance with the usage of recent years, that he has a pressing engagement, and resigns

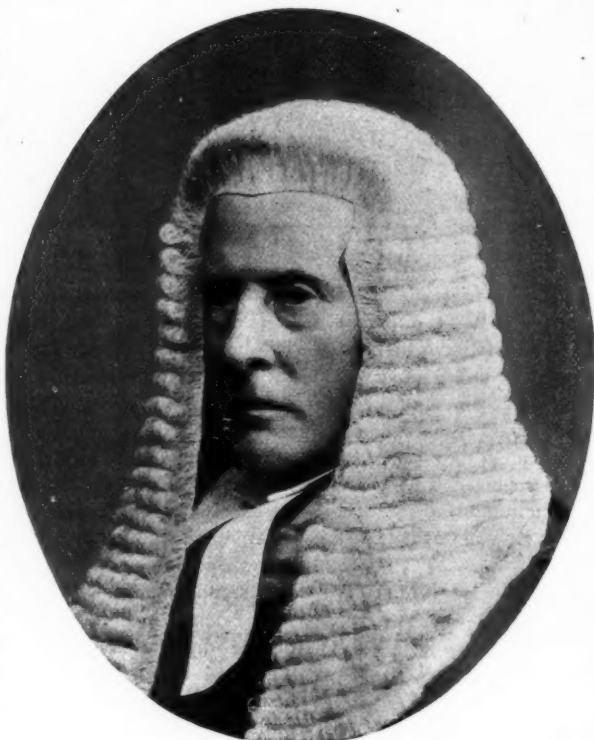
his chair to the senior alderman present. Meanwhile the recorder, who is the highest law officer of the city corporation, charges the grand jury; some true bills are returned; the common jury is sworn; a prisoner pops up through a trap-door into the dock from the cells below; and the first trial of the Sessions commences. The recorder, a greater man in reality than the silent magnates who pay him his salary, adjudicates solely in the cases brought up on this and the following day.

On the Wednesday one of the judges of the High Court of Justice makes his appearance and takes the seat hitherto occupied by the recorder, but never that of the

lord mayor, who remains chief commissioner throughout the Sessions. While the queen's judge commences to try the graver cases, the recorder moves to the New Court (new only by comparison) and there takes good

second-class indictments.

Another of the corporation's law officers, the common sergeant, presides over a third court, and when the calendar is exceptionally heavy a fourth court is formed by Mr. Commissioner Kerr. The High Court judge continues to preside over the chief tribunal until the end of the sessions, which last about ten days, though they have



JUSTICE WILLS, WEARING A FULL-DRESS WIG.

been known to extend over six weeks, overlapping the succeeding sessions.

"How comes it," asks the intelligent stranger, "that the notables of the one square mile of central London, commonly called 'the city,' have so much to do with the ceremonial part, at least, of a court that takes cognizance of all serious crimes committed in the metropolis or its environs?" It is a privilege that dates back to the fourteenth century, when it had become customary to lodge all the felons of the city of London and of the county of Middlesex in one of the gates that pierced the city wall—New Gate. These prisoners were tried by various haphazard methods until Edward



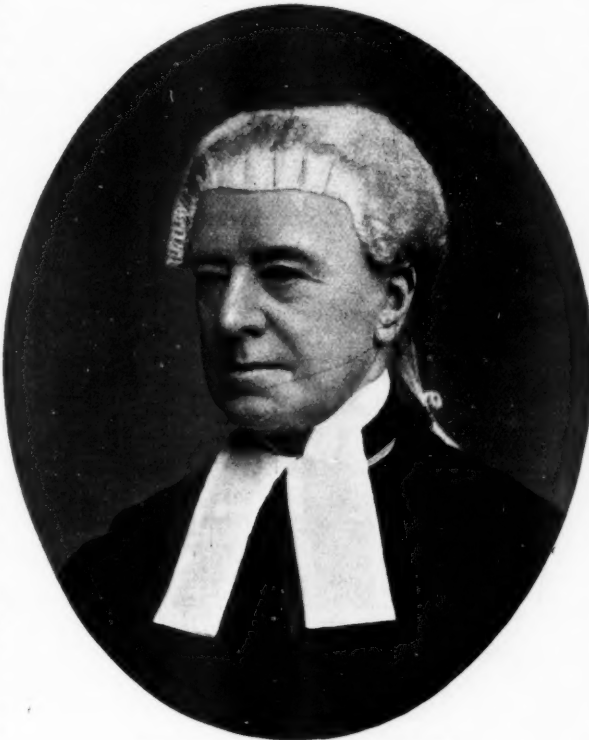
III. decreed, in 1327, that the lord mayor for the time being should be one of the judges, and it is in that reign that we find the first definite reference to a Sessions House in the Old Bailey—a name that some antiquarians hold to be derived from the *ballium*, or open space beyond the city wall. From that time forth the citizens, who had already purchased from the crown the right to appoint a sheriff of Middlesex, tightened their hold upon the administration of justice in the city and county, holding themselves responsible both for the gate-prison

and the court-house, which they rebuilt and altered from time to time. The crown never quite relinquished its hold upon the tribunal, and always, so far as I can make out, had the power of enlarging the commission at will, though the lord mayor usually kept his place at the head of it.

Thus we find that no fewer than thirty-four commissioners sat at the Old Bailey in October, 1660, to try the twenty-nine survivors of the court which had condemned Charles I. to death eleven years before, and city opinion, which was still Republican in the main, was scarcely reflected at all on that commission. The chief prisoners, notably Major-General Harrison, Sir Hardness

Waller, Colonel Carew, Hugh Peters, and Harry Marten, offered a grand Ironside defense devoid of legal subtleties, and were hanged. Only the weaklings, who expressed insincere contrition, were spared. Harrison

had been one of the narrowest of the Puritans, and had even quarreled with Cromwell when the latter spoke of toleration, but who can fail to admire him for those last words of his? "If I had ten thousand lives I could freely and cheerfully lay them all down to witness to this matter!" As a blow to constitutional liberty the hanging of Charles' judges was



JUSTICE HAWKINS, WEARING AN UNDRESS WIG.

as futile as the burning of John Milton's "Eikonoklastes" and "Defensio Prima" by the common hangman at the Old Bailey in the same year.

Many "legal murders" have been perpetrated at the Old Bailey, and one at least is known to every student of English history. William, Lord Russell was a man of heart rather than of great intellect, whose sturdy Whig instincts revolted against the corruption of Charles II.'s court. He associated himself with a movement for purging the government of the day of its grosser faults. About the same time the Rye House Plot, which was really directed against the king's life, was exposed, and

unscrupulous people linked Russell with the conspiracy, of which he knew nothing. The government sent orders down to the Old Bailey for a conviction at any price. To their lasting shame, the sheriffs packed the jury; the attorney-general, Sir Robert Sawyer, obstructed the defense; and the president of the commission, Sir Robert Pemberton, only grudgingly allowed the prisoner's wife to take notes of the evidence. Sentence of death was passed, and not even the £100,000 offered by the Earl of Bedford for his son's life mollified the king, who probably did not happen at that time to be hard up. Lord William was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields.



AN EXECUTION AT TYBURN (HOGARTH).



CHARLES MATHEWS, A LEADING OLD BAILEY BARRISTER.

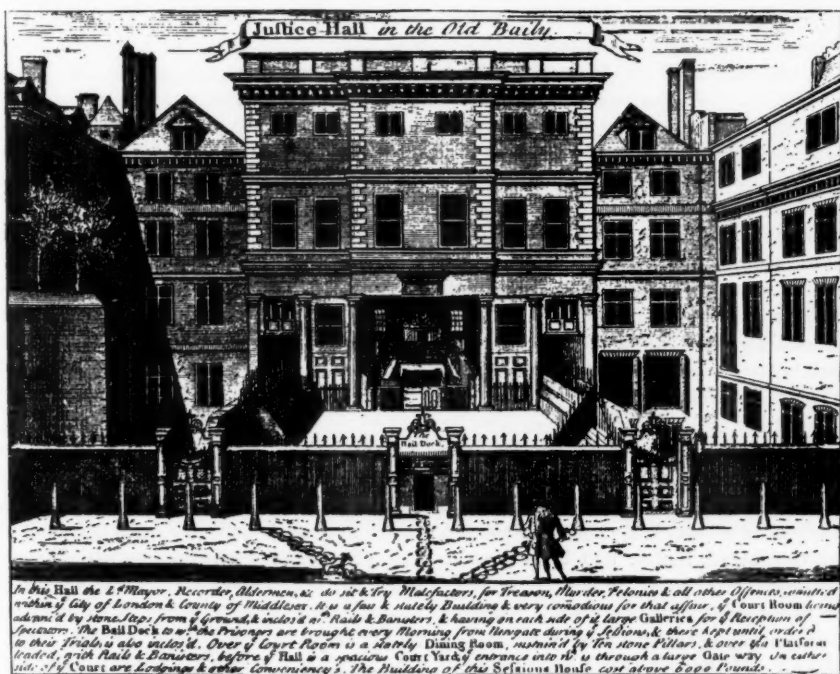
The people sentenced to death at the Old Bailey in the eighteenth century were for the most part scoundrels who richly deserved punishment. Prominent among these were Jack Sheppard, a burglar who raised himself into a vulgar heroism by escaping twice from Newgate; Jonathan Wild, who posed before the authorities as a police spy, but was in reality a receiver of stolen goods, and Dr. Dodd, a brilliant clergyman who ran into debt and forged the name of young Lord Chesterfield (to whom the famous "Chesterfield Letters" were written) on a bond for £4,200. Then there was the poet Richard Savage, sentenced to death for killing a man in a drunken brawl, but pardoned on the intercession of influential courtiers.

Until 1783 most of the murderers and felons sentenced at the Old Bailey were hanged at Tyburn, then a lonely spot on the great highway to the west. Hogarth's eleventh plate in the "Idle Apprentice" series is worth columns of description. There we see the culprit riding in a cart, sandwiched between his own coffin and a Wesleyan preacher, while the state-paid chaplain is gloriously isolated in a coach, and the crowd is holding a sort of fair.

Later on the hangman, having finished his pipe, will descend from the triple gallows and tie the rope around Tom's neck; then the cart will be drawn away, and his legs will dangle in the air. In 1783 the gibbet was removed to the Old Bailey, in which thoroughfare thousands upon thousands of people crowded to see the hangings until 1868, when public executions were abolished in England. The present jail and court-house were built shortly before the close of the Tyburn days, and the gate-

during the last 113 years. In one week two years ago Justice Hawkins, who is popularly known as "the hanging judge," sentenced to death three men and a woman.

In 1834 the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey sessions was extended to the nearer portions of the counties of Surrey, Kent, and Essex, and at the same time the constitution of the court was assimilated somewhat to that of the provincial assize courts, though the civic authorities were allowed, as they still are, to have the semblance of



OLD BAILEY SESSIONS HOUSE IN 1750.

way formed part of the former until 1816. The Sessions House has been added to at subsequent dates and has become uglier and uglier. Within its walls have been tried Hadfield, for shooting at George III., in 1800; Bellingham, the assassin of Prime Minister Spencer Perceval, in 1812; the Cato Street conspirators, for plotting to murder the whole cabinet, in 1820; Oxford and Francis, for shooting at the queen, in the early forties; and the scum of London

power. Down to the days of Charles Dickens Old Bailey advocates had an unenviable reputation for bullying and trickery, but that is all changed now. The tone of the whole court is higher than it ever was before, and the leading practitioners there to-day—men like Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Gill, Mr. Horace Avory, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Geoghegan—have demonstrated that it is possible to be keen in a gentlemanly way and lucid without being superficial.

## THE AMERICAN HOTEL.

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

FORTY years ago the landlord of a hotel upon Broadway, New York, which was successful although not fashionable, said to some one who asked him the secret of his success that it consisted in being faithful to the three B's. He had been loyal to the rules which those letters suggested, and if he had not drawn as conspicuous a clientage as the St. Nicholas or the Metropolitan, then two of the most famous of American hotels, he nevertheless filled his house with contented guests and made money. To-day that same landlord is able to withstand all of the intense competition which has brought despair to many New York hotels once famous, and he still insists that it is the three B's which have kept him in the path of prosperity.

These letters are synonyms for the words bread, butter, and beds, and the rule which the letters are intended to suggest is that the quality of each of these things must be of the best if success is to be the lot of a landlord. It would be hard to find any one who has met with fortune or a fair degree of success as a hotel-keeper who would not admit that bread, butter, and beds are the basic test of good hotel-keeping. With them as a foundation, every hotel which is to-day running in the full tide of prosperity has developed the vast organization, the immensity of detail, the watchful eye upon the varying moods of those who are transient or permanent guests at hotels which have created the modern marvel which the characteristic American hotel is.

Forty years ago the American system was the almost exclusive method by which hotels in the United States were managed. In New York, and perhaps two or three other large cities, there were some hotels whose management was upon the European plan, but most of them entertained guests whose purses were narrow and none of them,

with two exceptions in New York City, maintained any popularity. On lower Fifth Avenue, New York, was a hotel, perhaps better known in Europe than the United States, whose management was characterized by what is known as the English plan. It was English not only in the manner of charging for rooms, service, and meals but also in the simplicity and quietness of its management. There was no gaily decorated bar-room, no luxuriant lounging-room. The aim seemed to be to give the guests as great seclusion as was possible. It entertained because of this reputation many of the distinguished Europeans who came to the United States and it was the favorite for those who were of noble lineage.

The hotel has not yielded to the new influences which within the past ten years have so completely dominated hotel life and management, but it has passed into obscurity and so far as its glories are concerned is nothing more than a tradition. Yet this was not because it was rigid in its adherence to the English plan. Little by little other hotels adopted that system, accompanying it with the luxury, splendor, and oftentimes with the garish display, which are characteristic of many American hotels. The system grew in popularity. Many hotels which, justly enough, claim wealthy and fashionable clientage made a compromise by which guests could make their choice, living either on the American plan of paying a lump sum per day for rooms, meals, and service, or the European plan of paying a fixed price for rooms and for each individual dish ordered in the dining-room. It was discovered that in the larger and costlier hotels it was cheaper for two persons who could occupy one room to accept the European plan. Many of the hotels gave such large portion for a single order in the dining-room that each portion was sufficient for two, and in fact that was

so generally recognized that it is a custom which has become almost general of placing upon the bill of fare half portion items.

The other day the hotel which many have deemed the most famous in the United States, a house where politicians have for nearly forty years been accustomed to gather and where conferences which have determined presidential nomination and in one case certainly a presidential succession have been held, departed from what was deemed an inflexible purpose to adhere to the American plan and announced that its guests could make choice of either system.

This was accepted as the final surrender of the old and universal system to the new order, and must have been done by this hotel in order to meet the competition which has been created by the splendid structures, the luxurious and almost extravagant management which are characteristic of the latest development of American hotels.

The hotel business in the United States, especially in the greater cities, has become, like almost every other large commercial enterprise, greatly specialized. The successful hotel-keeper, although his house is open to any guest who is respectable, nevertheless aims at the identification of it with some special clientage. Of course, it is easier to do that in New York or in Chicago or Boston than in smaller cities, but the tendency exists everywhere. Sometimes it occasions embarrassment. As, for instance, the manager of one of the best known hotels in the West is compelled to depend for steady business chiefly upon the people of the West and the South, although he always has in his house some from the Atlantic coast. He has maintained the popularity of his house for his western clientage by making a close study of the whims, the favorite foods, and favorite way of preparing them and of the other characteristics of that paying clientage. He desired, however, upon one occasion to show his eastern guests that he was mindful of their tastes, and he therefore sent to Buzzard's Bay for two barrels of an especially choice oyster which is extremely

popular in the East because of its salty flavor, its small size, and its hardness. At an expense of \$7 a barrel for fast freight charges, and nearly three times as much as that for the oysters themselves, he had them in his kitchen in less than two days after they were taken from Buzzard's Bay, not far from ex-President Cleveland's home. The manager told his eastern guests that they would have a treat at the Sunday dinner next day, but he said it would be at the expense of the good opinion of many of his southern and western guests. His judgment was correct. Those who had never tasted an oyster within a few hours after it had been brought from the water rebelled against these fine specimens and insisted that somebody in the kitchen had sprinkled them with salt and spoiled them. Many were the complaints of the service of artificially seasoned oysters, but the eastern guests to their surprise found that they obtained that day in that far western city a delicacy fully as good as they could have found at home. The experience taught the manager a lesson, and afterward he was careful to discriminate between eastern and western guests in service of that kind.

The anecdote, in a humorous way it is true, nevertheless illustrates the extreme caution with which the successful manager must treat his guests, especially where their fancies or whims or prejudices are concerned.

About ten years ago the new development in American hotel structures and management began. Those who were in the hotel business say that it was the direct result of one or two appalling hotel fires. Capitalists and hotel managers perceived that there could be no greater advertisement for a hotel than the assurance that it was absolutely fire proof. In St. Louis, after a holocaust which had shocked the nation, one of the capitalists of that city determined to build a hotel which would be able to resist anything short of an earthquake or an explosion of dynamite. After the building was finished in order to demonstrate its absolute safety barrels of tar and other inflammable material were, it is



said, placed in one room and set afire. They burned fiercely, made a great smoke, caused some discoloration, but otherwise did no damage. The hotel at once gained a profitable business. The success of that experiment was swiftly followed by the erection in New York of a fire-proof structure which was made especially attractive to eyes to which high combinations of color, much gilt, the most luxurious of furniture, and a general atmosphere of gaudy display were attractive. This house adopted the European plan and in a little while gained repute, not only as a swift and large money-maker, but also as bound to change in great measure the characteristics of hotel buildings and management in New York City. That prediction was found to be true and its accuracy was found justified much sooner than any one presumed would be the case.

It is a fairly well-authenticated tradition that one of the richest of the citizens of New York having occasion to spend a day and a night in Philadelphia was advised to register at a hotel of whose existence he had never heard. He found when he entered his room peculiarities which charmed him. It seemed to him as though he had been ushered into a most attractive room in a private house. Luxury was there, but it seemed subordinated to comfort. Every wish was anticipated and silently met. He appeared to be not only a guest in name but an honored guest in fact and yet the service was unobtrusive.

He was so much impressed with his experience that he conceived a plan and after long consideration of it decided to put it into execution. He determined to tear down the old homestead, a great brick structure on Fifth Avenue considerably above the center of the more fashionable hotel life of New York, and cause to be erected upon the site a great fire-proof building for a hotel whose management he would entrust to the manager of the Philadelphia hotel where his experience had been so happy. He wanted the same characteristics, the same luxuries subordinated to comfort, and the same methods of management for this new

and great hotel which he had observed in the small building in Philadelphia. The plans became fact; the building itself and its management united made one of the marvels of New York. Fashion quickly bestowed upon it its high approval. The princes of the earth came there and rejoiced in their experiences, and while it was said that none but the wealthy were able to partake of its amazing luxury, perfect service, and artistic cooking, yet that assertion was not true, for the traveler with moderate purse was able to find accommodation there without great drain upon his income. The success was so instantaneous that soon after a relative of the owner of the hotel constructed upon an adjoining plot, after having torn down his birthplace and the home of his family for many years, another structure twice as large as the first, and the two were joined in one management, both together being able to house more than three thousand persons.

An example like this was sure to be speedily followed. Farther and farther up Broadway, Fifth Avenue, even to the boundaries of Central Park and beyond, miles away from that section which a few years ago was the center of fashionable hotel life, capital aggregating some ten millions has been invested in mammoth fire-proof structures where comfort supplemented by luxury has been the desideratum; where service that is unobtrusive and yet instant and perfect is maintained, and where the latest and best development of American hotel methods is discovered.

It costs immense sums of money to maintain these hotels. What would seem to be extravagance, for instance, in waste of food is reported by the managers to be instead necessity, for the highest grade of service in the dining-room cannot be maintained if there be any other method adopted than that which in the old days would have appalled hotel managers by reason of its seeming colossal waste.

The ideal of the new manager is the anticipation of every wish and the meeting of it with the least display. In the best of hotels a guest seems to have no need of

giving the slightest thought for his care or for his comfort. Of course, he pays for this, and yet on the whole the charges are moderate when it is remembered what he has received for them. In fact, thoughtfulness has gone so far that in the largest of American hotels there has recently been established a national bank known by the name of the hotel, whose business is almost exclusively devoted to the convenience of the guests of the hotel and those who are connected with it.

What is obtained in New York is speedily finding foothold in the other large cities of the United States. There are two or three which are notorious for lack of modern hotel conveniences, but with these exceptions in all cities of what are known as the second or even the third grade, there are now hotels which are fairly good representatives of the supreme comfort, luxury, and enjoyment which are possible to be obtained in New York City hotels.

In New York, however, there has been

recently an unexpected illustration of the truth of the saying that the successful hotel manager may sometimes find success in searching for a special clientage. One of the greater hotels of lower Broadway, one made conspicuous by one of the most startling tragedies ever committed in New York, seemed doomed by the competition which these new hotels have successfully established. It was about to be given up when a New England hotel manager, being of the opinion that in New York there was opportunity for at least one hotel conducted in the old-fashioned way with moderate rates of three dollars a day on the American plan, decided to venture the experiment. His success amazed all veterans and the newcomers as well. There was, just as he believed, room in New York for one great hotel conducted upon the American plan with no effort of special service or display and no pretence at elaborate cooking. But it is doubtful whether more than one hotel of that kind could succeed in that city.

## LORD MELBOURNE.

BY T. RALEIGH, D. C. L.

THE great families which play so conspicuous a part in English politics may be deemed to justify their existence so long as they continue to bring into the public service a succession of able men, animated by a strong hereditary sense of their duty to the nation. Of this general maxim the career of Queen Victoria's first prime minister will supply us with an excellent illustration.

William Lamb, the second son of the first Viscount Melbourne, was born in 1779. He received his education at Eton, Cambridge, and Glasgow, and he chose the bar as his profession. Just as he was beginning his professional work, the death of his elder brother changed all his prospects in life by making him an eldest son, heir apparent to his father's peerage. His family was rich, and in the days before the Reform Act of 1832 no rich man had any difficulty in find-

ing a seat in the House of Commons. Lamb entered Parliament as member for Leominster in 1806; his handsome presence and his marked ability soon secured him a favorable hearing. Like other young men of fashion, he rather affected to be idle and lazy; only his intimate friends knew how much he had read and how carefully he had cultivated the habit of thinking for himself. By his birth and training Lamb was a Whig; he allied himself by preference with the moderate section of his own party, and with the liberal Tories who followed the star of Mr. Canning.

In 1827 the long-lived Tory government of Lord Liverpool came to an end, and Mr. Canning formed a coalition ministry in which Lamb held what was then considered the subordinate office of chief secretary for Ireland. He continued to hold the same post under the "transient embarrassed phan-

tom of Lord Goderich" (who was prime minister for a few months after Canning's lamented death) and in the coalition ministry of the Duke of Wellington. In 1829, on his father's death, William Lamb became Viscount Melbourne, and took his seat in the House of Lords.

When the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel surrendered their Tory principles by consenting to admit Roman Catholics to political equality with Protestants, Lord Melbourne warmly supported the policy of his chiefs. On principle and by temperament he was opposed to all measures of persecution and exclusion; but he was always a genuine Whig in his dislike of clerical ascendancy. When it had appeared that Catholic emancipation had made the Irish priesthood a power to be reckoned with in English politics, Lord Melbourne's discontent found expression in a characteristic jibe: "All the wise men were in favor of emancipation," he said, "and all the fools were against it. And the worst of it is, the fools were in the right."

On the question of parliamentary reform Lord Melbourne took an independent line of his own. He agreed with the Tories in holding that the English electoral system worked well on the whole, and needed no improvement. But if reform should prove to be inevitable, he differed from the Tories in holding that half measures were useless and impolitic; the whole question, he thought, must be dealt with on some principle which would commend itself to the common sense of the people. In 1830 reform was plainly inevitable; Lord Melbourne broke with his Tory allies, and took office as home secretary under Lord Grey. There were those who prophesied that if Melbourne were tried in high office, he would prove unequal to his duties; but the prophets had to own themselves mistaken. In his own department the new secretary of state showed industry and capacity; in the cabinet he was found to be a shrewd and honest adviser. His careless manners, and his unfortunate habit of swearing, detracted nothing from his popularity out of doors. He

was not fond of making speeches, but when directly challenged in the House of Lords he showed the courage and resource of a debater.

With King William IV. Lord Melbourne was always a favorite. In spite of some eccentricities of behavior, the king commanded the respect of those ministers who were brought into close contact with him. He was not so clever as his elder brother, George IV., but he was a better man, and a better judge of character. He trusted Melbourne instinctively, just as he distrusted Brougham; the blunt sagacity and the aristocratic indifference of the home secretary were more to the mind of their royal master than the domineering and intriguing genius of the chancellor. When Lord Grey resigned in 1834 the king insisted on making Lord Melbourne prime minister, and Lord Melbourne, with some misgivings, consented. It should always be remembered that the choice of a prime minister is an act which a constitutional king may, and sometimes must, perform without the advice of his ministers. It is true that his liberty of choice is always restricted by circumstances; he may find himself virtually compelled to send for the only statesman who can command a majority in the House of Commons. But when the leadership of a party is divided, the personal preference of the sovereign may be an important factor in politics. At the same time, we may be sure that Melbourne would not have accepted the king's nomination if he had not felt sure that the party and the electorate generally would ratify it. The king can make a prime minister, but if the Commons refuse to let the minister have the money and the powers which he requires to carry on the government, what then? Charles I. would have tried force, and George III. would have tried bribery, but in face of a parliamentary majority a nineteenth century king is almost powerless.

Lord Melbourne's first administration was not very successful; it lasted but a short time. In 1835, Lord Althorp, who led the House of Commons, was summoned to the House of Lords on the death of his father, Lord

Spencer. It was necessary to reconstruct the ministry; and the king took the opportunity to hint that his Whig advisers no longer possessed his complete confidence. Lord Melbourne, not unwillingly, gave way, and the Tories enjoyed a short term of power, but the experiment was not successful; Melbourne kissed hands once more, and proceeded to form his second administration. He came in again with most of his old colleagues, but he left out one or two ardent reformers, who would have alarmed the king; and he dispensed with the services of Brougham, who was Radical or Conservative as the humor took him, but always self-willed and troublesome. The disappointed ex-chancellor was naturally the most formidable critic of the new administration, but the official Whigs, if they did not cover themselves with glory, contrived to hold their own in debate; and the last years of William IV. were free from the anxieties which must always attend a change of government.

On a June morning in 1837, King William passed away, and the Princess Victoria began her long and happy reign. The Privy Council was summoned for the same afternoon; the new queen declared her intention to govern in accordance with the laws and customs of the realm; her councilors did homage; Lord Melbourne and his colleagues kissed hands, and were confirmed in their appointments. Their tenure might have been very short, for at that time the law required that the accession of a new sovereign should be followed by a general election. (This rule of the English constitution was altered in 1867.) When the elections were over the number of Lord Melbourne's followers in the House of Commons was somewhat reduced; but they still formed a working majority. The nation was not in love with the Whigs, but preferred to make no sudden change at the beginning of a new reign. Much, it was felt, would depend on the advice tendered to the young queen by her prime minister, and it was generally acknowledged that Lord Melbourne was specially well fitted for the delicate and important duty imposed on him. His language was

often more vigorous than young ladies are accustomed to hear, but his temper was perfect, and his sense of public duty was strong. The queen was high-spirited; and her German relations may possibly have taught her the autocratic view of her position; Melbourne taught her the art of constitutional government, and helped to bring her into sympathy with the liberalism of her people. The prime minister and the queen were like father and daughter, and some Tories grumbled because they feared that Melbourne was making the queen a Whig. There never was any good ground for this complaint. Lord Melbourne was not a keen partisan, and he knew very well that a party relying on court influence would have but little chance of success at the polls. He may have helped to make the queen a liberal, but not in any party sense of the term.

In 1839 the government of Lord Melbourne found itself unable to command a majority in the popular House; the prime minister tendered his resignation, and the queen, perhaps with some reluctance, sent for Sir Robert Peel. When the list of the new ministry was submitted for her approval, Her Majesty discovered that Sir Robert proposed to remove the ladies of her bed-chamber. The leaders of the Tory party were naturally unwilling to allow the wives and sisters of their Whig rivals to retain their court offices. These offices are not, in themselves, of any political importance, but they give opportunities of confidential access to the sovereign. There was nothing unreasonable in Sir Robert Peel's demand, but the queen would not submit. At the request of Her Majesty, Lord Melbourne resumed office and induced his colleagues to do the same. By this course of action he impaired to some extent the effect of his lessons in constitutional government, and made himself responsible for an act of royal obstinacy which he probably did not approve. The Tories lost nothing by the postponement of their hopes; the general election of 1841 gave Sir Robert Peel a decisive majority and enabled him to form an exceptionally strong administration. With his defeat in 1841 the political career of



Lord Melbourne comes to a close; for in the following year a slight stroke of paralysis disabled him for all arduous work, and the leadership of his party passed into other hands. He died in 1848.

In all the stages of his public life, Lord Melbourne's statesmanship was conservative in its spirit and methods. He honestly believed in the monarchical and aristocratic institutions under which he was born, and he did not believe in reforming them on any abstract principle. Though he will be remembered as one of the authors of the first Reform Act, no man was ever less of a democrat. "Can't you let it alone?" was the question with which he met the schemes and suggestions of his more enterprising colleagues. He lived in an age when political economy was a power in the land, but he never accepted the principle of free trade. He was especially hostile to free trade in corn, first, because he thought it inexpedient that the laboring people of England should depend for their subsistence on foreign supplies; and second, because he thought protection and high rents were necessary conditions, without which there could be no landed aristocracy. In some other matters of importance, he allowed the economists to have their own way. He supported the English amended poor law of 1834, and he was responsible for the Irish poor law of 1838. In his relation to the established churches he was, as we have already noted, a typical Whig; he desired to extend the bounds of religious toleration, and to assert the supreme control of the state over all religious endowments and ecclesiastical persons. He spoke on church questions merely as a man of the world; but he was fond of reading theology; indeed, Lord Melbourne is said to have been the only prime minister, until Mr. Gladstone, who took the trouble to study the works of clergymen who were recommended to him for bishoprics. But the bent of his mind was skeptical; his opinions were formed under the influence of a skeptical generation; he would have found something to criticize in any church or creed. We discern in his speeches and in his public acts a consistent purpose to do

right, but we discern also the inborn tendency to doubt and to suspend judgment. "I wish," he said, "I were as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything."

There are some passages in Lord Melbourne's letter which lead us to think that if he had been born fifty years later he would have been an effective popular speaker; but in his day English statesmen of the first rank were content to speak from their places in Parliament, and made but little use of the platform. A campaigning speech is, almost of necessity, a set speech, delivered to a friendly audience, and Lord Melbourne was not at his best unless in presence of the enemy. Even in the House of Lords his easy temper often kept him silent when a more sensitive man would have been roused to answer the attacks of Lyndhurst and Brougham. His taste, cultivated by long study of the best authors, was too fastidious for ordinary political purposes; he disliked all forms of popular display; he thought that a statesman who addressed himself to the "gallery" was probably trying to secure the votes of what Melbourne called the "blackguard interest." When the houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834, the king was ready to place Buckingham Palace at the disposal of the legislature. Lord Melbourne demurred; he feared that if the House of Commons were removed to a roomier building, strangers would be admitted in larger numbers. He referred to the history of the French Revolution to show how a deliberative assembly may be distracted and thrown into confusion by the presence of a crowd.

Lord Melbourne's private life was overshadowed by disappointment and sorrow. He married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, a daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, a charming but extremely foolish woman, who made herself the talk of the town by her infatuated worship of Lord Byron. The only child of this unlucky marriage, a gentle, handsome boy, was afflicted with a hopeless disease of the brain. Melbourne bore his trials without complaining; he was good to his wife while she remained with him, and



he tended his son with unwearied kindness. His chief consolation, in all his griefs and anxieties, was found in his books. It is quite in keeping with the rest of his character that Lord Melbourne, an insatiable reader and an accomplished critic, made no serious attempt to distinguish himself in literature. He probably thought himself pretty strong

in these matters "for a gentleman," but not strong enough to place himself in comparison with professed scholars.

His place is not among the greatest, in letters or in action. But he won for himself no small measure of respect and affection; and he helped to steer the ship of state safely through a critical time.

### SAVING THE LIFE.

PROBABLY none of the warnings of Scripture are more needed by many souls than that given in the apostolic quarrel about who should be the greatest. It was certainly a very weak and childish affair. A struggle for preeminence among the disciples of a Master who was so poor he had not where to lay his head, dependent for his food upon the charity of those who risked all in his service, and obliged to work a miracle to get money to pay his taxes. It was most inopportune. The gloom of Gethsemane and Calvary had begun to settle upon his soul. He was in the first act of the awful redemptive tragedy. It was unutterably discouraging. He was lifting to his lips the cup of doom prepared by sin for every human soul. He was about to taste death for every man. The life he was to purchase could come only by the casting out of the old, selfish nature. Yet those whom he had been teaching for three years, and who had been permitted to enter with him the very inner sanctuary of the divine presence, were giving way before the very first onslaught of the enemy, to that pride and selfishness that he was sacrificing his life to eradicate.

Foolish and inopportune and discouraging as was that miserable dispute, it was no worse than what the Master has heard in the hearts and homes of Christians many and many a time nowadays, and always. That same wretched question echoes and reechoes through our lives, day by day, like the ceaseless wash of waves.

The Savior was at infinite pains to bring them and us to a better understanding of

life and its uses. He said again and again, "If any man desires to be first among you, the same shall be last of all and servant of all." Our stumbling so constantly at this point is a sure index that there is a *right impulse* of the soul, and a strong one, that has broken loose from restraint and lost its way, and from that comes the trouble. We desire to save the life from utter oblivion and forgetfulness.

To die,  
To sink as sinks the traveler who falls  
In the streets of busy London,  
When the crowds close in and all's forgotten.

This seems such a pitiful fate, so like never having existed, so like being blotted completely from the roll of being, we look about in desperate earnest to find something within the compass of our power that shall give us immortality. We want to clamber a little way above the common herd whose very names will be forgotten before their bodies fairly turn to dust. A fortune, political preferment, professional reputation, literary fame, something must help us to a niche in the rocks where we may write our little story with a hope that the waves may not wear it away for at least half a century.

Jesus said, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake the same shall save it."

They who have really saved the life, living through the ages in the continued vitality of their thought and action, are those who have wrought by the Master's rule, losing all in a single-eyed devotion to right principle.

William, prince of Orange, enjoyed his

broad estates and elegant life, probably, with a nebulous notion of human equality floating through his brain. In the midst of luxury, how could he know the hard life of the poor? In high favor with royalty, how could he understand the grinding taxation necessary to support regal pomp and glory? God meant him to be the champion of civil and religious liberty, and it took hard discipline to arouse him fully to the need of the hour.

The Romish Church stole his son, and that awakened him to a sense of its tyrannies. The Duke of Alva, with his dragonades, trying to establish the Inquisition in Holland, made personal liberty a myth. When the silent statesman began actively to remonstrate, his estates were wrested from him; and then, with an empty purse, insufficient service, indifferent clothing, no place of safety, a price on his head, the proud Prince of Orange began to know the meaning of poverty. Then he became truly the friend of the poor.

When, under the assassin's steel, he was dying for their liberties, his last words attested the completeness of his identity with the cause of the poor, "O my God, have mercy upon my poor people!" A wail went to heaven from every home in Holland. He who had lost his life for the sake of a noble cause had gained the first place on his country's roll of honor and in the regard of all good men and true.

A man in our own country and time lived and died like William the Silent, losing his life for the oppressed and saving it to the best and most enduring immortality. He gave liberty to as many millions as did the Prince of Orange, and humbled as proud an oligarchy.

Lincoln came from among the "poor white trash" of the South, yet as princely a soul was housed in his rough physique as lived in the bosom of the man of elegant culture and noble blood. One has said of him: "His large palm never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin. The griefs of the poor African were as sacred to him

as were the claims of the opulent white man." Measuring all by their humanity, he found them essentially equal. Seeing in God the Father of all, he saw in every man a brother.

In the senatorial contest between Lincoln and Douglas the latter was victorious. Lincoln said: "His life is all success, mine all failure. I would give everything for his opportunity of working for the uplifting of the oppressed." After the hard discipline of the years, his hour came. He was found equal to the complete self-giving that marked him the Christly man of the ages, and in the achievement he gave all, holding steady to his purpose even when his friends turned from him in distrust. At last he gave his life for the cause he served.

He was like the century plant that we saw a few years ago. After seventy patient years it burst into glorious bloom, and then it died. After the supreme act of his life Lincoln went to God, and the mourning throughout all lands where liberty was loved was as if one were dead in every household. Said a Russian lady upon the shore of the Black Sea to a tourist: "So you are from America—Lincoln's land. When word came that they had killed him, I could do nothing for hours but walk the floor and say, 'Lincoln is dead! Lincoln is dead!'"

The great commoner, he interpreted to the people their own sense of dignity. Though he lost his life, he saved it by the suffrage of universal thoughtful humanity.

The life of Jesus the Christ was the most emphatic illustration of saving the life through its loss.

He went down into the very depths of human lostness that he might put his great heart under the burden of the curse. Like a strong swimmer who had dived among the monsters in the caverns under the sea, he came up pale, exhausted, quivering in every nerve, but bearing in his arms a rescued race.

Of all who ever lived none so completely and abundantly saved his power for good, his vitality, his life as did Jesus. To-day the thought of the crucified Galilean is the mainspring of the civilizations. All bonds

that bind together the nations and hold them back from savagery are of his weaving. All cords that draw them toward the throne of the Eternal are of his twining. He is not only the way and the truth, he is also the life.

Since it appears plain that to make the life amount to the most in God's work, it is necessary to lose it, we may ask what it is to *lose the life* for Christ's sake.

Is it not to submit to his control all that goes to the make-up of the being?

Perhaps in no point of self-surrender does the will take a more stubborn stand than in submitting to him the conduct of the life.

Self-direction is the regal power. It is the crowning glory of human existence. Most thoughtful people will die rather than surrender to others this citadel. Thousands have preferred death to servitude, since nothing seems so degrading as unconditional submission to a human will.

It is not easy to surrender even to God the control of one's individuality.

It adds to the difficulty to know that for the sake of discipline and development he will probably lead us to just the work we most dislike, and hold us back from the things that we prefer.

A wise mother crowds out upon the playground the nervous, sensitive child that is forever poring over his books, while she holds to study the robust, roystering one who is always ready for anything that will take him away from his lessons. So, in his efforts to bring us to completeness of character, God will probably have to lead us directly against our inclination.

When called upon to place ourselves in God's hand we may have a premonition of this discipline that will make us draw back from the pain.

It may be helpful for us to glance at some of the specific points that come under this generic principle of self-surrender. Our wish to acquire property must be given to God.

The spirit of the world is wrong in its estimate of people, and God means to set it right. If he gets us in hand he will spare

no pains to correct our false notions. He will make us understand human equality. He will give us to see that a few thousands of money, more or less, make no sort of difference with one's intrinsic worth, and in order to that it may be necessary to give us a view from the lower side of the scale of his standard of values. Some one has said, "God shows how little he thinks of wealth by the class of people to whom he permits its possession." His nobility, they of whom the world was not worthy, "were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

If one is permitted to keep his property after accepting the divine will in the matter, he holds it no longer as his own, but always subject to the order of God. His sense of ownership is changed to a simple stewardship; so that, though he may not have to deed it away to a church or charity, it is as certainly given up as if it had passed out of his hands. All this implies an immense overturn of natural tendencies, and the uprooting of habits that are the growth of years. No wonder it is called a crucifixion, and that it seems like an actual losing of the life.

Closely allied to our desire for property is our wish to be *well spoken of*—highly esteemed. This also must be surrendered. And in it, as in the other points of character that have been shaped by general opinion, we may expect discipline. They said of our Master, "He hath a devil"; and he says to us, "The disciple is not above his Lord."

The crucifixion of self-surrender would not be so hard if we could suffer one great pang and have done with it; or if, in the submission, we might so lose our free agency as to be perfectly safe from ever drawing back unto perdition; or if we could look our last upon the temptations of the world, and shut ourselves up in some sweet, quiet cloister, where there would be only prayers and meditations and holy offices. But it is the plan of God that we shall present our bodies a living sacrifice, and any drawing back will

abate correspondingly our union with God and our deadness to the world.

And just here we note one of the paradoxes of the Gospel. We are never so fully and completely alive as when we are dead. We have never so fully the symmetry of character, the strength, the enjoyment, the assurance of living by the law of our being, the certainty of success, as when we have surrendered all to the Master.

When we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God, we are most keenly alive to every worthy interest, we have the most glorious fulness of existence.

And what is the life that we save by the losing?

It is primarily the spiritual life, and it depends upon union with God. The original life of the soul was forfeited by sin. Grace finds us dead in trespasses and sins, and renews in us the life of God. We live this life more or less affluently in proportion to our submission to the divine will and our trust in the atonement.

When, in the maturity of our Christian knowledge, we accept the will of Christ in all things, he will lead us not only to completed spiritual life; he will also give us the best physical and mental culture possible.

He will give us to understand that when our bodies belong to him, we must take care of them for him, and see that they subserve to their utmost the uses of the mind and spirit.

We will stop our fretting when we come to know that the investment and use of our powers depend, not upon our puny wisdom, but upon unmistakable, divine judgment. We will cast our care on him who careth for us: and with the care all taken off of the weak nerves, a little physical strength can be made to go a great way.

When our mental powers are taken completely out of the service of self and devoted simply and only to that of our Heavenly Father, we will comprehend not merely our privilege, but our duty to bring them to the greatest strength.

If God does not want consecrated thought to be developed in strength, why has he given us mental acumen above the simplest uses? Certainly the very best of everything

belongs to him, and nothing can transcend in polish or strength the needs of his work.

To be sure, some who have poor grammar, false rhetoric, and limping logic are used to win thousands to Christ; but who knows how much more might have been done by the same faith and fervor in a richly endowed and well-disciplined soul?

Never were so many persons converted under one sermon as under that of Peter, the Galilean fisherman, fresh from the pentecostal baptism. Yet, afterward, that same Peter endangered the very life of the infant church by truckling to Judaizing teachers. Paul had to withstand him to the face, because he was to be blamed. His undisciplined mind did not carry him through the task of settling the tenets of the new faith. It was Paul, trained in the best schools, who was used of God to give the church its theology.

In the Anglican revival of the last century it was not the fiery eloquence of Whitefield, who came untrained from the common people, that organized the victory, but the quiet, steady, scholastic thought of Wesley and Clarke, with their broad erudition and profound culture.

We need not fear intellectual pride while we trust Christ to save us from sin. At all events, his salvation is our hope of immunity from that, as from every other wrong tendency. No amount of personal humiliation, penance, or mind-starving will have the effect to keep us humble in regard to mental ability. He alone is the deliverer from evil.

Above all, if we lose our life by surrendering it to God, we may claim and expect the most thorough discipline and complete development; possibly by processes not such as we would choose, but those that God sees best fitted to produce the result.

We will have to learn to be abased before it is safe for us to abound. It took eighteen years to bring Columbus to nerve and daring enough to enable him to discover America. John Bunyan preached like a son of thunder, his soul on fire with zeal for the salvation of the miserable masses. God permitted him to be shut up in Bedford jail for twelve long years. How his fiery spirit

must have chafed! The world perishing, and he utterly powerless to help and save! But the result of that burying of energy was the production of his wonderful book, which has acquired an authority and circulation next only to the Book of God.

Our saved life will be hid with Christ in God. We will look out upon the petty squabbings and ambitions of the people as the mere bickerings of foolish little children.

And what companionship would be ours "with Christ"! what a secure hiding-place—"in God"! Our "place of defense the munitions of rocks"! No care for the life that now is. Our "bread shall be given" us, our "waters shall be sure"! And for the eternal, the ceaseless life, our "eyes shall see the King in his beauty. We shall behold the land that is very far off."—*Jennie Fowler Willing, in "Diamond Dust."*

## THE CENTRAL ELEMENT OF ORGANIZED MATTER.

BY L. H. BATCHELDER, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN HAMLINE UNIVERSITY.

## II.

NOT long ago a traveler found himself at one of the gateways of our great National Park with only a little time at his disposal. It would take many weeks—even months—to explore its more than thirty-five hundred square miles of natural beauty and to visit the great laboratory of inorganic chemistry—or rather series of laboratories—which nature has here still in active operation. Our traveler decided to take no hasty and wearisome journey, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of every attractive scene, but took instead a little journey to a point of greatest interest, saw "Old Faithful" send up its mighty column, looked into some of the great crucibles where are ever being mixed the chemicals for strange compounds which nature is preparing down below, and by a new path took his leisurely and observant way from wonderland.

Last month we surveyed the borders of the greatest province of the domain of physical science, and may now only hope to take a little excursion into the fascinating country of the carbon compounds, returning, it may be, by a different path. It will be remembered that the possibility of a true understanding of the carbon compounds of organized bodies and their derivatives dates from the epoch-making discovery of Wöhler in 1828, the synthesis of urea. Yet chemists were not unprepared for this discovery.

Many attempts had already been made to build up organic compounds from their elements, though hitherto they had proved futile. The chemists of that period had, nevertheless, says Professor Hofmann in his account of the life-work of Wöhler, "the presentiment that even this barrier must fall, and one can conceive the feeling of joy with which the gospel of a new unified chemistry was hailed by the intellect of that time. With the revolution thus effected in the ideas of men, science was directed into new paths and unto new goals."

Yet it was true in this case, as in many cases before and since Wöhler's day, that no great discovery in science is possible until the time is ripe for its advent. When that time arrives, some Lavoisier, some Dalton, some Wöhler is sure to win immortal fame. It is gratifying to be able to add that Wöhler lived to see some of the greatest triumphs of modern chemistry in the synthesis of organic bodies. Born in the year 1800, famous for his discoveries before he was thirty, he lived to a hale old age, beloved by his many thousand pupils, departing in 1882.

Reference has already been made to the derivatives of the hydro-carbons; the simplest of these are the halogen substitution products; the term halogen, meaning salt-former, is used to designate the principal members of the chlorine family—chlorine, bromine, and iodine—because of their



strongly pronounced tendency to form salts with the metals. If chlorine is allowed to act on marsh gas in diffused sunlight, at first one of the four atoms of hydrogen is displaced, then two, then three, and after a time all four; so that four distinct compounds are derived in succession from this reaction. This displacement of hydrogen by chlorine in organic compounds, is an example of what is known as substitution. Most hydro-carbons are very susceptible to the influence of the halogens, as well as a number of other reagents, such as nitric and sulphuric acid. Thus a large number of derivatives can be made, differing from the hydro-carbons themselves in that they contain one or more halogen atoms, or complex groups, in the place of the same number of hydrogen atoms. A careful study of all the facts has led chemists to believe that the hydro-carbon group is not changed in any way, except that the place in the molecule of the atom, or atoms, of hydrogen is now occupied by the substituted atoms, or groups, which bear the same relation to the carbon of the molecule as did the hydrogen which has been turned out.

The story of the discovery of this law of substitution is quite worth repeating. One evening at a *soirée* at the Tuileries, during the reign of Charles X., the guests were greatly annoyed by the presence in the atmosphere of the rooms of acid vapors; these were observed to be due to the burning of the wax candles by which the rooms were lighted; the director of the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, who by tradition was the royal adviser on chemical matters, chancing to be present, was asked to inquire into the peculiar behavior of the candles. Now this man, Brongniart by name, had the distinction to be the father-in-law of Dumas, then in the full tide of his chemical activity and already famous for his discoveries. Brongniart applied to Dumas for a solution of the difficulty. Dumas soon found that the acid fumes were due to the hydrochloric acid produced by the combination of the hydrogen of the wax with chlorine, which had been used for bleaching to whiteness the candles for the royal apartments.

This discovery led Dumas to study the action of chlorine upon organic bodies, with results which exerted a profound influence upon the development of organic chemistry; indeed, the substitution theory which he now advanced is comparable in importance to Wöhler's synthesis of urea. For one thing it destroyed the electro-chemical theory of Berzelius, according to which chemical combination is the result of the union of substances of different electric polarities. The electro-chemical character of an element, or compound radical, was held to determine its behavior and to influence the nature of the compound into which it entered. This theory was accepted by the entire chemical world prior to 1832. Such was Berzelius' eminence at this time that his opinions "had all the authority of legal enactments." But the chief glory of this doctrine of substitution is that it has been the progenitor of speculations by which the superstructure of modern chemical philosophy has been raised.

If we replace three of the hydrogen atoms in marsh gas by chlorine we have a substitution product whose symbol is  $\text{CHCl}_3$ ; this is chloroform. It had been discovered by Guthrie in America in 1831, and later by Liebig, who, however, had wrongly interpreted its constitution. This was now correctly classed by Dumas as tri-chlor-methane, a substitution product. Chloroform readily dissolves many organic substances, and for this reason is largely used in analytical processes, and also for the purification of various compounds. It was first used as an anesthetic in 1848 by Sir James Simpson of Edinburgh. It has found much greater favor with the medical fraternity in Great Britain than in this country, where the use of ether seems in most cases to be more favorably regarded.

Iodoform is a substitution product closely allied to chloroform, the only difference being that three atoms of hydrogen have in this case been replaced by iodine instead of chlorine atoms. Since Lister's discoveries, iodoform has found a wide use in surgery on account of its antiseptic properties.

It was in 1832 that Dumas, in conjunction with Pélegot, published a paper on wood spirit, showing it to be analogous to common alcohol. Soon after they announced that spermaceti found in cavities in the head of the sperm whale yields a substance also akin to common alcohol—though containing a multiple of the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms in a molecule of that substance. The discovery of these alcohols ultimately led to the classification of organic compounds in the homologous series, discussed in the first part of this paper—a mode of classification which has been singularly valuable in leading to the discovery of substances which would otherwise have remained unsuspected. We also saw how in the methanes, carbon atom is linked to carbon atom in a simple chain, each carbon atom flanked by two hydrogen atoms, and the open chain terminating at either end with a hydrogen atom. But chemists found in many cases paraffins differing from each other in their various properties, yet, on analysis, proving to have the same molecular composition. After much research it was found that these molecular chains have, in some cases, branches and that the greater the number of carbon links, the greater the variety of ways in which this branching may vary. It was found also that with every variation a different substance results.

Thus having by analysis determined the number of carbon atoms in the molecule, it is easy to calculate the number of possible compounds having the same formula, but differing in their properties, because of variations in the arrangement of the molecules. For example, a paraffin having thirteen carbon atoms has 802 possible isomers, as they are called. We now know a paraffin with sixty carbon atoms in the molecule. The number of possible isomers of this single paraffin is enormous. Only the smaller part of the normal—*i. e.*, simple—chain paraffins from marsh gas,  $\text{CH}_4$ , up to hexacontane, with its symbol  $\text{C}_{60}\text{H}_{122}$ , are known, while a far smaller proportion of their possible isomers have yet been discovered. But there can be no doubt that

all these predicted by theory can be prepared; nor is there any reason for supposing that no higher members in this series are possible, though it might be a relief to discover that there is some law limiting the number of complex hydrocarbons, for organic chemistry is already "overburdened with facts."

After the announcement by Dumas and his colleague, chemists began to study the nature of the evident connection between the hydrocarbons and the few alcohols then known. The closeness and true nature of this relation were only recognized after methyl alcohol—as wood spirit had been named by Dumas—was prepared from marsh gas, first, by forming its chloride, as already explained, and then treating this with potassium hydroxide, when methyl alcohol resulted. This reaction showed clearly that an alcohol is a hydroxyl derivative, and that the hydroxyl is linked with a hydrocarbon radical.

These terms must, for the sake of clearness, be here explained. The ideas involved in these terms, especially the latter, were long in assuming their present definite form. Over the notion of the radical many battles were fought, especially during the fifties—battles between the ablest chemists and clearest thinkers of the century. At last, in the early sixties, Frankland in England, by his beautiful researches, and Kolbe in Germany, by his acute generalizations, and deductions, elevated what had hitherto been an hypothesis into the rank of known facts. A radical, then, is a more or less complex group of elements capable of passing from compound to compound without change, replaceable in these compounds by simple substances and having a definite combining power, or valency. A hydroxyl is such a group, containing one atom of oxygen and one of hydrogen. Methyl alcohol was thus derived from marsh gas by replacing one of its hydrogen atoms with this hydroxyl, its symbol thus being  $\text{CH}_3\text{OH}$ . If we replace in this way an atom of hydrogen in any of the paraffins, we have a monad radical linked with a hydroxyl, in the case of methane  $\text{CH}_4$ , of

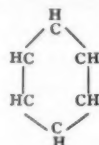
common alcohol  $C_2H_5$ . These radicals have been called the alcohol radicals, because they have been extensively studied and are the starting-point of many other derivatives. The number of possible alcohols is much larger than that of the paraffins themselves. We now know more than sixty alcohols, and it seems certain that an almost unlimited number may eventually be discovered; not at first thought, perhaps, a pleasant prospect, but while a number of the alcohols already known are violently intoxicating, their properties are such as to preclude the possibility of their being used as a beverage in any form. Some are highly poisonous, while others are most offensive in their character. Still others are benign, like glycerine, which is a true alcohol.

On March 11, 1890, was celebrated a great fête, at which chemists of all classes and nationalities were represented. This great gathering was in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Kekulé's benzene theory.

The name "aromatic compounds" was early given to a small class of bodies which occur in essential oils, balsams, and the like. They differ from the paraffins in containing relatively more carbon. In the course of time, many chemically similar groups were discovered, a number of them being found in coal tar. Though some of them were anything but aromatic, the general title "aromatic compounds" was extended to all these allied substances. No opinion was expressed concerning the constitution of these compounds until 1865, when Kekulé proposed a theory, which has had a marvelous influence on the development of both theoretical and technical chemistry—an influence so great that it was fitting its quarter centennial should be celebrated by chemists with feast and song and toast.

The "aromatic compounds" then known were seen to bear an intimate relation to benzene—a colorless, mobile, easily inflammable liquid, the molecule of which had been found to contain six atoms of carbon and six of hydrogen,  $C_6H_6$ . Kekulé's hy-

pothesis was that the carbon atoms of the molecule are united in a simple *closed* chain or ring, each carbon atom having attached to it one of the six atoms of hydrogen. Thus:



These hydrogen atoms, like the four in marsh gas, are each in exactly the same chemical relation to the whole group and are each alike very susceptible to replacement by a monad element, or radical, no matter how complex such radical may be. In this way a vast number of compounds have since been built up by synthesis, many of them of the very greatest technical importance. Benzene may thus be called the marsh gas of the "aromatic compounds," as they are all derived from it by the substitution of elements, or radicals, in the place of its hydrogen. The linking of the carbon atoms to each other is regarded as more compact than in the paraffin chain molecules; this and the fact that the molecule is a closed chain accounts fully for the relatively small number of hydrogen atoms in the benzene group.

This hypothesis was subjected to the severest tests, all of which tended to confirm its correctness, so that now for more than twenty years it has not been disputed. As a result of its general acceptance, the benzene derivatives have since been more industriously studied than any other portions of organic chemistry. This will be more readily understood when we remember that not only all the natural, but all the artificial coloring matters, the most valuable medicines, the most potent poisons, as well as many other important substances, belong to this class. Some one has said, though with scant justice, that "the organic chemistry of to-day is the chemistry of the coal tar colors." When once the constitution of a naturally occurring substance is understood, the chemist now sets himself confidently about its artificial preparation. Alizarin, the chief constituent of madder, was the

first coloring matter, previously produced only by plants, to be prepared artificially. This was in 1868. Now madder, the annual production of which twenty-five years ago was 500,000 tons, is practically driven from the markets of the world, while hundreds of aniline dyes, derivatives of alizarin—itsself a derivative of benzene—are more

than filling its place. The synthesis of indigo has also been accomplished. Beyond doubt it is only a question of a short time when quinine will be added to the already long list of medicines artificially prepared. The commercial synthesis of sugar may also be looked for in the near future.

## ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

THE newspapers, daily and weekly, published in London could scarcely be numbered. Every political, religious, and commercial class has what in this country would be called its "organ." In politics, newspapers are Conservative, Liberal, and Radical; others are devoted to the Irish and home rule and the factions into which home rulers are again subdivided. Every parish of comparative wealth, or which is successful in securing the necessary subscriptions, supports a parish journal, and there are the great publications of the establishment at large.

In a great manufacturing country like Great Britain trade journals, ably edited and circulated all over the globe where iron or steel implements and machinery are required, thrive and multiply. Comic publications also receive liberal patronage, and, as a rule, they differ materially from papers devoted to the dissemination of humor on this side of the Atlantic.

The venerable *Punch*, of course, ranks first, and it is intended for the classes distinctly, and not for the masses. To appreciate it fully one must be able to read Latin at sight, for the ancient humorist never questions the culture of his public by enclosing in parenthesis the English rendering of lines from Virgil or Horace which he freely quotes. We shall have to have several centuries of Yale and Harvard before we attain this degree of general erudition. Then, one must be well informed upon English politics, English philanthropic methods, to say nothing of English social usages, which, while re-

sembling our own in the essentials, will be found embarrassingly different in the non-essentials. Even with this basis of enlightenment there are many Americans who persistently declare "that they can see nothing in *Punch* to laugh at." It must be acknowledged that there is always a pronounced refinement in *Punch*; even its gamins and workhouse *protégés* hint—or more than hint—at a strong and active drawing-room constituency, and the caricaturists are generally satisfied with exaggerations of Mr. Chamberlain's eyeglass and orchid, Mr. Leckie's length of leg, and certain idiosyncrasies of the Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Edward Hicks-Beech and the Rt. Hon. J. E. Gorst, Q. C. They are, however, rather less vicious and, to speak with unpatriotic candor, considerably less brutal than the caricatures of men in public life which appear in our comic papers. Furthermore, the England which we depict as a stout, irascible beef-eater with side-whiskers and rubicund visage the English caricaturist practically discards. Britannia, a noble, stately woman in classic robes with shield and trident, with the conquered lion crouching at her feet, is substituted for the doughty John Bull by which we invariably typify the British Empire.

Of other English comic papers the less said the better; the drawing is generally fairly good but the accompanying legend is distinguished for little else than an Elizabethan frankness of speech.

All the newspapers of the United Kingdom, and even those of the colonies, aside from Canada, which are hopelessly Ameri-



canized, are apparently patterned after the great newspapers of London, most of which have been in existence for generations and are led by men who generally hold unswervingly to the political faith of their forefathers. This, however, is not always true, for, within the past decade especially, there have been some notable departures from political and religious traditions—the twentieth-century Englishman being more and more disposed to act and think for himself. The London daily newspaper best known abroad and formerly most widely read at home was the *Times*, which, for its force and power, obtained the title of "The Thunderer." For reasons which need not be discussed here this great journal no longer exerts the influence which it wielded thirty years ago; it is still ably edited and is conducted with that dignity and decency which characterize the tone of every English paper of worth and standing. It is dedicated to the imperial idea, and has devoted much energy to colonial expansion, and more than all, so far as it affects us, has taken the lead in the matter of furnishing its readers with American news. No matter how mistaken the opinions of its American "commissioner" frequently are, the *Times* has been disposed, for the last three years, to give as much space and importance to American matters as to affairs in the lesser European countries. It is, no doubt, influenced largely by questions of interest, some billions of English capital being invested in American securities which are affected by political changes and our ever-threatening legislation.

The *Standard* is the great Conservative organ, the staunch supporter of Lord Salisbury. It has been his loyal friend since the hour he was first called to his high office. Strangely enough, we must turn to the *Standard*, ultra-conservative as it is and perforce having very little sympathy with democracy, for the fairest and most unbiased estimate of America and Americans. It rarely reproaches us and never abuses us; in its leader upon the election of President McKinley and the return of the Republican tariff party to power it even went to the length of admitting that if this coun-

try "opposed free trade, that was its privilege, and that protection was not a political crime." One finds, on the other hand, a good deal of animosity toward not only this economic measure, but other American ideas in both the Liberal and Radical papers where one would scarcely look for them; but that may be explained, possibly, on the ground that the *Standard*, really representing the leisure classes, has not so much involved in its defense or opposition of American revenue measures, while the latter are chiefly supported by the commercial and laboring classes, whose incomes and wages depend largely upon the great markets of the United States.

The *Daily News* is the paramount Liberal organ—the maker of Mr. Gladstone and the never-ceasing propagandist of his political and economic theories. It stands for the "great middle class," the bone and sinew of the empire; for the powerful body of non-conformists, "the sects" as they are contemptuously called by ultra churchmen, as opposed to the establishment. For the past three years it has kept a sharp eye upon the present government, paying especial heed to the premier's public utterances, which, great or small, it dissects without mercy. It was one of his severest critics in the attitude of England toward Armenia and held him and his ministry largely responsible for Turkish success in the conflict with Greece. It was a marked contrast to the *Standard* in the vigor with which it denounced the Transvaal conspiracy of Cecil Rhodes and his facile tool, Dr. Jameson.

The *London Daily Chronicle* is devoted to the advancement of a mild type of radicalism. It is the mouthpiece of trades unions, and, while occasionally rather bitter toward the United States, is ordinarily progressive and enterprising without being blatant, egotistical, or vulgar. In these three essentials it is a marked contrast to Labouchère's *Truth*, a weekly journal largely read by discontented English butlers and valets, and rivaling Argos in the number of its "I's." In all its progressiveness, however, the *Chronicle* draws the line strictly at the participa-



tion of women in politics—a contrast in its position upon this important question to the liberality and justice of the *Daily News*. One of its editors, Mr. Henry Norman, is the well-known writer upon the problems of the far East, and his letters from Washington during the Venezuela dispute were the most correct and unbiased reflection of real American sentiment that appeared in any of the great London dailies at the time.

The *London Morning Post* is the English society journal preeminent. While it discusses national and international questions ably and at length, quite as ably—and as lengthily—as any of its esteemed contemporaries, and while its foreign and domestic telegraph news is equal to that of any other London paper, at the same time it is universally recognized as indispensable to those who wish to follow the tide of fashion. Its court news is full and minute, nor is its record of great London or county functions less abridged. Where other journals give a drawing-room or the Duchess of Devonshire's costume ball a "stick full," the *Morning Post* devotes to its splendors not less than two columns.

It is to its credit, however, that the *Morning Post* has never acquired our "Wild West" impressionist style of slashing on compliments with a whitewash brush, praising the graces of the debutante, describing the mundane glories of the multi-millionaire with every superlative possible to the English language. One can read its society notes, dull though they may be, evincing accuracy of statement rather than redundancy of imagination, without experiencing a qualm or turning giddy.

The *Daily Telegraph*, which its enemies charge is "all things to all men"—splendidly Liberal when Mr. Gladstone was at the helm, gushingly "loyal" when the Conservatives are in power—was probably the first paper to attempt anything approaching American journalistic methods. The result has been a curious mixture of adherence to staid English traditions with American flippancy, irreverence, and emotion. It reminds one, somewhat, of a matron, stout, unwieldy, and no longer

young, skipping and jumping about and talking in the thin treble of a schoolgirl. It is enterprising and "gets the news," especially that gossip and odd bits of sensationalism which we are wont to dignify as "news." Its leaders have a literary style peculiarly their own, and they illustrate what twenty or thirty years ago used to be called "fine writing." So generally is this recognized that an English author describing a character in fiction said that his language was a mixture of "Bible and *Daily Telegraph*."

The *Daily Mail* has surpassed the *Telegraph* in its adaptation of American models. It is bright, interesting, as sensational as anything English can be where convention is in the air that even editors and publishers breathe. It makes money and it spends it in all sorts of quasi-benevolent and public-spirited schemes. In this, too, the *Daily Telegraph* is an energetic rival, and with both, the inspiration of the scheme and the mainspring of the idea is self advertising, whether it be the wholesale distribution of Christmas boxes among the crippled children of the East End, or the fitting out an expedition to discover the north pole. With all their energy and exercise of ostensible benevolence and public spirit when it will induce the speediest and largest cash returns, both papers are frankly vulgar. The *Mail*, especially, seems to have taken as its pattern two degenerate New York daily papers, which, incredible as it may seem, since the English are merciless censors of "the sensational American press," are probably better known and more widely quoted in London than any other American newspaper, notwithstanding their absolute lack of standing and influence throughout the United States.

There is a great number of society journals, of which *The Queen* ranks foremost. This is patronized by the court and, although it somewhat inconsistently gave much space to the reactionary utterances of Mrs. Lynn Linton and Sir Walter Besant, it is extremely broad on all matters pertaining to the so-called "woman question," and is a fearless and strong advocate of the par-

liamentary franchise for women, to which the Liberal party has pledged itself. Its former editor, Miss Lowe, who died in 1897, was a woman of great intelligence and marked executive ability, and the editorial columns of *The Queen* during her régime reflected these qualities in a marked degree.

Americans are apt to complain that London newspapers are very dull. It is certainly true that they give very little space to crimes and casualties—unless the latter is something quite out of the common, like a railway accident where several lives are lost, or a catastrophe like a great fire in the East End. An account of a murder in the more conservative papers is made as brief as possible; an execution is disposed of in a few lines, which briefly set forth the fact that “the sentence of the law was carried out this morning in Newgate.” In one respect it must be acknowledged that the English newspapers, not only those of London but of the provinces, set an example that the journalism of every civilized country might follow with profit. This is, that, assuming legal cases to be tried in the proper courts, they refrain by common consent from publishing any editorial opinion or comment until the verdict has been rendered and the defendant acquitted or condemned. They tacitly agree that the law, referring the case to the proper tribunal, should not be obstructed or embarrassed by any attempt to sway the public mind. And in conformity to the Anglo-Saxon privilege of freedom of opinion the evidence, stenographically reported, is published in full from day to day, and the people are thus kept informed without prejudice. When the case has been concluded there is then the fullest review and discussion of the proceedings from beginning to end, but not until then.

What is called the “make-up” of the leading daily papers in London is almost uniform. The first column on the outside page is devoted to deaths, births, and marriages in this order. Beneath the last there are usually two or three paragraphs under the head “In Memoriam,” and these, characteristically English, appear in every English newspaper from New Zealand to

Land’s End. The paragraphs are announcements of the death of persons who have passed away on that date several years previous; the name and age are given, and the paragraph concludes with some appropriate quotation, or the brief, touching words, “deeply regretted,” “bitterly mourned.”

In the second column—for the entire outside page is devoted exclusively to advertisements—are the “Personal, etc.” This, too, is a curious reflection of British customs and manners—a jumble of tragedy and comedy, of business enterprise and impassioned appeals for charity—sometimes deserving and occasionally the reverse.

In addition to ostensible personals addressed to “Dearest Madge” or “Darling Flossie,” which are clumsily constructed advertisements, crude and amateurish compared to consummate American art in the same direction, there are heart-broken appeals of parents to recreant sons and daughters, imploring them to come home, that “all is forgiven,” or “the matter has been hushed up.” There are less frequent official acknowledgments of conscience money, refunded anonymously by persons who, in one way and another, have temporarily defrauded the state of its lawful dues. These sums rarely exceed £10 or £20, and, occasionally, are only a few shillings. One is tempted to the cynical reflection that, if the sums were larger, the conscience possibly might not have been so sensitive, or the desire for restitution so imperative. The advertisements of shipping are always most interesting—the sailings and clearances of vessels from every port of any importance on the globe. One realizes what a vast net-work of complicated and varied interest British commerce has grown to be; here are steamers bringing cargoes of beef and grain from the vast plains of Argentine; beef and mutton from Australasia; sugar and spices and fruits from the Indies, East and West; fish and oil from the North; gums, ivory, feathers, and wines from Africa, with enormous imports of foods from our own country.

The editorial columns are divided re-

spectively into "leaders" and "leaderettes," which we classify as editorials and paragraphs. The leader is the heavy artillery of English journalism—and heavy it is apt to be in more senses than one. It has many of the qualities of permanent literature; its rhetoric is usually faultless, and whatever it discusses is presented clearly and with varying vigor. It is generally directed, offensively or defensively, against the movement or episode, national or international, which happens to be engaging public attention. Frequently—much more frequently than with us—literary and scientific questions are made the subject of lengthy leaders, and these are not written "in the office," but by experts. Many of the most eminent English writers are employed upon the editorial force of the great London newspapers, men like the late James Payn, Edwin Arnold, and Andrew Lang. The leaderette is in lighter vein, and those who affirm that the English nowadays are destitute of humor are not familiar with this department of British journalism. It lacks the stab and sting of our paragraphing, and where a reproof is to be administered or ridicule is demanded the leaderette reminds one of a sharp box on the ear. The writers of both leader and leaderette follow the polite example of *Punch* and never translate their frequent Latin quotations. Verbal encounters with an antagonistic rival are extremely rare, and when they do occur there is no personality and no abuse; the reproof, the denial, or accusation is always couched in dignified language, and the esteemed contemporary is condemned in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired—on the part of his opponents. There is no doubt but the severity of the English libel law and the certainty of recovering heavy damages for their infringement have had much to do with the impersonal and moderate character of British editorial differences.

Telegraphic news, though varied, is extremely concise; details are given sparingly and with discretion. For this, too, there is a reason, as was illustrated not long ago when an English news agency was sued by a leading London daily paper and made to

pay heavy damages for "padding" telegrams during the Japanese and Chinese War, the accuracy of the telegrams having been publicly questioned by the readers of the paper. There is no poets' corner in the English daily papers, and one wonders where the local poet finds a vent for his teeming inspiration. On great anniversaries each paper publishes a lengthy ode or lyric by a poet of recognized reputation, and competition in this direction becomes almost spirited. The Queen's Jubilee was such an occasion and the contestants for the first place were men like the poet laureate and Kipling, all of whom were surpassed by the noble tribute of Miss E. Nesbit.

The real brilliancy of the London daily paper lies, without doubt, in the domain of criticism, and many of their art, musical, dramatic, and literary critics may be fairly regarded as high authority. They are not very lenient toward incompetency or mediocrity, they have never acquired the faculty of administering justice with mercy, and their ordinary disapproval seems often merciless to the extreme of cruelty. We frequently complain of their severity in passing sentence upon American matters which they do not understand, but those familiar with their habits are aware that they are just as exacting and even more unsparing among themselves.

The leading evening papers are the *St. James Gazette*, which is pronouncedly Conservative; the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which pursues a medium course, and the *Westminster Gazette*, printed, for some occult reason, on green paper, and boasting the best illustrations of any daily paper in London except the *Daily Graphic*, which makes an especial feature of its illustrations, and to which its printed matter seems a secondary consideration.

None of the great dailies have introduced illustrations, and the *Mail*, which employs them sparingly, recently declared that they added little to the influence or value of the paper. It must be admitted, however, that as illustrators the English are vastly behind us. They neither draw so well nor are their engravers equal to ours.

This statement is made in full recognition of the fact that some of our best so-called American draftsmen and engravers have been of English birth. As to individual writers, aside from the critics, staff correspondents, reporters, and others, their work is, intrinsically, no better than that of our own countrymen and country-women; but they have the great advantage of an editorial policy behind them that does not demand many of those tasks that are so hateful and humiliating to newspaper *attachés* in the United States. Interviewing, frequently hatefulest of all, is still something of an innovation. It must be admitted that when the English break the bounds of their ancient, hereditary reserve they have no equals in the frequency with which they use the personal pronoun. In an interview, for example, the remarks of the interviewed may be, under such circumstances, in about the proportion of three paragraphs to one in which the reader is treated to the personal views and observations of the interviewer.

The Sunday newspaper is practically unknown in England. It may be said to have no existence at all in the provinces, and in London with two or three theatrical and sporting journals, the *Weekly Sun*, the personal organ of T. P. O'Connor—"Tay, Pay,"

as he is called—and the *Sunday Times* are the most important. The latter, which has no connection whatever with "The Thunderer," is a small, Liberal paper, giving very good telegraphic news, fine criticisms of books, music, and plays, and there is an interestingness and brilliancy in its editorial page—where very short leaders only appear—that give it some semblance to our best American newspapers. It is said to be very successful financially, and it is owned and published by a woman.

The Queen's Jubilee was the opportunity of the century for the whole English press, in which London, perforce, took the lead. One was moved to admiration by the manner in which that great occasion was covered—a medley of magnificent social functions, of deputations, of processions and unusual interchange of diplomatic courtesies. It was superbly done—accurate, interesting, systematic; not too much of one important phase, nor too little of another. It was as concise as it could be, showing not only high intelligence and executive ability on the part of those at the head, but the most perfect discipline, ability, and willingness on the part of their subordinates. It was the high-tide of English newspaper achievement.

(End of Required Reading for January.)

## THE SNOW-STORM.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

FROM out the north last night a spirit came  
 Waving a wizard wand. This morning, lo,  
 An immeasurable vastitude of snow  
 Setting the earth as in a flawless frame!  
 From hill to hill the landscape seems the same;  
 The wandering rillet half forgets to flow;  
 Like pilgrims, standing in a solemn row,  
 The druid trees the sorcerer's power proclaim.  
 How silently this white magician toils,  
 His feet as noiseless as the feet of Time  
 Whose snows, relentless and remorseless, cling;  
 We may escape this necromancer's coils  
 When Spring unlocks the fetters of his rime.  
 Will Time thus yield to an immortal Spring?

## SHOOTING STARS.

BY O. F. BIANCO.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE phenomenon of shooting or falling stars is well known. A brilliant point starts out of the heavens; it rapidly traces its way through the field of the constellations and quickly disappears without leaving behind it any track or trace. The apparent road of these resplendent points, which sometimes are followed for the moment by luminous trails, forms ordinarily the greatest possible arc of a circle in the celestial sphere. This arc occasionally winds about with sharp changes of direction, or sometimes even reenters itself. In olden time it was the belief that shooting stars, as Milton says in his lines on the flight of Uriel in "Paradise Lost," showed

the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds.

Recently there has been an attempt to revive the idea that falling stars exert an indirect influence on temperature, especially in cases where the temperature falls, as in the first fortnight of February or May. The advocates of this notion would have us believe that certain groups of shooting stars intercept a part of the sun's rays as they pass between the earth and the sun, so that a noticeable cooling of the atmosphere is a result of their course, a cooling which is felt by scientific instruments, by men, animals, and plants.

There are times in the year when shooting stars are more numerous than at others, as the 12th, 13th, and 14th of November and the 10th, 11th, and 12th of August. It was formerly calculated that the groups from which these come pass between us and the sun on May 11 and February 7 respectively. Now it happens that toward May 11, and precisely on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of that month there is a noticeable and well verified lowering of the temperature in Europe north of the Alps. For

this reason those days which are sacred to Saints Mamertus, Pancras, Servadius, and Boniface have given the name of the "saints of ice" to their patrons, the "Eisheiligen" of the Germans. But nowadays this belief is no longer upheld by sober demonstrations. The "saints of ice" are explained by the general laws of atmospheric movements, and it is proven that the shooting stars have nothing to do with them. The same conclusion will doubtless be reached regarding the lowered temperature in February.

Falling stars may be seen every night in varying numbers. Sometimes they amount to a genuine rain of fire, the return of which at fixed periods has constituted a serious astronomical problem. But it is a problem which was solved some thirty years ago by the well-known astronomer G. V. Schiaparelli. He showed the connection between falling stars and comets, and subjected them to the laws of celestial mechanics, which it was previously doubted whether they obeyed. The earliest observations on them are found in China. The observers of the Celestial Empire have preserved and handed down in their records many descriptions of these phenomena, noting the times they occurred. By these records we can arrive at the periodicity of some of these apparitions. The records begin with the year 687 of the present era and have been continued down to the present day by the astronomers of the court of Peking, a part of whose constant duty it is to see whether anything hostile appears in the heavens. But only those antecedent to the year 1647 have been published, owing to the honored custom in China of not making the annals of a dynasty public until the dynasty is extinct or no longer possesses the throne. On the other hand, Greek and Roman antiquity furnishes but little data and these are to be



found only in the descriptions of portents such as Livy presents. The chronicles of the Middle Ages and the writings of Arab authors are full of notices and descriptions of showers of stars, and several erudite astronomers have derived from them abundant catalogues of meteoric apparitions. Naturally these extraordinary phenomena were attended by many explanations on the part of the recorders, who looked upon them as sad forerunners of misfortunes and scourges. An old tradition of the sibylline oracle which was preserved by Christianity implied that the end of the world was to be accompanied by a falling of stars. As a Byzantine chronicler of the winter of 762-3 narrates (the Black Sea being entirely frozen over): "In March the stars in heaven appeared to fall and all who saw it believed that the end of the world had come."

In olden times also it was thought that falling stars were the souls of the dead whose thread of life had been cut short by fate. This was in Europe, for the Arabs believed that they were flaming stones thrown by the angels at the heads of devils when the latter approached too near to heaven. The Koran reproduces this opinion, which it found scattered through all the regions lying under the influence of Islamism, and consecrates it to a certain extent. Savage tribes possess coarse conceptions of the phenomenon. Other peoples are more poetical. In Galicia there is a legend which sees in each falling star a sprite. If the star falls to earth it becomes a lady of the rarest beauty, with tresses, long, blond, and scintillating. This beautiful creature exercises a magical charm on all who behold her. In the silence of the night she embraces them, until she stifles them in her embrace. But a certain formula conjures the peril if murmured at the moment when the star blazes out. And we Europeans still say to-day among ourselves that if we can express a wish between the blazing and the extinguishing of a falling star that wish will be granted.

We have already said that the number of shooting stars on certain nights of the year is considerably greater than it is on others,

as, for instance, August 10 and November 14. The August fall lasts several days, reaching its maximum about the 10th, the November fall being at its greatest toward the morning of the 14th. These maximums are noticed every year, but the intensity itself of the phenomenon on these dates is subject to a certain periodicity. The most remarkable of the returns of the star showers is that of November, for which the calculations of Professor Newton give a maximum every thirty-three years and a quarter. The last of the maximums was observed in the year 1866. The next is therefore due at the end of 1899.

The November shower is accompanied in its celestial course by a small comet which was discovered in Italy by a German astronomer, Tempel, eleven months before the corresponding shower of stars in 1866. The last time this comet approached the sun it passed about fifteen million kilometers distant from the earth. It is not probable that it will come any nearer in 1899. On the contrary, there is some reason for believing that it will be farther away. In spite of this scientific assumption a famous weather prophet, Rudolph Falb, has announced that on November 13, 1899, between the hours of two and five in the morning the earth will dash into Tempel's comet and will be destroyed by it. If this contact does not take place, Falb shrewdly adds, we shall see on that morning such a shower of falling stars as never yet was witnessed.

The lack of any good reason for believing there is any danger in a collision of the earth with a comet is well understood. But popular faith refuses to be shaken, and some years ago Schiaparelli found himself obliged to send quite an extensive reply to a German editor who had questioned him regarding the likelihood of Falb's prophecy coming true. The substance of this answer was that the comet's curve had been quite carefully calculated in 1866, and also what part of its curve was nearest the earth's orbit. Now if we knew the exact date in the comet's return (which ought to be some time in the year 1899) when that particular part of the curve will be reached by

it, it would be possible to determine whether the comet will meet the earth. But we cannot know this for the reason that we do not exactly know the duration of the comet's revolution around the sun, beyond that it is thirty-three years and some months. The uncertainty may amount to several days, or even an entire month. The earth, of course, could come in contact with the nucleus, or head, of the comet, but we have as yet no data to show that it will.

It is probable, however, that in the year 1899, or before, the earth may enter into the meteoric current which accompanies that comet with the resulting showers of meteors, but in 1899 the comet's orbit will be closely examined so that we may hope to determine with greater exactness the duration of its revolution around the sun. Successive returns of the comet will give increasing exactness to these calculations, so that eventually the earth's inhabitants may be fully informed of what to expect from their celestial visitor. But at present there is no foundation, in science at least, for Falb's prophecy. Other astronomers, such as Weiss of Vienna and Forster of Berlin, have expressed their agreement with Schiaparelli on these points.

So much for the recurrence of the November showers and the time of their maximums. For the August meteors there appears to be a time maximum of one hundred or one hundred and ten years. There are also many other seasons of the year when the number of shooting stars exceeds the normal, as the astronomical almanacs show. In every shower of stars it is noticed that all their trajectories diverge from one and the same point in the heavens, and scatter in all directions. This point or space, called the "radiant," follows the celestial sphere in its daily motion. The existence of this "radiant" is a result of the perspective, but it is a complex result, caused by the movements of the earth and the motion of these little bodies. If you travel by rail during a rainstorm the drops always seem to fall obliquely, even though in fact they may be falling straight down. Under the same conditions you would attribute to the clouds

a direction they do not have, but one which results from their velocity and your own. If the radiant of a shower should be a fixed point, while the earth is traveling in its orbit, the radiant would be in that constellation toward which the course of the earth was at that moment directed. But of course the radiant is not a fixed point and the showers seem to come from other directions. For the meteors of the 10th of August the radiant is found among the constellations of Perseus and Cassiopeia, hence the name of Perseids for the meteors. Besides, the 10th of August is the festival of St. Lawrence and the falling stars are therefore popularly named the Tears of St. Lawrence, alluding to his martyrdom on a gridiron. The meteors in November have a radiant in the constellation of Leo, and from it are called Leonids. Schiaparelli estimates the number of radiants in the entire sky at about 1,500. Some 1,490 have been actually observed in the past ninety or a hundred years, and an English astronomer, Denning, claims that the number would rise as high as 3,000. But the existence of many of these radiants depends on too small a number of observations. There seem to be very few in the southern hemisphere of the heavens.

The existence of a radiant which shares in the daily motion of the celestial sphere, together with these returns of showers at fixed epochs, does away entirely with all the theories that seek to attribute such phenomena to causes existing in the earth's atmosphere, as formerly was held by the best astronomers. Shooting stars are not visible in planetary or lunar spaces, and are not set on fire until they reach the highest regions of the atmosphere, at elevations which range from a maximum of two hundred kilometers to a minimum of fifty. Their velocity varies from seventy to sixteen kilometers a minute, those of November being considerably swifter than those of August. The substance of which they consist is compact and solid, and their weight does not exceed in general some fractions of a gram, only in rare cases reaching the weight of a few grams. These

data, however easily and shortly they are announced, are the result of long, numerous observations and minute and complicated calculations. On account of the resistance which the air opposes to the rapid motion of these bodies such a heat is produced that they burst into flame. This combustion is the origin of the light which the meteors show. To this light was applied the powerful methods of spectrum analysis, which revealed in shooting stars the presence of sodium, magnesium, and iron. The August meteors are different in color from the November ones, and in these as in all the meteoric displays of the year are seen stars of varying size and color, depending on the substance predominating in each.

Showers of stars are therefore produced by groups of small bodies moving about in space. Now since the so-called showers are repeated each year at the same epoch with greater or less intensity, it amounts to saying that when the earth reaches the same point in its orbit there must always be at that time and in that place new bodies of meteors. This cannot be explained except by admitting that long currents of such bodies exist in space, and that these intersect the terrestrial orbit at various points, thereby producing the different meteoric showers of the year. These showers will be more or less abundant, according to the greater or fewer number of bodies at the different points of the varied currents. And inasmuch as stars fall every night and from all parts of the heavens, we conclude that interplanetary space is traversed in every direction by such currents of cosmic bodies. And since the phenomenon of shooting stars has always been observed, occurring to-day as it did many centuries ago, and since the earth follows the sun in its movement through stellar space, so we deduce that the same thing has happened through all the regions of space that are traversed by the solar system.

Each of the innumerable little particles which constitute each of these currents is like a minute planet. Attracted by the sun, it describes an elliptical orbit around it and follows it in its great journey through

space. The particle which precedes it and that which follows it do the same. So these cosmic aggregations are like streams of solid bodies, dragged forever through space, just as all the other stars. And they are subject to the same laws. And by this reasoning we are led to a sure and wonderful conclusion. We can imagine that in the space which surrounds the sun, up to the very limits of the solar system, there are countless streets traced, intersecting one another or not, like so many elliptical tracks in a race course, and on these streets, these celestial highways, move in perpetual procession the cosmic particles of the different aggregations, pursuing one another without ever attaining their goal. As they reach the perihelion they move faster, and more slowly as they go toward the aphelion, giving an account of their existence by becoming inflamed in our atmosphere whenever the earth's attraction draws them into it. As these bodies fall on the earth in immense numbers, so they fall on the other planets, on their satellites, and on the moon and sun.

An observer who scans the heavens with a free horizon sees from fifteen to twenty shooting stars every night, on the average. These with the naked eye, of course. If he should be watching for them with a glass which would magnify only sixty times he would see two hundred and sixty times as many, an amount which would reach the respectable total of about sixty billions a year for the whole earth. Compared with the dimensions of the solar system the earth is a very small body. Hence, one may judge of the lavishness with which these cosmic particles are strewn through space. To these shooting stars which fall periodically or otherwise (that is, sporadically) we must add those stones which now and then fall from the sky on the earth and which are called aerolites. So we may assume that our earth is bombarded by an incessant rain of large and small bodies, just as all the other worlds of the solar system are, and it is clear that these bodies increase its size and mass, but to an amount which reaching through ages is wholly insignificant.

The present state of science does not admit yet of our knowing whether the contact of the shooting stars and aerolites has had any effect at all on the earth's motion. But we can assume that in the process of time the amount of shooting stars and meteors will decrease. For any given group of the former it is almost certain that it was once more conspicuous than it is to-day and that it is growing less as the periodic returns pass on. Of course in this assumption we must take into account variations of density at different parts of the steadily moving current, variations which can produce showers that are now more dense and now more sparse. For this reason the constant enumeration of shooting stars becomes quite important, since this alone will teach us in the long run whether or not the phenomenon is really losing in richness, and if it is to what degree and under the sway of what laws.

When a shooting star breaks into flame in our atmosphere, the residuum of the combustion remains in the air, and can be found in what is known as atmospheric dust. The virgin snow of the polar regions was often seen to be spotted with traces of dust which contained particles of iron. Like particles are found on church towers and elsewhere. Among the minute bodies that dance in the sun's rays there are certainly particles of shooting stars. The sands of the African deserts when examined by a microscope present traces of very small iron particles which seem to have been subjected to a high temperature, and the *Challenger* on its remarkable trip in the Atlantic found at times in its drag-net fragments of magnetic iron which we have every reason to believe fell from the sky. Sir William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) and Richter have even seen in the aerolites the disseminators of the germs of life throughout the universe.

#### THE YUKON COUNTRY.\*

BY THE RT. REV. P. T. ROWE.

BISHOP OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF ALASKA.

ALASKA, as you know, has attracted the attention of the world, and people from nearly all countries have been finding their way to it. The year 1897 will go down in history as the year 1849, and we who have been here or come here during that time will, as the "fortyniners," be called "ninety-seveners." If you stop and think of the surprising population in Dyea, Skaguay, Dawson, and St. Michael, and remember that up to August, 1897, only the latter had any sort of an existence, you will have an evidence of the great multitude which have been drawn to Alaska. Dyea and Skaguay are the doors through which this throng has passed to the interior, and have respectively a population of five and eight thousand.

Two or three sea-going vessels were the

usual number that entered the harbor of St. Michael in previous years. This year, at the time of my visit, I counted twenty-seven large ships lying at anchor and waiting to be discharged, to say nothing of the very many river steamers and harbor lighters which filled the bay and presented an array of shipping which could scarcely be equaled in the harbors of San Francisco or Seattle. The shore, which, like an arc, forms the bay, was lined with houses, warehouses, two splendid hotels, tents, boats under construction, and a moving mass of humanity, presenting a scene almost incredible.

The route indicated by me last year as the one which would naturally and easily become the popular one to the Yukon was the one by Skaguay and the White Pass or Dyea and the Chilkoot. This has already been demonstrated to be right. The route by way of the Stickeen and Lake Teslin

\* This abstract of a lecture delivered at Sitka, Alaska, September 14, 1898, is published through the courtesy of the editor of *The Alaskan*.

can never be a contesting one with that by Skaguay unless a railroad is built for 150 miles to connect the watercourses. The Dalton trail over the Chilkoot is easy for the man who travels light and can afford to use horses, but for the miner with a year's outfit there is but one way—through Skaguay or Dyca. It is only twenty-five miles from tide-water to the lakes on the other side of White and Chilkoot Passes. That is a comparatively short distance in which to pack and sled an outfit, rendered cheap and easy now by reason of Brackett's macadamized road, the railroad now building, tramways, and excellent pack-trains. Once the lakes beyond the passes are reached, the miner can build his boat, put in his outfit, and travel easily down the great watercourse of 2,000 or more miles, if he chooses, transporting from one to ten tons, and without touching it again unless he chooses for the sake of safety to portage some of it at Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

Since I went in this spring three steamers have been built which now run in from Lake Bennett to Dawson City in a few days and people can go and come by means of these in a short time. However, it is possible to leave Skaguay and reach Dawson in seven or eight days. The return trip will take twelve or more days. I am not going to take up your time with a description of the White and Chilkoot Passes. Suffice it to say that the former is easy and safe, and with the present facilities of transportation you can get into a wagon at Skaguay and ride all the way to Lake Bennett. This is called "the rich man's road." Chilkoot Pass is steep and is called "the poor man's pass," because with the tramway facilities you can get your outfit put over a few cents cheaper than on the former. On account of the calamitous snowslide which occurred this spring near the Chilkoot Pass, people are very apt to consider it a dangerous route, and this may be true; avalanches may occur under certain conditions and people may be caught by them, but a little good sense will enable them to avoid the same. This year I found the climb of Chilkoot made easy from the fact that steps

had been cut up the steep incline. It is steep—so much so that the face of the ascent seemed only a few inches from the chest. I passed up during a snow storm, and when I reached the summit or a little on the other side a wonderful scene was disclosed. There, in a confused throng, mingled over 2,000 men, sleds, dogs, etc., indiscriminately. A long line of loaded sleds waited in turn to go down. A man with his loaded sled would start; all waited until he reached the bottom, which he did guiding his sled, more often the sled guiding him, and then at the bottom sled, man, and dog would pile up in a mixed condition, while eager and willing hands would try to find the man. The noise and confusion were startling.

We found the trail from Crater Lake to Lake Linderman good. At the latter place we found a veritable town of white tents. Two years ago I did not see a hut or cabin here. Now there is a population of 8,000 or so, an alert, eager, pushing, but good-natured crowd. It is four and a half miles across Linderman to the cañon which joins it with Lake Bennett. As I mounted the last hill, there stretched far away beautiful Lake Bennett with the high mountains on each side, and at my feet another town in this wilderness of some 15,000 people. I wandered through this place for two hours before I could find a suitable place to pitch my tent. It was a busy scene, stores, saloons, "bunk-houses," police quarters, log cabins, tents galore making up the place. There is a saw-mill here and lumber sells at twenty-five cents per foot; it is only fifteen cents at Circle City. Small Yukon boats are built for prices varying from \$100 to \$500. I saw one of the three steamers for the lake and river route on the way. It seemed to be 100 feet long by 15 feet beam. I spent Sunday preaching to 150 men or so. The ice was bad but I determined to "mush on."

Down the lake on the south shore the tents were so numerous that you could hardly throw a stick without striking one. While going down this lake we heard what seemed a far-off roar like thunder and look-



ing to the north shore of the lake there the very mountain seemed to be moving. It was a snowslide, a mile, I should think, in width, and it was terrific in motion, force, and noise, pushing itself nearly a mile from shore upon the lake. The first day we made seven miles, but the sledding was soft, the sun hot, and hauling 450 pounds took the heart out of one. We camped, started at 3 o'clock next morning, made the foot of Lake Bennett, where we found the river open and the shore snow gone, descended it until we struck the ice and snow, then on we went, making twenty-two miles that day and hauling 450 pounds.

Next day we passed Caribou Crossing, struck out on Tagish Lake, passing the boisterous Windy Arm, into which the winter trail from Skaguay, called the "Tuh-Shei," enters. This trail makes a saving of twenty miles, but is only passable while the ice and snow last. We made the foot of Tagish Lake, twenty-six miles, that day. Here Five Mile River was open and we had to go into camp and build our boat. I picked out the trees, cut them down, topped them myself, marked them out, rolled them from the woods and out upon a saw-pit, which we had prepared. So here we worked that whip-saw which miners declare is an invention of Satan, until lumber was sawed to build our boat. We spent two weeks at this work. Then we loaded in our outfit and pulled down Five Mile River to the Police Post, which nestled amid a grove of spruce trees, a veritable picnic ground, the tents and quaint log cabins making a picturesque scene. Here every boat is examined and numbered and names are registered.

Police stations are to be seen at different places all the way to Forty Mile from the summit of Chilkoot Pass. In this latter place they act as customs officers. These officials are courteous and kind. But this arrangement of taxing men going into that country is, I suppose, a necessary evil. However, it is a hardship to impose this obstruction and expense on men going in to open up this country, teeming with difficulties enough of a natural sort, and it

ought to be removed. But our own officials began this sort of thing and the Canadians retaliated, with the result that thousands of men are made the innocent sufferers.

We found Marsh Lake blocked with ice and were compelled to camp at the foot of Five Mile River for a week. There is a large section of country here which may some time be utilized in the production of garden stuff. Potatoes, etc., could be raised. The soil and conditions are excellent. If this becomes, as I believe it will, the great thoroughfare into the Yukon country, then we may expect to see a settlement here. I held services here, and campers came to them from their tents for miles around. We spent our nights in spearing fish with home-made spears. Trout—white fish, as they were called, but unlike our Lake Superior fish—were found abundantly. At the end of a week we pushed on, breaking our way through the ice, no easy task but amusing sometimes when somebody—not yourself—fell into that cold, cold water. After hauling my boat over six miles on the ice, I was the first to reach open water and then sailed down Fifty Mile River. Next day we reached Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids, and though the stage of water made them very bad, yet we ran them in safety. However, upwards of forty-five wrecks had already occurred, with loss of outfits and some loss of life. It is a very dangerous place and needs some experience to navigate safely.

We entered Lake Labarge, where we had some more ice punching to do. Finally we crossed it and entered the swift and dangerous Thirty Mile River. Miners have, in no account of the trip into the Yukon, been warned as to the dangerous navigation of this river. And yet it is the most disastrous portion of the trip. At least 150 boats were wrecked here this year and the loss of life has been very great. The river is narrow, crooked, with very short turns, and the current is a rapid all the way for nearly thirty miles, and great boulders rise to the surface everywhere with too little water running over them for your boat, and they are hard to avoid.

But it is time I told you something in regard to the gold of that country—and gold there is in all parts of it. The latest discovery is one of which you have heard. The discovery has been made on Tagish Lake. Undoubtedly it is away up the Taku arm of the lake, miles away from the usual trail to the Yukon. If accounts be true then this discovery comes very near to us, and settles the question as to the permanent prosperity of Skaguay as well as the universal adoption of this route into the Yukon.

The reports of the Klondike gold district last year were most encouraging, if not incredible. From what I have learned this year of the facts, I feel obliged to discount those reports to some extent. That the region was and is phenomenally rich is true. But the statement made that the wonderful peculiarity of the district was that the rich pay streak was uniform, that every claim contained gold, that there were no "skips," does not seem to be borne out by the facts. For instance claim No. 5 may be very rich, while claim No. 6 or 10 on the same creek may hardly pay wages. Hence it is not unlike that of any other placer region. But after saying all this, the fact that from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 have been brought out this year, in spite of inability to work the claim as well as might have been done on account of scarcity of food and light, is sufficient proof that the region is wonderfully rich in gold.

As early as 1883 the Klondike River was prospected for forty miles of its length without any results. The bed of the river consists of a coarse gravel through which the fine gold would go out of sight. The first rich claims in all that country were struck on Miller and Glacier Creeks, tributaries of Sixty and Forty Mile Rivers, which were the richest discoveries until the strike made in 1896 in the Klondike district. This was in 1891. And yet men had prospected these three different times without any results until the happy discovery in 1891. All this goes to show how uncertain the work of prospecting is. In 1881 the Rev. Archibald McDonald, Church

of England missionary at Fort McPherson, in returning from a visit to the Tanana Indians, picked up a nugget on Birch Creek. But nothing came of that, except the current story that gold had been found there, until 1891, when prospectors established the fact by discovering gold on several creeks, tributaries of Birch, which led to the establishment of Circle City and opening out a gold district which until the Klondike "strike" was the largest and best paying on the Yukon. It is not worked very much just now, nor prospected to any extent, because the claims are not very rich. But there are a great number of creeks where claims will pay \$10 a day, and just as soon as food supplies and labor cheapen, we may expect to see some thousands of men working these and obtaining such wages as cannot be obtained in any other way.

In July, 1896, three men, Henderson, Swanson, and Nanson, prospected up Indian Creek, struck very good pay on Gold Bottom, and staked. Henderson had to return to Forty Mile for food and on the way out met G. C. Cormack and two Indians. Henderson told Cormack about the find (it is a law in the miner's code to report or make known to others that any "strike" has been made). So Cormack and his two Indians traveled across country to Gold Bottom Creek, crossing the "Bonanza" on the way. Cormack was not satisfied with Gold Bottom and returned, determining to try Bonanza, so he sank in several places, but it was finally at a bend midway down the river that he sank and made the famous discovery. In one pan he washed out \$12.75; then, having staked the claim, he returned to Forty Mile for "grub," and told of his discovery. The discovery of Bonanza was followed in August by the rich finds on Eldorado, the results of which are evident in the many thousands who have sought that region from all parts of the world.

It is a rich section, undoubtedly; it is also very extensive. The Eldorado, Bonanza, Dominion, Sulphur Quartz, Rosebud, Hunker, are a few of the many rich

creeks. The dumps on Sulphur and Dominion were expected, when I was at Dawson this year, to yield returns as rich and great as most of the Eldorado. I have heard since that they did not do so, but it must be remembered that for want of food men could not work their claims as they had hoped; moreover, lights were scarce; candles sold at one dollar each, and then could not be bought. Water, too, failed this year for sluicing the dumps. Mr. Lippi, who went in two years ago, owns one of the richest claims on the Eldorado. He was offered, I was told, \$1,000,000 for his claim and refused it. This year he had been there only a few weeks and was going out with \$200,000.

Standing at the Eldorado, where the pay streak is richest, a line due east runs straight through the rich claims of Hunker, Gold Bottom, etc.; from the same point a line due west and away beyond the Yukon runs through the rich creeks of Sixty, Forty Miles, Birch Creek, etc. What a magnificent distance and extent of territory this is over and in which gold is found!

The innumerable creeks of the Forty Mile, as far to the westward as the watersheds of the Tanana, all carry gold, and it remains yet to be demonstrated by work what wealth they contain. They have not been worked as yet. What little has been done on several has proved quite encouraging. While at Forty Mile two men came in from their winter's work on a claim, weighed out their gold, and after paying all expenses had \$3,000 each for their own. A man and his wife sold their claim on Franklin Creek for \$10,000 and have gone out to make their home at Seattle. They sold too cheap, so men told me who knew the mine. Prospectors tell how on passing this claim they could hear this man and his wife dropping the little gold nuggets, "plunk, plunk," into a tomato can, as though they were pumpkin seeds—and the gold of this creek is of the size and shape of pumpkin seed.

About fifteen miles below the boundary line, on our territory, a live camp has sprung up at the mouth of Mission Creek.

The promise of a town here is due to the fact that very rich claims have been discovered on American Creek (which runs into Mission) and its tributaries. I hope this will prove true.

It is evident, then, that gold is found extensively in large sections of that vast Yukon territory.

You have doubtless heard by this time complaints as to the laws and conditions now existing at Dawson and the Yukon. I confess that complaints were general, both loud and strong, even in Dawson when I was there. The system of royalty, recording, timber licenses, etc., were all denounced. If one tenth of the charges made were true, then there is immediate need of a change; but of this I am unable to speak. The gold commissioner, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, did not strike me as a man who would countenance any dishonorable action or dealing. I am going to speak advisedly, because I cannot vouch as to the absolute truthfulness of these cases, but Captain — of Seattle told me that being very ill—ill all winter—almost in despair of recovery, he gave a friend \$10 to go and get his letters. The man returned and said: "The postmaster (member of the mounted police) said, 'I have no time to bother with his mail for \$10,'" and his letters he did not get. Many similar stories are freely told, and if they are true they are horrible.

In our own territory the law does not seem to be explicit enough; it errs in being too generous. It is possible for one man to locate any number of claims. A friend told me that he had eighty-five claims staked and these almost entirely in one section. They define every creek and every tributary of that creek as a distinct district and according to the law a man can hold one claim in each district. This ought to be regulated by law. A district should embrace a reasonable section, all the creeks and tributaries within it. For want of this a few men can monopolize all the claims, holding them to sell to the "cheecharka," and thereby shutting out the many who, if they had a chance to stake a claim, would remain in the country and aid its development.

This is the reason that ninety-nine men out of every hundred who went in this year have sold their outfit and returned, not having gone a mile from the Yukon to prospect, with the story that the country is no good, has been boomed, etc.

It is true that the extraordinary tales of the Klondike riches have not only attracted many thousands, but have created a wild inflated condition of things which a year or so will remedy. For example, men are offered \$12 a cord to cut wood, and few or no takers. Men do not appear to like to work in there. It is hard to get many to work for even \$12 or \$15 per day. I am not surprised, therefore, that so many are returning dissatisfied.

I reached Dawson when it was partly under flood. The first question asked me when I landed was, "Have you any whisky? We have been without four days and we have been expecting some in over the trail." It came in in a few days—2,000 gallons—which sold for \$75 per gallon. In a few days more the first boat arrived and its load consisted of 600 gallons of whisky, which sold at \$50 per gallon—the first provisions to reach these people reported to be starving. I was told that the man who last year sold ladies' red shirt waists—out of style—for \$5 each, which he had bought in job lots at fifteen cents each, brought in a soda water fountain and made \$14,000 by it in a few weeks. I saw some bananas, asked the price—\$1 a piece. Money! There seems to be no limit to it. But Dawson itself seemed, so far as I could see, free from drink, games of speculation, or lawlessness of any kind. On the water front the crowd swayed to and fro, by night as by day, reminding me in one aspect of the "Midway" at the World's Fair. Sickness has been and is very prevalent at Dawson. Much of it is due to the ill-cooked food which men eat and the Klondike water, which some think is impregnated with arsenic. It is, all in all, a unique place. Its inhabitants are well disposed in every way, and extremely satisfied with the richness of the claims in the district, as well as their great extent.

The minds of all men seem to have become inebriated with the great ideas of sudden fortunes, vast and rich wealth in the claims, and the spirit of speculation has become an epidemic. But in a year or so they will become sober and then the country will be dealt with in a way by which it will be developed and its wonderful resources made apparent. The country is not yet prospected. Ninety-nine out of every hundred who went in this year were not prepared for the above condition of things, and I felt very sorry that this was the case and that they have had to return, not only unrewarded, but after the sacrifices they made and the hardships they endured.

You would be surprised to see the number of steamers which have entered the mighty Yukon this year—that river which but a few years ago never had its solemn silence broken with the whistle of a steamboat. Between Anvik and St. Michael we passed thirty. Beyond Anvik ascending or descending were probably thirty or forty more. You ought to see the magnificent steamers, with their excellent equipment of electric light, etc., similar to and not surpassed by the Mississippi steamboats, built and put on the Yukon by different companies. Those built by the Alaska Commercial Company cost \$95,000 each. One of this company's new tow steamers, *Louise*, came up the river pushing two immense barges loaded with 900 tons of freight, and yet, pushing them up that strong current, made seven and a half miles per hour. And I am positively afraid to think what the result will be of all the capital thus invested in these boats. Is it—will it be—justified? I cannot say. But these companies have trained and experienced men who know their business and understand the conditions, hence we naturally reason that they must be satisfied that the resources of this country must be very rich and great or they would not adventure such an outlay. From \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 of an output this year, in the face of extremely difficult conditions, is a wonderful amount; yet it may be doubled next year.

## SOME AMERICAN WOMEN IN SCIENCE.\*

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

### II.

**I**N zoology, Mrs. Susanna Phelps Gage, Ph.B., wife of Prof. Simon Gage, professor of anatomy and physiology at Cornell University, is well known. Her microscopic study of the morphology of the brain and minute anatomy of cilia and muscle has resulted in the publication of a number of monographs. Her first contribution to science was a paper in collaboration

ferred to by leading anatomists in Europe. Some of Mrs. Gage's later papers have been monographs on the spotted triton or newt, entitled "The Brain of *Diemyctylus Viridescens* from Larval to Adult Life," "Comparative Morphology of the Brain of the Soft-Shelled Turtle and the English Sparrow" and "The Brain of the Embryo Soft-Shelled Turtle"; the last two reprinted from the *Proceedings of the Ameri-*



MRS. SUSANNA PHELPS GAGE.

with her husband, entitled "A Contribution to the Physiology of Respiration in Vertebrates." It was issued in 1885, five years after she received her degree at Cornell. Mrs. Gage's paper on "Form, Endings, and Relations of Striated Muscular Fibers in the Muscles of Minute Animals (Mouse, Shrew, Bat, and English Sparrow)," published in 1888, has been quoted and re-

ferred to by leading anatomists in Europe. As a student at Cornell her preference was for history, physics, and anatomy.

Mrs. Gage was born in Morrisville, N. Y., where she was educated in the public schools, attending the Cazenovia Seminary preparatory to entering Cornell University. Mrs. Gage is secretary of "The George Washington Memorial," a national organization for the erection and endowment of a national university.

\* Part I. of this article appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November, 1898.



Miss Florence Merriam, the young sister of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, had a natural liking for the study of ornithology, and this has been aided and encouraged by her brother. Miss Merriam is a field naturalist and her acute observation and conscientious data have given her a national reputation.

She was born amid ideal surroundings, her father, ex-Congressman Clinton L. Merriam, owning a fine villa, surrounded by forest trees, at Locust Grove, N. Y. Miss Merriam, while a student at Smith College, showed her love and care for the lives of birds by organizing an Audubon Society to oppose the wearing of birds by the students. After leaving Smith College she began a systematic study of birds and bird-life, her home containing thousands of volumes, many of them books on natural history and her favorite branch of it.

Miss Rosa Belle Holt, who has written a very interesting sketch of Miss Merriam, says of her opportunity for a study of bird-life at home:

On the place is a raspberry patch through which Mr. Merriam has cut numerous paths, so that his daughter may be able to go about quietly and observe the birds as they build their nests, chattering to one another like veritable human prattlers.

Besides studying bird-life in her own native woods, Miss Merriam has traveled along the Pacific shore, from Vancouver to

Mexico, and lived for months at a time in Utah, Arizona, and California. While residing in California for her health she attended a special course of lectures, for some months, at the Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto.

Miss Merriam's contributions to ornithology are: "Birds through an Opera Glass," "My Summer in a Mormon Village," "A Birding on a Broncho," a study of southern California birds, and "Birds of Village and Field," a bird book for beginners.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's name is

familiar to the general reading public as well as to students of bird ways. Her books being the result of observation and not gleaned from other books are contributions to natural history. Miss Merriam says of her:

Mrs. Miller's careful, conscientious bird-work has not only become a stimulus to earnest observers, but has earned the rare respect of American ornithologists, for by her patient field-work she has contributed a great mass of data upon the life histories of

our birds, which collectors and closet naturalists have never had time to accumulate.

Mrs. Miller's study of birds is of comparatively recent date. A friend interested her in birds after she was forty years old, and she was led to a systematic study of ornithology to learn what is known about them. Her books are: "Bird Ways," "In Nesting Time," "Little Brothers of the Air," "A Bird-Lover in the West," "Upon the Tree-Tops," and "Our Home Pets." She



FLORENCE MERRIAM.

also delivers popular lectures and bird talks.

In order to study the lives and habits of birds indoors as well as in their native haunts, Mrs. Miller has had a "bird-room" in her house for several years. Of this room Miss Merriam says:

In her bird-room she used to sit at her desk with her back to the open cages of her timid friends and study their ways by means of mirrors arranged on her table. Then when a shy forester, thinking himself unobserved, said or did anything interesting, she would quietly reach for the note-book labeled with his name and put it all down in black and white.

But studying birds in their own environments is Mrs. Miller's preference, and she has visited many states in order to study their birds. The writer referred to was with her in New York and Utah, and this is what she says of Mrs. Miller's methods:

Ordinarily when we went to the woods, she would steal in through the bushes in her leaf-colored gown, open her campstool cautiously at the foot of a big tree whose dark trunk would help conceal her, pull down a branch before her, and, with note-book ready, carefully raise her opera glass and focus it upon the nest she wanted to study. And then she would sit, defying the tormenting punkies and mosquitoes, patiently waiting, hour after hour, to see what might befall.

It is often remarked that the commonest objects around us become vested with a charm when interest in them has once been awakened. Students in the various biological laboratories are proving this, and at the same time are doing original work in scientific research. A number of women have

in this way studied frogs, toads, fishes, worms, and other forms of animal life, and thus added to scientific knowledge.

Miss Cornelia M. Clapp, Ph.D., fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, professor at Mt. Holyoke College, and one of the most popular lecturers at Wood's Holl Biological Laboratory, has published among other papers one on *Batrachus tau*, one of the toad fishes. Professor Clapp was one of Agassiz's students at the famous Penikese laboratory.

Miss Mary H. Hinckley, of Milton, Mass., daughter of



MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Thomas H. Hinckley, the artist, has made a study of the development of frogs and toads, and the results of her studies of these amphibious vertebrates have been published by the Boston Society of Natural History. These memoirs are: "Notes on Eggs and Tadpoles of *Hyla Versicolor*," "On Some Differences in the Mouth Structures of Tadpoles of the Anourens Batrachians found in Milton, Mass.," and "Notes on the Peeping Frog, *Hyla Pickeringii* Le Conte," the common piping tree-toad. These are only a part of Miss Hinckley's contributions to science.

Miss Edith J. Claypole, who is at present taking charge of the zoological department at Wellesley College in the absence of the head professor, who is abroad, has also published monographs on the batrachians. One entitled, "The Blood of *Necturus* and *Crypto-branchus*," is a study of the blood of the mud-puppy and one of the salaman-

ders. Miss Claypole's studies are not confined to these animals, being in the line of histology and physiology. Her latest monograph is a "Comparative Histology of the Digestive Tract."

Miss Claypole is a daughter of Prof. Edward W. Claypole, B.A., D.Sc. (London), and Mrs. Katherine Claypole, a writer of popular science articles, and is a native of Bristol, England. Her early education, and that of her twin sister, Agnes M., was at



EDITH J. AND AGNES M. CLAYPOLE.

home, under the charge of their parents, from whom they received their liking for scientific work. Miss Claypole came to America with her parents and was graduated at Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, with the degree of Ph.B. She received her Master's degree at Cornell University. She has spent two or more summers at Wood's Holl Biological Laboratory.

Miss Agnes M. Claypole, her twin sister, received the same education at Buchtel College, Ph.B. degree, M.S. at Cornell University, and recently she has taken her degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Chicago University. Some of her monographs have been published in the *Proceedings of the American Microscopical Society*. One on "Oögenesis and Embryology of Anurida Maritima" was published in the *Journal of Morphology*.

Mrs. Rose Smith Eigenmann, who, in collaboration with her husband, Dr. C. H.

Eigenmann, has published so many memoirs on fishes, is a pioneer among women students in biology in America, although her interest in biology did not begin, as is the case with many students of to-day, in any college laboratory.

At the age of sixteen Mrs. Eigenmann was sent to California for her health, and her outdoor life at San Diego, on the beach, and in the cañons turned her attention to nature studies. In 1879 or '80 she had the good fortune to meet at San Diego, Cal., Dr. William Starr Jordan, who was then studying the fishes of the Pacific coast. Seeing her interest in natural history, Dr. Jordan invited her to visit his "workshop" and learn about fishes, and, seeing her aptitude for this branch of study, he invited her to join his party during the summer of 1880, where she had an excellent opportunity of studying fishes on the coast from Puget Sound to San Diego. The following year she was a student in the Indiana University, where Dr. Jordan was a professor. She was the only young lady taking her electives in zoology, working in Dr. Jordan's laboratory. Her classmates are most of them well known in science to-day, being such men as Charles McKay, Seth Meek, etc. In 1887 she was married to Carl Eigenmann, now professor of zoology at the Indiana University. After her marriage Mrs. Eigenmann, with her husband, had at Cambridge, Mass., the use of the collection of fishes of the Agassiz Museum, and as the guest of Prof. W. G. Farlow of Harvard University she received instruction in cryptogamic botany in his laboratory. She also attended the Harvard Summer School in 1888. The same summer Mrs. Eigenmann had a table in the United States Fish Commission Station, Wood's Holl, Mass., by invitation of Prof. J. A. Ryder and Marshall McDonald, then the United States fish commissioner.

Dr. and Mrs. Eigenmann went from Harvard to San Diego, where they built a small laboratory and devoted their time for over a year to the marine fauna of San Diego.

Mrs. Eigenmann's publications, either alone or with Dr. Eigenmann, number over

forty papers, published in scientific journals and proceedings of societies. As the result of their joint work in systematic ichthyology over one hundred and fifty new species and genera of fishes have been described by them. Their principal work is a volume on "Fresh Water Fishes of South America."

After Dr. Eigenmann's election to the chair of zoology in Indiana University in 1891 they removed to Bloomington, Ind. Since that time Mrs. Eigenmann has done but little scientific work. As the mother of four little children her time is occupied with their training, that being to her of more importance than any amount of scientific work.

Mrs. Eigenmann is a member of the California Academy of Sciences; she was for some years curator of fishes for the academy, and has served as president of the National Science Club for two or more terms.

Miss Mary E. Murtfeldt, of Kirkwood, Mo., often spoken of as the leading woman entomologist of this country, was born in New York City, but when scarcely more than an infant her parents went West and located on a grain

and stock farm in Ogle County, Illinois, not far from Rock River, amid whose picturesque scenery and profusion of plant and animal life her youthful tastes were developed.

She acquired the rudiments of education

at her father's home under the instruction of her parents and governess. She was passionately fond of reading when a child. When old enough to leave home Miss Murtfeldt attended Rockford Seminary, now Rockford College—at that time the leading girls' school in the Northwest. It was at this seminary that she obtained an introduction to the science of botany.

In 1868 Miss Murtfeldt's father removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he assumed the editorship of Colman's *Rural World*, and was made secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. At the same time Charles V.

Riley, the young naturalist and artist of the *Prairie Farmer* of Chicago, with which Mr. Murtfeldt had also been editorially connected, received the appointment of state entomologist of Missouri and went to reside with Miss Murtfeldt's family, removing with them to the suburb of Kirkwood. It is to this distinguished investigator and author, with whom she was associated in literary and scientific work for more than twenty years, that Miss Murtfeldt attributes the success



MRS. ROSE SMITH EIGENMANN.

of her achievements in entomology. She had been a writer from childhood, contributing to the *Prairie Farmer* and *Rural New Yorker* and other periodicals articles on rural subjects, as well as short stories, but after beginning the study of entomology

her writings have been chiefly in the line of that science or the allied one of botany.

As a subject for special study Miss Murtfeldt was soon attracted to the Microlepidoptera, and in this field she has had the honor of assisting Lord Walsingham—the present leading English authority on this interesting group—Drs. Riley and Fernald, and the late Mr. V. T. Chambers, of Kentucky, in all of whose works her name as a collector and biologist has frequent and complimentary mention.

Miss Murtfeldt has been a frequent contributor to *Insect Life*, *Psyche*, the *Canadian Entomologist*, and scientific periodicals on the life histories of insects and descriptions of new species. Her most numerous contributions have been on the subject of applied or economic entomology for the *St. Louis Republic* and various agricultural and horticultural journals. Her book, "Outlines of Entomology," is an educational manual. She is now, in collaboration with Prof. Clarence M. Weed, of New Hampshire, engaged in the preparation of a series of books for school reading entitled "Stories of Insect Life."

For many years Miss Murtfeldt was local investigator and collector under Dr. Riley while he was United States entomologist, for the Department of Agriculture and Smithsonian Institution, and the records of her work are found in many of the reports of the department. She is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, member of the United States Society of Economic Entomologists, Academy of Sciences of St. Louis, the National Science Club, etc., and is entomologist of the Missouri Horticultural Society.

Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon is one of the authors of "Insecta," a book of three hundred pages, fully illustrated, that is intended as a "Guide for Science Teaching." This book was written in collaboration with Prof.

Alpheus Hyatt, whose assistant in the Museum of the Boston Society of Natural History Mrs. Sheldon has been for several years. At an earlier date she was joint author of another little work on "Worms and Crustacea." It does not bear her name on the title-page, but mention is made in the introduction that Mrs. Sheldon "prepared the text and most of the drawings." A monograph on "The Meaning of Metamorphosis," by Prof. Alpheus Hyatt and J. M. Arms, and an important work by Pro-

fessor Hyatt and Mrs. Sheldon, which will demonstrate the principles of a natural classification illustrated by the Synoptic Collection of the Boston Society of Natural History, is now in course of preparation. Another work in preparation is a book by Mrs. Sheldon on "Observation Lessons on Animals," for the use of teachers of graded schools. Her monograph on "Clay Concretions of the Connecticut River" has been previously mentioned.

While in charge of the Synoptic Collection of the Boston Society of Natural History Mrs. Sheldon gave lectures in the laboratory to the teachers of the normal schools, and for some years had charge of the zoology in the National School of Methods held at Saratoga. Her monograph on "Natural Science in Elementary Schools" was read at this convention and published in *The Popular Science Monthly*. Numerous papers written by her have been published in various educational journals.



MARY E. MURTFELDT.



A little book entitled "The Life of a New England Boy" is an historic sketch written by her.

Mrs. Sheldon's early life was spent in Greenfield, Mass., and in 1873 she entered Mrs. Ada Shepard Badger's school in Boston, where she came under the influence of Lucretia Crocker, the eminent educator, to whom is probably due her preference for scientific studies. In 1876-77 she was a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, taking chemistry, geology, zoology, and paleontology under the well-known specialists of this school. Afterward, while a special student under Professor Hyatt in the laboratory of the Boston Society of Natural History, she was also a special teacher in Mrs. Pauline Agassiz Shaw's school, having charge of the zoological department. Mrs. Sheldon is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the National Science Club.

Miss Cora H. Clarke, daughter of Rev.



MRS. MARY TREAT.

James Freeman Clarke, D.D., is the author of some monographs on insects. "Description of Two Interesting Houses Made by Native Caddis-Fly Larvæ," illustrated by original drawings, was published by the Boston Society of Natural History; another one on "Caddis Worms of Stoney Brook" was published in *Psyche* and afterward published separately. "Galls Found Near Boston," a study of the deformations made on plants and trees by insects, was published by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, after Miss Clarke had given the paper before the society, illustrated by specimens and photographs of varieties of galls. Miss Clarke is now engaged on a book descriptive of New England seaweeds. She is known as an ardent lover of nature. Had her eyesight allowed it she would have prepared herself for a professorship in biology, as her natural inclination is in that direction.

Miss Clarke has resided in a suburban home near Boston, and, in her early days, she attended the well-known private school of Miss Peabody. After studying chemistry, horticulture, and entomology at agricultural and horti-



MRS. J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

cultural schools, she attended the Harvard University Summer School, taking botany, biology, and geology under such instructors as Asa Gray, Dr. Farlow, Dr. Packard, and Prof. W. O. Crosby. Miss Clarke's reason for taking up the study of entomology was not because she was naturally attracted toward insects, but the reverse; she disliked them, but thought if she knew more about them she would not shudder at touching them. In the fact that her special lines of study are galls made by insects and cases of caddis-worms, as well as New England algæ, we have a proof of how successfully she has overcome her natural antipathy. Miss Clarke was one of the active workers in Miss Ticknor's "Study At Home Society," conducting studies in zoology for this pioneer society.

Mrs. Mary Treat, of Vineland, N. J., has long been known as a popular writer on entomology. Some of her papers have been published in book form. Her books

are: "Home Studies in Nature," "Injurious Insects of Farm and Garden," "My Garden Pets," etc. Mrs. Treat was the



CORA H. CLARKE.

daughter of a Methodist minister, and her education was only such as the public schools could supply. Her mother's influence gave her the impetus toward nature studies, especially her love of insect life. For the past few years Mrs. Treat's articles have been almost exclusively, however, on the flora of New Jersey and published in *Garden and Forest*.

## REVOLUTION IN TRAFFIC.

BY ADOLPH SCHULZE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

WE live in an interesting age. The revolutions which steam and electricity have started in the various fields of life have gone on with constantly increasing rapidity. One powerful discovery presses upon another and each one accelerates the tempo of progress which is daily effectuated under our eyes. But our faculties have become dulled. The thousand influences which hourly press upon us have made us indifferent and apathetic. We have seen the railroad, telegraph, and telephone gradually grow to their present per-

fection and we have come to receive them almost as a matter of course. An important idea of the immense revolutions can be obtained only by him who has imagination enough to picture to himself the astonishment which would come to our forefathers at a sudden return into this newly constructed world.

And we have also become indifferent to the new things which daily and hourly we yet expect. Especially in the last decade have the discoveries so increased that they scarcely call out any special emotion. One

best perceives this by the recent development of human knowledge, the Röntgen rays. When the first news of the Wurzburger professor's discovery began to appear in the newspapers, we smiled with incredulity. A few days afterward it was verified in ways not to be disputed, and for a short time it constituted an interesting subject for conversation; then the public took only an incidental interest in the subject. Only in the laboratories of the scientists a feverish activity began. Everywhere investigations and experiments were conducted, which daily brought to light new examples of the utility of the wonderful rays. But the public took this information as something self-evident and received it with a coolness which can be explained only by the superabundance of the sensations of modern life.

Very similar are the conditions in the field of traffic, although here the change was executed far more conspicuously, and on account of the directness of its connection with our personal relations, it became more evident to us. Some of the older ones among our readers have witnessed the absorption of the stage-coach and wagon by the railroad, and only in poetry have positions and the old stage-coach left any traces.

We now to all appearances stand at the beginning of a new process of absorption of the same kind, which probably will assume far greater dimensions than the first. It is a question of the dispossession of horses by the motor. The beginning has already been made and poets and thinkers will be unable to resist a feeling of woe if they imagine that the horse, which for a thousand years has been the true helper of mankind, is now to be gradually abolished from the field of action. Of course it is not for the present imagined that the absorption will be so complete a one as in the case of the stage-coach and wagon, for in agriculture and in the army the horse has yet a fast, unmovable position. In the city traffic and on the public highways and in the country, his rôle to all appearances will soon be played out.

The beginning stages of this recent

great revolution are already conquered. It has been going on quietly, and the great public has hitherto, at least in Germany, taken only incidental notice of it. In England of course and especially in France for a long time an earnest agitation has been going on which has found a most animated echo in the press of every country. The important widely circulated French newspapers have had for years a special rubric for auto-mobility, which, particularly in the French capital, claims a conspicuous share of public interest.

It is especially noteworthy that the storm proceeded from two different directions and in fields between which there exists a certain connection and whose common relations are yet of a rather loose nature. The starting-point is on one side electricity and on the other the bicycle. The first can be designated as the principal basis of attack, in Germany and America, while France and secondarily England must claim a share in the movement proceeding from the bicycle.

The agitation in the electrical field must now be considered as already completed. With the introduction of electrical street railroads determined upon last summer in the German capital city, the overthrow of the horse for street railroad service is finally sealed. Berlin was a long time in making this determined move, but after the Rubicon has once been crossed, without further ceremony it will assume the leading place in the new field and serve as a model for all other cities, so that street railroads with horse power after a few years will have ceased to exist.

By the transition to electrical power which has taken place in the last few years, 6,316 horses belonging to the great Berlin Street Railroad Company alone became idle. The rest of Berlin offers us comparatively no statistical information, but it will be no exaggeration if the total number of horses in Berlin which have been displaced by electricity be estimated in round numbers at ten thousand. If it is considered that on January 1, 1897, the total number of horses connected with public conveyances reached 23,577, then it must be conceded that the

loss of ten thousand horses means a great deficiency in the business of the capital city.

If we take a glance at the entire German imperial territory, then after an approximate estimate it must be admitted that at the very lowest one hundred thousand horses have been set at liberty by the introduction of electric power, or will be in a few years.

We have taken up first the displacement of the horse by electricity because in a certain measure it can already be considered as a theory that has had its day. But a far greater danger threatens the horse through auto-mobility, in which the free movement of carriages and other vehicles by mechanical power regardless of rails must be understood. Auto-mobility in Germany is yet in its infancy, while in France, especially in Paris, it has already assumed a considerable volume.

The germ of its development is undoubtedly to be sought in the bicycle industry. The high technical achievement of this ideal means of moving along, which made possible such a copious use of human muscular power, must of itself lead the thoughts to subject mechanical power. The German industry ought by right to be proud of having grasped these thoughts first and of having been pioneers in this movement. But it is also a shame to us Germans that here the saying of the prophet that nothing is of value in its own country is verified. Our great motor factories, as Benz & Company in Mannheim, Daimler in Cannstadt, and others, have for some years taken a leading rôle in the field of motor manufacture, but their markets, until a very short time ago, were in foreign countries. In France and England, as well as in America, some years ago, long journeys were made by the auto-mobile carriages, in which the German manufacture played the first rôle, a result which must be considered so much the higher, since the competition in foreign countries is attended with onerous conditions.

But recently an important step forward has been made by the founding of the Central European Motor Carriage Union, and the intensive way in which the improvement

of industrial acquisitions is now worked out leads us to conclude that we also can expect a rapid advancement in the field of auto-mobility.

Turning the scale for the decision of the question, utility will naturally be the standard. But this can first be decided after the manufacture of the motor has conquered the stages of experimental measures and there is offered to the public practical, tangible results. That has now been accomplished and therefore it can be safely asserted that auto-mobility will enter modern life as a factor of high economic significance.

The theoretical advantages of the motor rest upon the fact that less power is necessary for the movement of carriages whose construction is in harmony with the principle of the bicycle and also that this power is much less expensive than that of the horse. If we examine these advantages from the practical side, two points of conclusive significance confront us. The decisive point of both is the cheapness, but the easy management and the constant working capacity of the motor carriage must not be overlooked. Opposed to both of these points is the fact that the cost of procuring a motor carriage is at first higher than that of a span of horses, yet this disadvantage is soon equalized by the more moderate expense of working and the greater ability.

An approximate estimate of the cost of procuring and of the working of a motor carriage is the best illustration of this. The prices of motor carriages with complete outfits vary from \$475 to \$2,500. The less expensive carriages are constructed for the accommodation of two persons, while in the higher priced ones from six to eight or even twelve persons standing can be accommodated. The patent wagon, "Dos-a-Dos," manufactured by Benz & Company for \$833, is intended for four persons. It has a motor of five-horse power and weighs about 1,400 pounds. The motive power is like benzine, which, as is the case with all of Benz's carriages, is kindled by an electrical appliance so that danger from explosion is obviated. The wagon on the level and on good

streets is able to travel about eighteen miles an hour and can overcome a rise of from ten to twelve degrees. Filling the motor once with benzine is sufficient for a distance of from sixty to seventy-five miles. In a storage vessel benzine enough for a further distance of sixty miles can be carried along. The steering apparatus works so well that the wagon can be held more securely in hand than one which is hitched to horses. By a simple pressure of a lever the motor carriage can be brought to a standstill. The wagons have lately been provided with backward steerage.

If one should compare the above-named prices for procuring a motor carriage with the prices of an equipage with two horses, there is a difference in favor of horse power, which will be equalized in a very short time by the cost of working and the expense of keeping the horses. The cost of benzine for a motor wagon is about two cents per mile, a sum which in comparison with the cost of keeping a span of horses is not to be considered. It is also to be said further in favor of motor carriages that they can remain in uninterrupted motion an entire day, while a span of horses need rest. A further comparative advantage is that already mentioned, the constant working capacity. Especially in the motor with the electric priming it is necessary only to raise a lever in order to set the wagon in motion. The security of travel is not in the least inferior to that where horse power is used, which is proved by the fact that no accident worthy of the name in auto-mobile commerce has been recorded, although in the numerous long journeys over a distance of 370 miles the highest demands were made on the carriages.

But in all this it must not be forgotten that the development of the motor power is yet in the beginning stages. Judging by the intensity with which industrial advancements are conducted, without doubt great, far-reaching improvements may be daily expected. If all these circumstances are taken into consideration, it must be admitted that the horse has little prospect of

withstanding the battle with industry. As everywhere else, so it is here, the best is the enemy of the good. We have many reasons to be thankful to the horse, yet it is not to be denied that on account of his inability to reason, countless misfortunes arise which do not happen with the motor.

Now some one will certainly exclaim that all that has been said previously is only the music of the future; but he who has eyes to see will perceive by a single sign that a strong, continuous power dwells within the new movement which presses incessantly forward. In Paris already thousands of the motor wagons are in use. In the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne there are crowds of the *chauffeurs*, which is the technical name for the auto-mobile carriage. Countless large establishments have done away with their horses and conduct their entire transportation service with the help of auto-mobility. Various large transportation companies already exist which have taken up the motor power.

In Germany we are certainly not so far advanced, but daily there are increasing signs that here also the slumbering spirit of enterprise has awakened and is pressing forward. In single cities already the motor carriage has been introduced into the public conveyance service. A Berlin omnibus company has decided on the experimental introduction of motor power, and for this purpose has contracted for the building of eight carriages. The imperial postmaster-general in Berlin is also said to be taken up with the plan of introducing experimentally two auto-mobile wagons for carrying parcels, and that, too, based upon the profitable experiments made with similar wagons by the London post-office authorities. The Berlin Fire Department has also been busied a long time with the problem of utilizing auto-mobility.

All these enterprises are unmistakable signs of the approach of a new commercial period whose extent is not yet perceived, but whose beginnings will in the future doubtless be marked as a remarkable epoch in the history of commerce.



## THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN BULLOCK.

### CHAPTER VI.

SUPPER was over. Nan and Sarah were clearing the table; John and Frank sat smoking; on the hearth stood Ted with his back to the fire. Of a sudden Ted flung up his arms and yawned.

"Heigho!" said he. "Faith, it must be time for home. You'll be with me, I accuse, Mr. Barry?"

"Certainly," said Frank rising. He bade the Butlers good-night, put on hat and coat, and turned toward the door. But Ross kept his place by the fire, and stood balancing now on this foot, now on that. "I'm quite ready," said Frank.

"Ay," said Ted. "Well, so am I. But—aw, I'll be after ye. I'll catch ye up afore ye get to the gate. Yis, I will."

Frank hesitated. He had no wish to go stumbling in the darkness down that muddy lane.

"But I can wait for you," said he.

"Aw, ye needn't, ye needn't," stammered Ted. "Sure—aw, I'll not be a second."

With a laugh, John Butler rose.

"Come away," he said, taking Frank by the arm. "I'll show ye as far as the shore. Can't ye see," he went on, as they crossed the yard, "that it's a private kiss Ted wants at the door? To be sure. An' you or me, Frank, 's not wanted at these little affairs. Ay, no."

The two passed out of the yard and went down the lane. The trees stood black and dead; beyond the hedges the fields slept in their loneliness; not a sound was there, far or near, not a sound but the level drawl of John Butler's voice, wandering here and there in the darkness round this subject and round that.

They came to the lake; launched Ted's cot and sat down upon its gunwale. John went on talking; Frank, with a sound as of kissing in his ears, leaned forward and

fell to tapping his heels impatiently on the stones. Presently he shot upright.

"I don't hear Mr. Ross coming," said he; "I wish he'd come."

"Ay?" said John. "Well, I'll bring him." He whistled shrilly on his fingers. "That'll hurry him."

Ten minutes passed; twenty went; John talked of this and that, chiefly of big London; Frank began to fume.

"Confound the fellow!" cried he at last. "Confound him!"

"Aisy, Frank," said John; "aisy, man. If he doesn't come—Whisht, here he is."

From away up the lane came a jabber of voices; then, "Well, good-night, Nan"—"Aw, good-night, Ted," then the thud of feet among the trees.

"At last," said Frank rising.

"Aw, there's an end to all things," said John. "Even to blarneyin'."

Breathless, and somewhat flurried, Ted reached the shore; at once began his apologies. He was sorry to have kept Mr. Barry waiting; he hadn't meant to be so long.

"Aw, hold your whisht, Ted," John Butler broke in, and swung the cot round to the pier. "Sure it's no time at all you've been considerin' what you've been at. Now, no more talk, Ted; but in ye go an' hurry home to your bed afore your lips have time to cool. Now, then, Frank me son. Off ye go," said John, and with a push of his foot sent the cot skimming away. "Safe home, both o' ye. Come again soon. An' good-night."

"Good-night, John," answered Frank.

"Same to you," shouted Ted Ross; then, bending across his oars, sent a long cry out into the night, a cry that rang along the shore, echoed from the hills, died away among the woods; suddenly was born again on the face of Inishrath and came back to Ted in a long, sweet halloo.

"There it comes," shouted John from the

quay. "One goose answerin' another. Haw, haw!"

"Haw, haw," laughed Ted; then spat on his hands, dipped his oars, with long, sweeping strokes sent the cot flying for Garvagh.

It was a moonless night but not dark; fresh but not cold. Not a breath of wind was blowing. Silence brooded over the waters, and the calm deeps were sown with stars. Behind in Inishrath a light shone in the Butlers'; round the lake, here and there, other lights glimmered out; far and near the woods lay stretched in their blackness along the shores. Away toward the mountain a drum was rolling out defiance to the natives of the hills; as from another world, so remote was the sound, came the baying of a dog. "Clink, clink," went the oars against the thole-pins; "drip, drip-p-p," said the blades as they swung for a stroke; "swish," cried the water as the cot went flying. Right and left stretched the water—a mystic mirror sprinkled with silver dust; behind, the stars lay jumbled in the foaming wake. Never before had Frank seen night in nobler garb, never before sat brooding in his nothingness beneath an ampler dome, in the depths of a grander hall of silence.

Suddenly Ted Ross threw back his head, and set his oars swinging to the tune of a hillside ballad. Of love and beauty sang Ted, of teeth like pearls and eyes shining like the morning, of a voice, och so soft, of lips, och so sweet, of his own darlint, own little colleen. Aw, but she was fair; aw, but she was dear to him; aw, but she had raven hair, an' aw, that she was near to him!

"Sing out; sing out," shouted Ted. "Man alive, give it voice:

"Up on the hillside lives me little colleen,  
All day long does she think of me;  
Dear to me heart is me smilin' little Naneen,  
Sweeter than the breath o' morn is she.

"Aw, you're not singin'," called Ted. "But maybe ye don't know it. Wait now. Ay; you'll know this." And out over the waters went the rollicking burden of "Biddy Aroo." Swiftly now did the oars go swinging, crisply they bit the water. Ted's voice rose and fell, dallied with the grace notes,

coyed with the shakes, softly went gliding for the mad burst of the chorus. "Aw, man, sing out; sing out," shouted Ted. "Louder, louder. That's it. An' now once more. Aisy, sir; aisy does it. 'Aw, luv, farewell,'" drawled Ted, wagging his head from side to side. "'Aw, luv, farewell,'" then, as if to rend the firmament:

"Wid aroo, aroo, ar-ah; aroo, aroo, ar-ah;  
Aroo, aroo, an' ready—oh-h-h;  
There's whish-ky in the jar.

"Good," cried Ted, "that's how to take the lonesomeness out o' the night; that's the way to make the blood bounce in ye. Aw, blood an' turf, but it's the grand night! Aw, but I must let it out." Madly he skirled up at the stars; then hung on his oars, just as the cot swung round for the landing place. "Whisht. Listen to it travelin' round the shores; listen to the ring of it. Aisy, Mr. Barry, till she strikes land. There ye are, safe over, an' God be thanked."

Ted pulled the cot high upon the shore, swung the oars across his shoulders, and with Frank set off through the fields. Presently they struck the Garvagh road and turned toward Ryfield. Frank was in moody humor. Still was that sound as of kissing in his ears; still that long-drawn cry from the hillside. He wished to be quiet; wanted to think about Marian, and Rab, and Nan; and here at his elbow was this boisterous yokel, this full-blooded clodhopper! Of course the fellow had reason for his mirth; still. . . .

Ted clanked the oars together; looked round about him and up at the stars.

"Holy fly, but it's the bully night," said he; "the finest I iver seen. As fresh as new hay it is, an' as hearty as a mountain side. Be danged, but it makes one feel like a bull of—of—What do they call the place? Some place in the Scriptures?"

"Bashan," suggested Frank.

"Ay, that's it; that how the verse goes. Like a bull of Bashan, says King David in that grand way of his. Faith, that's not bad. I wonder, now, if John Butler iver said anything like that? I wonder did he?"

"Very likely," said Frank. "His tongue seems to pick up most things."

"Ay, it does. Sure in all the world there's not such another word-slinger as John Butler. Not one. Dang me, but I often think his tongue's on a pivot an' can't stop wagglin' once it gets started. Wouldn't that be your opinion, Mr. Barry?"

"Well, hardly that," answered Frank with a laugh. "But certainly it can run pretty freely."

"Aw, run; faith, it's heaven's own mercy he's the only one of his kind within sound of a drum. One does for a change, two maybe'd keep other company at times; but more than that'd be worse than King Solomon's wives an' them all beggarwomen. But sure ye know it for yourself. Now, tell me this, Mr. Barry," said Ted, shifting his oars from one shoulder to the other. "What's your own private opinion of John as a spouter?"

Frank shrugged his shoulders, considered a moment; gave it as his opinion that, taking all things into consideration, John talked remarkably well.

"Ay?" said Ted. "I know. An' what things would ye be considerin'?"

"Oh, such things, perhaps, as lack of education, of a wider knowledge."

"Ay," said Ted again. "I know. The things that a man like yourself might have."

Hastily Frank demurred. Not at all, he explained; only the things that your good talker must have.

"I see," said Ted. "Well now, an' as a man, what d'ye think of him?"

H'm. Ha. As a man? Well, Frank liked John Butler. He thought him kindly, big-hearted. His laugh was enough to make one love him. Seldom had he seen a more jovial face; and his hospitality was—well, it was Irish.

"I know," said Ted. "Tell me, did ye see the fields? Ye did. Well?"

"They seemed neglected. Don't mistake me, Mr. Ross; I quite see that John Butler has his faults."

"Faults," interrupted Ted; "is it faults ye say? Why, man, he's one great big fault. Aw, I can't keep me patience wi' him," cried Ted, clanking the oars on his shoulder. "Ivery time I see him I feel me

hands itchin' to take him be the scruff o' the neck, and put a spade in his fist, an' drag him out to the fields. Ye seen them. Aren't they a disgrace to God's earth? Isn't the whole place only a wilderness? Aw, I can't think of it." Ted paused for a little while. "I tell ye a strivin' man could make Inishrath like the Garden of Eden. I wish to glory I was fixed on it. In a year I'd turn ivery thistle on it into a cabbage. But no matter; I'm not John Butler; an' thank God for that mercy! Look at him; a whole island to himself, a good house to live in. But sure, ye know. Why, it's king o' the lough he should be! But no. That's not John Butler. No, sir. So long as there's a bit for his belly an' a roof over his head he's content. Let the land go to blazes, says John; let the people talk, says John; let the devil do his endeavors, says John, but I'm goin' to take things aisy. Ay, that's John. There's not as good-for-nothin' a man on the face o' God's earth. If the house was afire he'd light his pipe wi' the blazin' thatch. Ach, it makes me sick," cried Ted. "I dunno how I have patience wi' him."

"You didn't have much with him to-night," Frank ventured.

"Didn't I?" Ted stopped. "How d'ye know I didn't? How d'ye know what I didn't say? Patience! Great father, an' me burstin' to get at him! If it hadn't been for Nan I'd—I'd ha' flittered him. London! D'ye think, says he, if iver I'm put out of Inishrath. . . Ach," cried Ted, walking on again, "it's sickenin'. Who the blazes wants to turn him out? The tyrants o' landlords, says he, the infernal tyrants o' landlords. Why, I tell ye, if the landlord had his rights it's on the parish John'd be years ago. Ay, an' it's there he'll be yet afore he dies; sure as death it is."

"You think, then, he has grounds for his fears?" asked Frank.

"Look ye here, Mr. Barry." Ted stopped again. "Ivery man in this world is afeered o' what he deserves. An' hasn't John Butler the right to be afeered when the bailiffs are always at his heels; when he niver has a pound note to wrap 'round a

sixpence; when he's always as bad the day as he was yesterday, an' 'ill be no better the morrow than he is the day? Hasn't he the right to be afeered, I ask ye?"

"He has," answered Frank. "And you think he won't improve?"

"Think," said Ted, and laughing walked on. "I wish I was as sure o' heaven's gates as I am o' that. No, sir. John Butler's a hopeless specimen."

"And yet one likes him," said Frank.

"Likes him? Sure it's love him one does—ay, love him."

"And you think some day he'll have to go?"

"Once the ould father dies it's sure as death, if John doesn't mend his ways. The father was a dacent man; so long as he can draw breath—well, no one likes to see gray hairs in the ditch. But when he dies—" Ted moaned.

"Well, what then? There is always London, you know."

Ted looked at Frank over the oars.

"London!" said he. "London! Hang it, when he mentions that I could dance on his neck. Him in London! Arrah, what for? D'ye imagine money walks about the London streets, an' loaves o' bread, just for the likes o' John Butler to pick up?"

"Perhaps both are as plentiful there as on the Irish hills."

"I believe ye," said Ted. "But listen to this: for a man like John Butler, Ireland's the only place in the world that's foolish enough to keep him. Ye hear that?"

"I do."

"An' ye hear this," added Ted. "John Butler may go to glory in his own way, but there's one of his name he'll not take with him, as long as I have a bone in me. No, sir."

There came a short pause; then said Frank:

"You mean Nan?"

"I do."

Another pause.

"You're fond of Nan?"

"Ah!"

Another pause, then:

"I think you have a charming sweet-heart, Ted."

"I'm thankful to ye."

Frank caught his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets; looked up at the stars, kicked idly at the stones, turned again to Ted.

"You're a lucky man," he said. "I almost envy you."

"I know," grunted Ted.

Frank looked here and there across the hedges. Ted, with his eyes fixed on the road, trudged firmly along. Suddenly he looked up.

"She's the best girl in Ireland," said he; "an' I know it. She's the very best. I like her well. I'd do anything for her. She's as pure in the heart as gold itself."

"I believe you," said Frank. And thereafter silence held these two, all the way to Ryfield.

Frank bade Ted good-night, hurriedly went up the lane, crossed the yard, passed through the kitchen, and softly opened the parlor door; there, half asleep in his chair before the fire, sat old Hugh. A moment Frank paused; then shrugged his shoulders and strode into the room.

"Hello, uncle," said he. "I didn't expect to find you up so late."

"I know ye didn't," answered Hugh. "I waited for ye."

"That's good of you, Uncle Hugh." There was a letter lying on the table. Frank lifted it, smiled, and sat down.

"You'll want your supper?" asked Hugh. "It's there for ye." He nodded at a dish that lay beneath a tin cover inside the fender.

"Thank you, uncle." Frank opened his letter. "But I don't feel hungry."

"No? Mebbe you've had it? Where've ye been?" asked Hugh abruptly, and for the first time turned his head. Frank glanced from his letter, raised his brows; went on reading.

"Oh, wandering about," he answered airily; "wandering about."

"Ay. You've been wandering a good while it seems. Come, sir. Answer me. Where've ye been, I say?"

Frank looked over the top of his letter.

"Must I really answer?"

"I ask ye."

"Well, then, if you must know—I've been to Inishrath."

Hugh turned in his chair.

"I know. Thank God, ye didn't lie to me. An' what took ye to Inishrath, may I ask?" Frank seemed absorbed in his letter, his legs crossed, a smile on his lips. Hugh slapped the arms of his chair and bent his brows. "D'ye hear me, Frank Barry? What took ye to Inishrath, I say?"

Frank uncrossed his legs, frowned slightly, bent forward.

"Well," he drawled, with a heave of his shoulders, "really, uncle, I don't know what took me. I was lonely here; I wanted a change." He waved his hand. "Candidly, I went to see John Butler."

"I see," said Hugh grimly. "I know. To see John? An' this'll be the first time ye seen him?"

"No—not exactly."

"I see," said Hugh again. "I know. Ye've been to Inishrath before, then?"

"Yes; I have." Frank sat back and raised his letter.

"An' it's only John Butler ye went to see?" Frank did not answer. Quickly Hugh twisted in his chair and gripped its arms. "Didn't I warn ye th' other day," said he with sudden fierceness, "against John Butler? Didn't I as much as say you'd better *not* see him? Didn't I, sir?"

"Yes; I believe you did say something to that effect, uncle."

"Didn't I say he was a good-for-nothing, an' a wind-bag?"

Frank looked at the fire.

"I think, uncle, that you are a little hard on John Butler. I can't quite agree with you. He has faults; but I find him a very interesting and not unworthy man."

"Ay, ye do." Hugh shot out an arm. "An' why? Because he's the father of a very interestin' daughter. That's why."

Frank lowered his letter.

"You're not quite accurate in your guesses, uncle."

"I'm accurate enough. People don't go

twice to Inishrath inside three days just to see John Butler. No. A pretty thing," cried Hugh, "a pretty thing for me to be sittin' here all the evenin' knowin' you were away payin' your respects to the daughter of a wind-bag!"

Frank smiled.

"You're wrong again, uncle. The young lady's sweetheart happened to be there all the evening."

"Then the more shame for you," cried Hugh. "Ah, ye may talk. Ah, d'ye think I don't know ye? D'ye think I can't read ye like a book? Didn't I know from the first sight I had o' your face that a woman could wheedle the heart out o' ye? Answer me this, Frank Barry. Didn't Nan Butler's face draw ye to Inishrath this night?"

Frank shook his head.

"No. It was quite an accident that I went at all."

"You're shufflin'," cried Hugh. "Answer me! Have ye any regard for her?"

Frank looked at Marian's letter; smiled; glanced at Hugh's stern face.

"I think well of Nan Butler," he made answer. "As for the rest—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Think well of her!" Hugh snorted. "Think well of a countryside hussy without a decent dud to her back! Tell me," he asked, leaning forward and shooting out a forefinger, "who's that letter from?"

"It's from—London."

"It's from your sweetheart, sir," shouted Hugh. "From the young woman that believes in ye. That's who it's from. An' yet before a week ye go playin' her false! Ah, whisht; I know it. Look ye here, Frank." Hugh began wagging a finger. "Your father was like ye, an' he broke more hearts in his time than he was worth. He was a fool; an' you'll be a fool if ye don't take care. Take my advice. One woman trusts in ye; I hope she does; let one be enough. One's enough for most men; mebbe you'd be as well without that one; but no matter. She believes in ye, an' if she's worth havin' she's worth keepin'. That's all, Frank," said Hugh rising;



"that's all. I had to say it. I had to say it."

Frank also rose.

"You needn't have said it, uncle. Believe me, you need not."

Hugh turned on his way to the door.

"Ah, but I know better," said he. "I know better. 'Man, it's in your face.' He came back and laid a hand on Frank's shoulder. 'D'ye mind what I said the other day? 'Be a man,' said I, 'be a man.' Well, I say that again. Good-night, Frank, good-night."

"Good-night, uncle." The door closed. Frank sat down and stirred the fire. "Dear old man," he said. "A little trying, a little rough—but he means well." He lay back in his chair and picked Marian's letter from the table. "And now," murmured he. "Now!"

The letter was very long; as Frank read it sometimes his face was smiling, sometimes grave; now he muttered a word and looked at the fire; once his eyes filled with tears. Presently he put away the letter, took a portrait from his pocket, and for a long while sat gazing at it. "Dear Marian," he murmured. "Oh, my dearest Maid Marian. . . . There is no one like you," he said at last, and rose for bed. "No one. No one."

## CHAPTER VII.

FOR a while Frank Barry kept from Inish-rath. He knew old Hugh was watching him; nothing, he said, must rob his thoughts of dear Maid Marian; prudence, if nought else, bade him keep eyes off Nan Butler for a day or two. So, note-book bulging his coat pocket and pencil neatly sharpened, Frank made for the hills and fell to spying out the land.

Over a big tract of loughside country (wherein is much bad land and a thriving race of peasants famous for fishing and poaching and speaking a soft and oily dialect) Frank flashed his eagle eye. Within the broad bounds of Orange Gorteen he found much wherewith to make his pencil dance. Through the land of Emo he passed, making note of its pleasant aspect,

its beauties of lake and river, its castle called Rhamus frowning from a rush-clad hill. Along Thrasna River he went, and felt his fountain of poetry rise a-bubbling. Bilboa and its whins and rushes struck his soul as with a hand of gloom. Away inland toward the stately mountain, across the wind-swept bogs, over the melancholy hills he set his face; strode along sandy roads, splashed down muddy lanes, strove through squelching fields, followed his fancy here, there, and everywhere.

And everywhere he was made welcome. Every one seemed to know him, to have heard of him; every one remembered his father and had stories without end to tell of that roaring blade. People stopped him on the road. Aw, how the devil was he? Aw, sirs, but they were glad to have grip of Frank Barry's hand. Men hailed him from the field. Aw, sure, was it passin' them like that Mr. Barry would be after? Now, now! From the houses women came running, wiping their hands on their aprons. An' wasn't it in Mr. Frank was comin', just to rest his legs? The children passed him with downcast eyes, then turned to gaze open-mouthed at his coat-tails. Sometimes one, not knowing Frank sufficiently to dare venture speech, would lift his caubeen; again, a woman in like straits would glance admiringly at his handsome face and duck a curtesy as to his lordship himself. Girls (for these Frank's eye was tenderly keen) hurried past with averted gaze, only to twist chin to shoulder and follow him with dancing eyes. Men praised him; women flattered him: with all he was a darlint boy. And Frank took it all very good-humoredly; gave word for word and joke for joke; laughed with the men, chatted with the women, gave the girls fine flashes of his daring eyes; altogether had a pleasant time of it and a memorable. Yes, Frank Barry walked something of a hero through that little while; had pride in the buzz of excitement which followed his steps, thought he was a great man entirely, and as clever a fellow with note-book and pencil as ever splashed mud in an Irish boreen.

Well, perhaps he was.

So, for a few days, it was with Frank Barry. Then, one night, down came a gentle wind from the west, and hurriedly old winter gathered his tattered skirts and fled for the frozen north. Softly broke the morning, and in her glory over the hills young spring came tripping. Down into the valleys she flashed her magic. At whirl of her wings the trees and hedges awoke. Beneath the scamper of her feet old earth lay thrilling; up to the sun and the blue floor of heaven went the jubilation of her song; the grass stirred, the birds piped out, in the heart of man was gladness and in his blood new life.

The change was blessed. The peasants came to their doors and drank the sweet freshness. Ould winter was gone at last, himself and his pack of troubles, said they; he was gone, the ould villain, and God be thanked. Children, on their way to school, shouted till the hills rang. Men paced the fields and fell to planning, eager to make ready for the spring's quickening, and the summer's fashioning, and the autumn's fruition. Suddenly, almost while you winked, you might say, the whole face of things had changed. Instead of silence was bustle and life, instead of mists a wondrous clearness; the fields were empty no longer; you heard carts clanking, cattle lowing, horses neighing, noise and life everywhere. It was great; it was blessed.

In the yard of Ryfield House old Hugh stood looking toward the mountain and rubbing his hands together. This was the weather, sir; this was what he had been hungering for. No longer now might the land lie fallow. The spring had come, sir; the blessed spring. Long, bright days, long, bright sunshine, himself working hard and the weather helping harder: these were what he wanted. Man, how he liked that morning; the smell of it, the feel of it. He thanked God Almighty he was alive; he prayed his Maker he might see many more days such as that.

But Frank, where was Frank? In bed, Hugh warranted. Sally, Sally; let Sally hurry Mr. Frank up and out. Ah, here he was at last.

"Come here, sir," called Hugh. "Come here and get the blears from your eyes in this breeze from the mountain. There's a sight for ye, me London-bred sonny; there's something better than smoke and fog to greet ye o' mornin's. Look at that stretch of country away across there to the mountain; fields an' fields, an' hills an' hills, all shinin' an' laughin'. D'ye see how fresh everything is? D'ye see? D'ye see? Man, Frank, isn't it all great?"

"It's beautiful," said Frank. "I knew well when I woke this morning that spring was here."

"Ay," said Hugh; then slapped Frank on the back. "By the holy poker!" cried he; "but I think I could fight ye—ay, an' whack ye this grand mornin'. Man, I feel I could jump over the hedge there! An' me gone sixty. Me an ould man, ye might say. Och, och, Frank," said Hugh with a quick change of tone, "it's a mercy to be young. Make the most o' your youth, me son; make the most o' your youth. Away in now an' have your breakfast; an' hurry out again, me son, hurry out to this blessed mornin'."

"I will, uncle," said Frank turning. "And you'll fight me when I come, mind."

"Ah, away wi' ye," shouted Hugh. "Away an' fight Sally."

Leisurely Frank went in; with his precious note-book propped before him against the teapot, leisurely made his breakfast; leisurely put on his hat, at last, lit his pipe, and strolled out upon the lawn.

Yes, it was a beautiful morning. How did it impress him? His spirits were not boisterously bucolic (good phrase that), like those of Hugh. No. He did not feel ecstatic. No. It was only your materialist, your agriculturist, who ran riot in the spring. He felt just poetically impressed. Yes. He was in the humor to compose a sonnet, an ode, or something. He must add some notes on spring to the long list of his observations. All things were grist to the novelist's mill. Nature's secrets! Pooh! Nature had no secrets for him. That sky was a lovely blue. How well Dame Nature always mixed her colors; no bungling, no

smearing. He must note that. Soon the thorn would be budding. Why, actually the buds were already in sight! How curious. That old oak over there, so gnarled and battered, how strange to think that all was turmoil beneath his tough bark. Ah, that must be noted. Really, the country looked wonderfully well. That landscape wanted only a flash of water to relieve its monotony. By the way, he wondered how the lake looked that morning. Perhaps if he strolled to the shore he might find something worthy the seeing and noting; something less monotonous than those eternal fields. Let him stroll.

Behold, then, Frank Barry once more sitting solitary on the stones of Garvagh pier. His note-book is open, pencil in his fingers. Up and down the lake he looks, here and there. In the sky he seeks inspiration—for a note—in the broad waters, in the gleam of distant shore. He peers among the willows, harkens to the music of stone and wavelet; presently turns his eye—not for the first time, but now lingeringly, critically—on Inishrath.

There are the barren fields running up from the shore; there are the trees, and their shadow like a black ring in the water; there is the Butlers' cottage. Quite picturesque it looks, nestled there in the bosom of the hills. Ha! There goes big John, hands in pockets, shoulders slouched, hat on the back of his head; goes shambling along, without care or purpose, just lounging about in the sunshine and waiting for some one to call him to the ferry. There he goes across the garden, Nan's garden, out to the lane and away up to the hill crest; now he sits down, lights his pipe, lets his eyes wander over his demesne. Happy John. Ha! There goes Mrs. Sarah across the garden, carrying a can; now she is at the quay, now dips her can and shuffles back. He dislikes Mrs. Sarah, does Frank; she is sly, is sleek, is cringing. Hello! Frank springs to his feet. Who is this, coming across the garden, something big on her back, a pair of oars across her shoulder, a basket on her arm? It is Nan. So. Nan has her jacket and cap on. Nan comes down the lane; reaches

the pier, places her burden in a cot, jumps in, unships oars, makes a stroke, and is off. The cot turns, the oars flash; away Nan goes, hugging the island—away from Garvagh. Frank waves an arm. The cot sails on. Frank waves both arms. The oars stop; the cot turns and steadily comes for Garvagh. Frank sits down; begins humming a tune. How beautiful is the morning, thinks he; how gloriously beautiful it has grown within the last five minutes.

The cot swung to the pier. Frank swept a bow and smiled.

"Good-morning, Nan. I hope you're not very angry with me?"

Of course Nan was not angry; why should she be?

"I've brought you out of your way, Nan, and I've brought you here; and now, 'pon my word, I don't know why I did it, except just to speak to you."

Nan laughed; looked at Frank, then at the point of an oar.

"Sure that's no great sin," said she.

Frank put a foot on the end block of the cot.

"I'm forgiven, then? Good. And now tell me where you are off to?"

"I came to ferry you, Mr. Frank. But before that 'twas off for turf I was."

Frank put his other foot on the end block of the cot.

"And is it far to the turf?"

"It's a good piece. It'll take me an hour. An' I'll not be back, maybe, till sunset."

Frank puckered his lips; looked away. "Ho, ho," said he. For a minute he stood considering; then: "Should I be very much in the way, Nan, if I came with you?"

Nan flushed; quickly began raising difficulties. Ah, Mr. Frank'd be welcome, but sure what would he be doin' in a turf bog? Sure, 'twas a dreary, God-forsaken place. Sure, 'twas a dirty old tub the cot was; an' 'twas full of turf she would be coming back. Sure, what would Mr. Frank be doing for want of his dinner? "Come an' welcome, sir, come an' welcome," was Nan's last word; "but sure—"

Boldly Frank stepped into the cot.

"I'm coming, Nan," said he. "Aw, but sure I just am. Now then, we go." Nan sat still, fixedly staring at the water. "I can't take an oar," Frank continued, "but than you'll have the pleasure of rowing me. So there are compensations on both sides, you see."

"Aw, sure," said Nan, still with her eyes on the water.

"Look." Frank sat down. "I'll sit here and be a good boy. I promise you I will; and I promise to do nothing worse than talk to you and look at you."

Nan said nothing. Frank sat looking at her. What was her difficulty? Was it the proprieties? Was it Ted Ross?

"A penny for your thoughts, Nan," said he.

She glanced at him.

"They're worth little."

"Then they're not about me?"

"Well, they just are. I'm thinkin'—"  
Nan paused. "I'm thinkin' whether 'twas very wise o' me to turn back for ye."

"Ah." Frank rose. "Well, then, I'll keep you no longer. Good-by, Nan." He turned to go.

But Nan dipped her oars and pulled away from the pier.

"Naw," said she. "Naw; ye can't go now. But—but what you'll do in that wilderness of a bog, I can't tell."

Frank sat down again.

"Leave that till afterward," said he. "Meanwhile, do look at me, Nan, and don't be cross with me."

"Sure, but I'm not cross," came back. "Aw, not at all. But sure you'll be starved before sunset."

Frank laughed.

"Nan, Nan," said he, "you're the most artless girl I ever knew. Do you know what any woman in a thousand, except yourself, would do if she were sitting in your place?"

"I dunno."

"Well, she'd row straight for Inishrath and take up a third passenger."

"An' who?"

"Her mother"; and at the word Nan laughed.

"Aw, Lord sees!" said she. "Lord sees! Well, mebbe so; but not if she was an Irishwoman, I'm thinkin'. Aw, no. Thank God, things like that don't bother me. Aw, dear no; dear no." All at once she stopped rowing and leaned forward on her oars. "Tell ye what, Mr. Frank, wouldn't it be a good notion for me to land an' put something more in the basket?"

"To eat?"

"Surely."

"What's there already, Nan?"

"Aw, only a trifle. No, no, Mr. Frank," said Nan, as Frank pulled the basket toward him, "don't open it. There's only bread and milk, an' a grain o' tay, an' potaties to roast when I light the fire—an' that's all."

"Would you share, Nan?"

"Aw, faith would I, to the last morsel. But sure that kind o'—o' feedin' would choke ye."

"Then we'll choke together, my dear," said Frank. "On you go."

Nan bent to the oars. The cot ran quickly toward Inishrath. The sun had strengthened; the air struck warm; under high heaven was a great hum and thrill of life. Frank lay back, rested head on hands, and looked here and there across the lake. It was glorious. Never had he seen a more beautiful day, never looked out upon a lovelier scene. Seldom before in his life had he been happier, in better spirits. He felt the spring working in him; was in the mood to sing and shout. Curious that the day should so change. In Ryfield, standing on the lawn, he had felt clean and strong—and all the rest; now he felt joyful. Why was it? Was it because he had escaped from the tyranny of the fields, the thralldom of the clay, and had come out into a larger air, a wider range of vision? Or was it simply that spring had gripped him? Or was it that Nan, the gentle, soft-spoken Nan, was near him? He looked at her, as she sat swinging to and fro, at her sweet face with its bloom of health and youth, her wavy black hair, her broad brow, her lips slightly parted, full and rosy red.

"Oh, Nan, Nan," murmured he.

"Were ye speakin', Mr. Frank?"

"No, no, Nan. What a day this is," said Frank looking heavenward.

"Aw, yis. For long an' long I've been lookin' for this to come. Thank God, the winter's past."

"You like the spring, Nan?"

"I just love it. There's no time o' the year like it. When I woke this mornin' 'twas like a child I felt, that fresh an' bright. Aw, yis."

"And you feel so still?"

"Aw, I do. Sure it's wonderful to think o' what's comin'; everything alive at last, an' growin', an' growin'."

"And the flowers blooming in your little garden over there, Nan?"

"Aw, yis; sure it's blessed."

The cot neared Inishrath. Around its shore the water lay peacefully in the black shadow of the trees. Up from the lake ran the bare ribs of the fields. Hardly a stone's throw away, so it seemed, stood the cottage of the Butlers', white, low, picturesque; in front was Nan's garden; down from it ran the lane between the trees and hedges; all was still and very beautiful.

Frank clasped his knees with his hands, bent forward, and let his eyes feast on Nan's sweet self. To and fro her body swayed with a steady rhythmic swing. Now her face was nearer his, and her raven hair and broad brow; now it was drawn back, and the strong roundness of her throat and full oval of her face showed clear. Out shot her hands, and she was bending toward him as if to whisper something; back she leaned again, and, as if beckoning him, as if drawing him toward her, slowly her hands withdrew.

"Ah, Nan, Nan," murmured Frank. "Nan, Nan."

Quickly she looked at him.

"I'm listenin'."

"I didn't speak, Nan."

"Faith, an' it's yourself then," laughed she, "must be gettin' into the ould wives' way o' talkin' to yourself."

"I was thinking, Nan."

"An' a bad habit too."

Frank laughed.

"My thoughts don't interest you, then?"

"Surely. An' me a woman!"

"Well, I was wondering, Nan, whether it *was* wise of you to turn back for me."

"Ay? Well, it's too late now to repent!"

"Yes, it's too late. Look." Frank waved a hand toward Inishrath. "There's the lord of the isle taking his ease and the sun."

For a stroke Nan rested on her oars.

"Aw, poor father," she said; "poor father. God knows he's a curious mortal. All day long he'd like to squat up there an' smoke. Sure it's heaven's pity he's not a walkin' gentleman."

"Would he be happier then?"

"Aw, mebbe. Mebbe not. I often think he's just as well as people that go wearin' their hearts out, kickin' about the world."

"Just as well," said Frank.

The cot went on; rounded the Inishrath shore; came to a stone ditch that ran a little way into the lake; and there, hugging his up-gathered knees, sat John Butler. His face shone like a beacon-light; his hat was tilted over his eyes; steadily he watched the cot come near; slowly took the pipe from his mouth and began chuckling.

"Aw, very well," called he; "very well. Just wait, the pair o' ye; just wait. Ted Ross 'll be comin' the night, an' then—aw, be the powers, Frank, it's flittered ye'll be."

"Good man, John," shouted Frank.

"Ay, indeed. An' good man, Frank, say I. Aw, it's you's the playboy, Frank, sittin' collogin' wi' another man's sweet-heart."

"Aw, whisht, father, wi' ye," said Nan. "It's ashamed ye should be."

"Ay. Ashamed, indeed; an' so I am, troth. Where are ye goin', Frank? What the devil are ye doin' in that ould cot?"

"Off for turf, John."

"For turf? Off to the bog? Aw, quit your foolishness! Why, man, it's worse nor the desert of Sahara. Come in here wi' ye."

"Not this time, John; some other day."

"Come in an' have a crack, I tell ye."

"The siren's in the wrong place, John," called Frank, and looked at Nan.



"Aw, whisht wi' ye."

Frank waved his hand and called good-by. On went the cot and left John shouting on the shore of his kingdom.

"You heard what your father said, Nan?" asked Frank in a while.

"Aw, I did. Sure he'd give his eye to have a talk wi' ye."

"I don't mean that. I mean what he said about you and me, Nan."

"Aw, *that*." A flush spread on Nan's cheek. "Aw, 'deed I did. But sure father's good at the blatherin'. He'd talk like that, when the humor's on him, to the king an' queen. Aw, 'deed ay; 'deed ay."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WITH Nan toiling at the oars and Frank lying back at his ease, laughing, singing, admiring nature, admiring Nan; with beauty at the prow, so to speak, and pleasure at the helm, the cot went on; left Inishrath and John the lord thereof; ran between the long lines of the woods and below the ramparts of the hills; shot past this little island and that—homes, most of them, of the rabbit and the gull; sent the clank of oars into many a loughside cottage, calling forth flocks of tattered children, and barefoot women, and shaggy-bearded men; turned at last up a narrow river, and came, in a while, to one still narrower, a glorified ditch you might say, whose mouth gaped ruggedly in the heather-covered bank.

Nan pulled in her oars, rose, and fixing a pole in the river bottom, deftly shot the cot's head into the ditch.

"Here we are," said she, and pushing at the pole came from thwart to thwart toward Frank. "Here we are at last; and glad ye must be, I'm thinkin'."

"Why glad, Nan?" asked Frank, making glad his eyes with the sight of her face and figure.

"Aw, just because." Nan pulled at the pole and turned to fix it anew. "Aw, just because," said she over her shoulder, "I was thinkin' it possible in time to get tired even of laziness."

Frank laughed and rose.

"I stand reproved," said he, with a mock

bow. Again Nan turned and from thwart to thwart came toward him. "Allow me, madam," said he, stepping forward. With one hand he caught the pole, Nan's wrist with the other. "Now apologize, miss."

Nan drew back.

"For what, Mr. Barry?"

"For—for—" Her face was close to his; her breath warm on his cheek. "For calling me lazy, Nan." Quickly he clutched at her other wrist; missed it; the next moment was sprawling across the gunwale, and Nan was laughing down at him from the bank of the ditch. As well and as quickly as he could Frank recovered himself, steadied himself with the pole, and stood upright.

"Thank you, Miss Butler," said he. His voice found a sudden note of piteousness. "Nan—Nan, why did you do that? You know I was almost in."

Steadily Nan looked down at him; a hand on her lips, her eyes dancing.

"Aw, it's one way of apologizin', Mr. Barry. An' now what are ye goin' to do?"

Frank plucked the pole from the mud and mounted a thwart.

"Oh, I can manage," said he. "Don't mind me, please. I can manage." He fixed the pole; began walking the thwarts. Bump went the cot against this bank. He pulled at the pole. Back swung the cot against that bank. "Confound it," muttered he, plucking at the pole; up it came suddenly, the cot lurched, down sprawled Frank Barry. "Confound it," cried he again, uprising in his wrath. From the bank came a sound of laughter. "What the deuce," cried Frank, "are you laughing at?"

Nan uncovered her face; looked at him between her hands.

"Aw, heavenly hour, I'll die!" she said.

"Oh, you may well laugh," began Frank; all at once threw down the pole and himself began laughing. "Serve me right for a conceited ass. Come back, Nan; come, and I promise to be good."

"Not I."

"Then——"

"Give us grip of an oar." And with Frank holding the handle and Nan pulling at the blade, slowly the cot went on.

They came soon to a clump of willows that overhung the ditch bank; and there Nan halted.

"It's not kingdom come," said she; "but it's the best one can do. Throw us up that chain."

"Say, 'If you please, Frank.'"

Nan bobbed a curtsey.

"Throw us up that chain, may it please ye, Mr. Frank Barry." Up went the chain and was twisted round a stump. "I'm obliged to ye, Mr. Barry; an' now the creel an' basket, sir." Up went the creel and basket. "Thank ye kindly." Nan held out a hand. "An' now, if ye please, yourself."

Frank mounted the gunwale, scrambled up the bank, and still holding Nan's hand, looked into her eyes.

"Nan," said he, "ask my pardon."

"For what, Mr. Barry?"

"For your sauce, Miss Butler."

"Sauce? D'ye mean the kind they put on the goose, Mr. Barry?"

Frank laughed.

"Oh, you're incorrigible."

"An' what's that?"

"I could——" He meant saying he could kiss her. "What am I to do with you?"

"If you'd kindly carry that creel about twenty yards an' quit holdin' me hand, it's the best thing I know ye could do."

"The best, Nan; the very best?"

"Aw, quit wi' ye." And pulling away her hand Nan snatched up the dinner-basket and set off across the heather.

Frank stood watching her till she reached and disappeared behind a willow clump that stood some distance out in the bog; then slung the creel upon his back and set out in her footsteps.

His path ran through thick heather and over rough turbary. Here and there the bog-holes gleamed darkly; here and there lay gnarled stumps, piles of mud, broken heaps of turf. Farther off were willow clumps, small and sparse; on his right the river glittered; behind, far beyond the ditch, stood a low rampart of hills; on his left, miles and miles away, ran a long

mountain; far in front were hills again; and between all these, spreading out and away, lying flat as a lake, receiving the sweet gifts of spring and sun with a grim dreariness, a sullen indifference, lay the great barrenness of turf bog. All was strangely quiet there. A smell of heather, of peat smoke, came gratefully. Close by a girl was turning peat upon a bank; half a mile away a woman trudged beneath a creel of scraws toward the river; but from these or another came no sound. Not a bird flew over the heather; like a place of graves the great bog lay in its loneliness.

Frank came to the willow clump; there found Nan on her knees patiently striving to fan a pile of sticks and peat fiber into a flame. He threw down the creel.

"Well," said he, "this is a wilderness of a place. Your father libeled the Sahara, Nan."

"Ay?" Nan stooped, began coaxing the flame with her breath.

"This neighborhood would make a good site for a convict prison," Frank went on, looking about him.

"Ay?" Nan went on blowing.

"It's mighty curious, isn't it, to think that once a great forest grew here between the hills, that the river over there is all that is left of the lake that once spread——"

"Quick," cried Nan. "Now I've got it. Hurry with the dry turf there. Hurry, hurry, when the flame's good. That's it," said she, placing the turf all round the tiny fire. "That's it. There's nothin' in the world can cheer your heart like a good blaze. An' now," she stood upright, "now for work."

Nan pulled off her jacket, hung it on a willow branch, and went out into the heather. Not far off was a turf bank and bog-hole; and lying here and there, a few on the bare bank, the rest among the heather, were small heaps of turf, some broken and scattered, some arranged in rows to catch the wind, some but the remains of clumps that had long since been taken away. Among these lay Nan's work. At home, she explained, their winter's stock of peat had nearly run out. And now, per-

force, they had to fall back upon the best they could get. Soon, of course, would be turf-cutting time; in a couple of months, please God, the turf house would be full again; meanwhile the pot must be kept boiling, and so—

"So," said Frank, "you must needs come here to slave."

"Aw, no; sure some one must keep things going."

"Your father, Nan, is yonder on Inish-rath, sleeping, no doubt, in the sunshine."

"An' much good may it do him."

"Couldn't you have stayed and he come?"

"Aw, 'deed ay," laughed Nan. "'Deed ay, an' see him comin' home the morrow mornin' wi' six wet turf in the creel an' all the dry ones left behind. Aw, no," said she, stooping to her task. "Aw, no."

Deftly she picked the driest of the turf from a heap and flung them on one side. Quickly from heap to heap she passed, flinging here wet and there dry as she went; right and left her arms flashed out; as lissom as a reed before the wind her body rose and fell.

Frank stood watching her; after a while buttoned his jacket, turned up his cuffs, and bent his back.

"You don't mind my helping you?" said he, picking up a turf.

"Aw, no; of course I don't; but sure——"

"Sure what, Nan?"

"You'll hurt your hands."

Frank rested palms on knees and looked round.

"You're laughing at me again, Nan."

Nan stopped working.

"Laughin'," said she. "Well, God knows I'm not. Arrah, at what?"

"I thought," said Frank, "I thought perhaps you were mocking——"

"I never mock."

"I know it, Nan; I know it. 'Twas the wrong word. I thought—I fancied you meant to imply I was only a poor mortal and not fit to do a stroke of honest work."

Nan stood upright.

"Lord sees!" said she. "Think o' ye gettin' all that out of a simple remark!

Sure, I meant just what I said: that the turf and the heather'll hurt your hands. Why, you're worse nor father."

"I am," said Frank with a smile. "I am. But tell me, Nan; do you think your hands were ever made for such work?"

"I—I dunno."

"Well, I'm sure they were not; nor were you made for it."

"Ay?" said Nan.

"To think of *you*"; Frank spread his hands in a sudden flutter of indignation; "to think of you having to come here to slave like a cotton planter; to bend your back for hours at a time over things like that"; Frank kicked viciously at a turf; "to have your hands torn and scratched—why, it's simply disgraceful."

Nan had been watching Frank with something of wonder lying in her eyes; now she looked away from him across the bog.

"But, sure, other people do the same," said she.

"You're different from other people, Nan."

"An' how?"

"In every way," said Frank; then suddenly bethought him whether he were acting wisely. What he had said, what he was about to say, was true every whit; still, of what avail to pour disillusion, even if it were truth, into the clear well of Nan's simplicity. Why make her discontented with her fate? Her lot was fixed. She was only a colleen; she might have been a lady; and she was destined to jog through life at the heels of a yokel. If Frank could have his way; ah, if he only could. . . . "You are vastly different from other people, Nan," said he. "Am I the first who has ever told you that?"

"The very first."

"Has Ted never told you that?"

Nan flushed, looked away.

"Ted niver says such things to me."

"Never admires you, Nan?"

"Aw, he does; but sure——"

"Never said you were the handsomest girl in the parish, and the sweetest, and the best? Did Ted never say that, Nan?"

Nan looked up with twinkling eyes.

"Aw, quit wi' ye," said she; "is it turn me head you'd do? Tell me now yourself. Is that the way you'd talk, supposin' you were Ted?"

Frank looked away. Much good his effort after wisdom had done! Supposing he were Ted? Oh, those eyes, that brow!

"If I were Ted, Nan," said he, his voice quivering, "that's not half what I'd say."

"Not half? Not half?" Nan stood looking at the heather, her hands twisting a corner of her apron. "Not half?" said she, suddenly looking up. "What time might it be, Mr. Frank? Aw, mercy me! Sure it's time the dinner was roastin'"; and off she ran toward the fire.

Frank sat down beside the heap of dry turf. Was he acting wisely? he asked himself again. A minute ago he had been perilously near making love to Nan; even now he felt perilously near making love to her again. She was a dear girl. Suppose he had obeyed the impulse of that moment, had opened his arms and taken her within them; had told her all that she did not know, would never know except from him? What then? Would Nan have listened? No; he was sure she would not. But suppose he persisted in telling her, persisted with open arms? What then? He knew. But a minute ago he had seen something in her face, a look of discovery, a flash of insight, which told him better than words could tell how soon and how readily he might rifle the simple treasures of her heart.

Should he tell her? What madness! How could he be so weak? Was not Nan bound? Had not he his Marian, his dear Maid Marian? He must fight this passing fancy, trample it under foot. He must be wise—if only for Nan's sake.

They should be good friends, be like brother and sister: that and no more. He must be strong. He lay back on the heather and vowed by high heaven that he

would be strong; and high heaven laughed in face of the sun.

In a while Nan came back from the fire: at once, without a word, went on with her work. She seemed pensive, looked grave and pale. Frank took his place beside her. He was resolved to be strong. He kept his face from Nan and did not speak. Side by side they moved on through the heather. Frank's back grew weary; his head swam; the turf bruised his fingers, the heather scratched and stung them. He stumbled on. He must be a man. But, heavens, to think of enduring such ills through a livelong day! Were they not nearly finished? Was it not time for dinner? He stood upright.

"I'm beaten, Nan," said he. "My bones are crying out."

Nan glanced at him.

"I was expectin' that," said she.

"But you—how can you endure it, Nan?"

"Aw, use is second nature."

Nan worked on. Frank stood watching her. Why did she look pensive? Why did she not talk? Was it because of what he had said?

Nan straightened her back and sighed.

"There," said she. "Thank God, that's all done. An' now, mebbe, the dinner's ready." She moved toward the fire. Frank took her by the arm.

"What's the matter, Nan?"

"Nothin', Mr. Frank."

"But there is. You've hardly spoken a word these twenty minutes."

"I was workin'."

"But working and talking often go together."

"One can't be always gabblin'."

"Look at me, Nan," said Frank. "You're not thinking of what I said a while ago?"

She looked up at him not very boldly; then stepped toward the fire.

"Well, if ye ask me," said she, "I was just thinking if the dinner was spoiled."

(*To be continued.*)

## EVOLUTION IN THE KITCHEN.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

CIVILIZED life will become still more complex in its requirements before the pendulum will begin to swing in an opposite direction, unless some unforeseen cataclysm should suddenly disintegrate and sweep away the mass of achievement.

The call for auxiliary hands in the homes of affluent members of society will be no less urgent in the twentieth century than it has been in the nineteenth. Probably fewer will be employed, but the decrease in numbers will have to be offset by an increase of efficiency, and it is putting it lightly to say that already considerable uneasiness is being felt about sources of supply. Since the abolition of slavery in the South there has been no trained class for domestic service in this country. The old-fashioned negro cooks knew instinctively how to make everything savory, which fact would argue that a discriminating taste for seasoning must exist in the barbarous native African even if he does eat his enemies. Some of the daughters and sons of those ante-bellum cooks and butlers are scattered throughout the States, but this generation in America will see the last of servants who retain the traditions of former days. The young negroes now who have passed creditably through the public schools aspire to be teachers, clerks, mechanics, dressmakers, if not lawyers and doctors.

Our farmers' daughters would rather stand all day for starvation wages in city stores or risk losing their health and fingers in factories than work in private families, declaring that additional comforts do not compensate for the surrender of their evening independence. Many of the immigrants who cross the seas with the expectation of entering domestic service have never seen the interior of a first-class house. The preparation of meats is a strange story to them. They have been too poor to have meat on their own tables except as a rare

treat, and the only vegetable they know how to make palatable is the potato, which is the staple article of diet in the Emerald Isle. "Bridget," taken as a type, proves a rolling stone because few housekeepers find her suited to their needs; she is unable to emancipate her habits of thought and life from the crude and lowly conditions in which she was born and reared. The peat from her native bogs seems to cling to her feet to the end, her tongue is ever hot and ready, and her ways are not over cleanly. In fact she is quite as untidy as the average negro servant, and with all these drawbacks expects as high wages as if she were a model.

The Annas and Emmas of the Scandinavian peninsula have usually had some training before they came over, and the first generation make excellent servants, but their number is limited, and unfortunately they are prone to marry and depart at an early period of their career in our kitchens. They seem to be uncommonly magnetic to the other sex, and a mistress complaining of being so often left in the lurch was answered by her Swedish maid with an artless confession which may account for the peculiarity: "All Swedes girls likes mans!" That mistress finally resorted to engaging a cook who had a crooked eye and a nurse who had a crooked mouth, feeling reasonably sure that they would not be belles and leave her as soon as she had taught them her ways, but even this experiment did not prove entirely successful. Cooks of every nationality have "followers" courting their favor with serious matrimonial intentions, for men have always recognized the pre-eminence of the cook in human society. The second generation of Swedish as of German immigrants usually rise in the scale of wage-earners, and do not enter domestic service.

It becomes evident to the student of



sociology that the solution of the domestic problem must be looked for from above, and not from below. It will be reached by thinking and not by unthinking citizens; intelligent women will arrive at it by experiment and arbitration, never by warfare, open or covert.

At this time the cook is the object of the most widely spread, remedial effort, a conviction prevailing that the office is a pivotal one in the household and that all other factors of comfort and economy can be adjusted thereto. The good health, good sense, good humor, and good looks of the family are more clearly seen by our generation to depend upon proper nutrition than by any preceding one. The saints and sages of this day have learned enough of human nature to start their reforms in the kitchen.

The housekeeping and cooking schools in Belgium, Switzerland, and Paris have been notably successful, girls of all classes being trained in them free of charge to do everything that pertains to the home, and continual applications are made by housewives to the board of managers for laundresses, maids, and cooks. The system works admirably across the water and many of our American cities are following the European example by introducing a course of cooking into the public schools. The pupils enjoy it thoroughly, finding it a welcome relief from books and blackboards. They learn the relative nourishment of food stuffs, the value of the pulse family, lentils, peas, and beans as meat substitutes, the availability of sour as well as of sweet milk, the utilization of scraps, and many other object lessons in the simple chemistry of common life. Each one prepares something in turn under the supervision of the teacher, and soon discovers that cooking, so far from being essentially dirty and awkward, is a neat and delicate function. A Paris *chef-de-cuisine*, who stands at the head of the profession, cooks an elaborate course dinner without confusion or waste in a kitchen no larger than a butler's pantry. These public schoolgirls will make better housewives and mothers in all the years to come for

the methods acquired, but how many will take those methods into other people's kitchens? A very small percentage. Up to date in this country cooking classes in the public schools and in industrial schools outside have been attended chiefly by young women who either want to learn the art for the benefit of their own homes, present and future, or for the purpose of becoming teachers of cooking. Those who are learning it with a view to going into domestic service are usually foreign born, and not yet fully imbued with the American spirit.

It is not impossible that the kitchen, as expressed in its chief functionary, the cook, may undergo considerable social evolution in the early part of the twentieth century. Now that so large a number of advanced and far-seeing men and women are awakening to the scope of domestic science and studying combinations of food materials with reference to hygiene, they will not long continue to relegate such important interests to a body of ignorant office-holders. If the class hitherto monopolizing this branch of labor persists in refusing to undergo an adequate training for it, the household field will be adapted to the exigencies of a better endowed and more conscientious class of workers. There are thousands of impoverished women seeking employment who once had homes of their own in which they superintended well-ordered kitchens; these have also the advantage of a cultivated and inherited taste for good food, and would be glad to cook for the public if a way of doing this could be devised that would not deteriorate their social status and prospects. There are college girls, too, who have acquired cooking as a fine art, and needing money for the continuance of other studies would be ready to take charge of a kitchen as the scientific laboratory that it really is. A request to put brandy in the pudding-sauce is in itself less startling to delicate sensibilities than the request to sponge a patient with brandy, only the point of view has made imaginary boundary lines and distinctions.

The crucial test of servitude seems to be

the residence under the same roof with the persons served. Might there not be visiting cooks who would come at stated hours or for occasions to prepare the dinner, the other meals being easily entrusted to less experienced and less expensive hands? Such engagements could be made by trained ladies or trained peasants; their efficiency would be the determining feature.

A hundred dollars a month is not an extraordinary salary for a skilled cook to receive in New York City, and an instance is on record of a multi-millionaire paying a French *chef* ten thousand a year. Wealthy families will always be able to secure a satisfactory resident cook who has been trained in the best European or American schools, but for families of moderate means it looks as if the cooperative kitchen would be the ultimate way out of the difficulty. At present there is a waste of fuel, of cooks, of kitchens in household economics, and in order to make a cook worth her keep and her wages she is often obliged to act as laundress. Thoroughly skilled labor in all departments of living is becoming more and more specialized.

A cooperative kitchen would have to be convenient to a number of houses; perhaps later an architect will build houses around a block and a kitchen for the use of all in a central courtyard. Such a kitchen could well be conducted by a representative of the refined and educated class who would understand "moral cooking" and would have also a cultivated taste for edibles and seasoning. She or he, as might be, would want to do away with the hot ranges of the past and their clumsy adjuncts and to substitute gas stoves, spirit lamps, and electricity. An improvement in the *personnel* of cooks and their environment, a demonstration of the worthiness of the profession would present it in a different light to all wage-earners, and the American sovereign would no longer affix a stamp of odium to cooking as a business, and further adaptations and changes would take place which cannot be foreseen from this distance. The trend of the times toward having less food prepared in home kitchens is plainly

visible in the quantity of bread, meats, and salads, pies, cakes, and desserts purchased not only from bakers, caterers, and confectioners, but from the industrial exchanges in which private housekeepers of the most honorable grade have made an entering wedge as cooks for the public market. The immense pickle, preserve, and canned fruit industry could not have been conceived of by the housewives of the past; they would have declared unanimously that it was impossible for cooking to be done away from the precincts of the home.

In any event a certain amount of service will always have to be performed within the walls of homes, and it will not answer for mistresses to keep their minds in a medieval attitude. Is it not part of our present trouble that many are jealously holding the feudal idea of the servant as a vassal because it is flattering to their own importance? They find no difficulty in harmonizing their other social relations with the spirit of this age, because modern progress has accorded to those a scope and independence that are highly agreeable to their dignity. They should remember that the craving for novelty, movement, and excitement which stirs the ranks of women of leisure to a perpetual ferment could not fail to reach wage-earners as well, for they breathe the same air and live on the same territory, under the same institutions that have come under the dominion of the car-whistle, the daily paper, the telegraph, and the X-rays. Mistresses need training; a greater degree of consideration on their part would lead to more respect for the rights of employees, more willingness to allow them hours of freedom, and more care in the matter of lodging.

It is likely that domestic service will take to itself more and more the rules of business houses and factories. There will be hours of work under orders and hours of absolute liberty, wages being paid in proportion to time and work. In many homes one servant alternating with others of the staff is enough to remain on duty in the evening. In the southern cities since the war the majority of the negro servants have arranged this matter by accepting

lower wages and leaving at dusk. Some mistresses are seeing advantages in this plan, inconvenient as it must be in many ways. They say they are glad to get rid of the crowd in the kitchens, the noise, the dirt, the smoke from visitors' pipes, the waste of fuel, the danger from fires and lamps.

An increase of system and order on the part of housewives is another desideratum; it would prevent many a mistake. If a cook is even tolerably equipped with knowledge one visit a day to the kitchen is enough on the part of the mistress, and this should be made after breakfast. It is a good plan to write out a menu for the three ensuing meals and to leave it in a prominent place for reference; a recipe from the cook-book can be indicated by putting the number of the page against the desired dish on the list. This one daily visit will have a better effect upon the cook than six, by increasing her sense of responsibility and of the dignity of her position; few women can brook interference at any and every moment.

More sincerity also is needed. Not enough importance has been attached to the grading of cooks according to their merits. In this country we go through a form of requiring recommendations, but many ladies are actually afraid to tell the truth about a girl they have employed lest they should find themselves boycotted at the employment offices by her friends and acquaintances. The servants too have a right to their record, verbal or written, of the character of mistresses. Some ladies

feel a compunction about blighting the prospects of a less fortunate sister, and this hesitation is to a certain extent commendable, but they also owe something to a sister in their own sphere of effort, and in the end honesty would be the best policy for all. Many faults are amenable to correction, or they may affect employers differently. For instance, if Sally is a good cook with a bad temper there are ladies who would be willing to handle her with gloves for the sake of her skill. Mary, on the other hand, may have an amiable disposition but know little about cooking a dinner, and there are housekeepers who would be willing to take the trouble of teaching Mary for the sake of her general obligingness. Such faults alleged as dishonesty and impertinence would cause, as they ought, a withdrawal from the field. If all employers when applied to for references would specify the degree of efficiency possessed by their former domestic, with a direct bearing upon the amount of wages they consider her worth according to the educated standard of labor, after a while she would come to be labeled practically for the general public service. An eight-dollar cook in our large cities would mean one who knows enough to subject food to the action of heat, and nothing more. So on up, from twelve and fourteen dollar wages to the fancy prices paid by the millionaire. This method would give a general and continual bias on the side of the training school, which is our only hope. We must stop paying an eight-dollar girl sixteen-dollar wages.

## A HOUSE OF GLASS.

BY JULES HENRIVAUX.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

IT is certain that the word architecture no longer has and that it will have less and less the precise and limited signification which was formerly given to it. Among the ancients, where existence was infinitely simpler than with us, architecture was confined to a few types of construction.

The complication of existence, the tendency to specialize everything, which characterizes our modern civilization, has given birth to a crowd of different constructions, the need of which was not formerly felt and which must have different forms and aspects to respond to the varied needs they must

satisfy. To the palaces and chateaus of yesterday, to our churches, town-halls, and court-houses, have come to be added a vast number of edifices which may be grouped in multiple categories. There are those which correspond to the great services of the state: department buildings, post-offices, hospitals, schools, etc. There are theaters, which multiply continually, sale and exposition halls, markets, stock exchanges, institutes, libraries, museums, etc. There are stores which are taking a more and more important place, railway depots, hotels, and restaurants, whose luxury, organization, and management, calculated to seduce the constantly increasing crowd of travelers, are assuredly one of the characteristic traits of our modern manner of living. Finally, there is the infinite variety of tenement houses and especially of private dwellings, which have never at any other epoch reflected in an equal degree individual caprice, particular fancy, one might almost say anarchy of taste.

It will be admitted that so many buildings, so different in usage and type, have singularly enlarged the signification of the word architecture and that we are necessarily removed from the meaning the ancients gave it. In truth, for each of these constructions different materials must be used, for those suited to a market or railway depot would not be to a church or a princely dwelling. It is the needs, the purpose of the edifice, which dictates the choice of material employed. Now, as all materials impose forms appropriate to their qualities and their nature, a diversity in architectural conceptions necessarily results. It is not rash to foresee that we will have in the twentieth century a series of styles which will correspond to stone, to brick, to metal and its different uses, to glass, and to combinations of these materials; and it will be principally by the *motifs* of their decoration that they will bear the seal of their epoch.

It is at least four years ago that architects obtained a hint of the new services that glass is called upon to render them. It can take the place of wood and iron, of materi-

als of construction and of decoration. It can serve to make conduits, pipes, vats, tiles, chimneys, and even houses.

The project of constructing a house entirely of glass might have appeared chimerical three or four years ago. At present the problem offers easy solution, so rapid has been the progress of this industry which each day enlarges and increases in importance. The results obtained recently by the invention of ceramo-crystal or glass stone are going to open up still larger horizons. This new material is nothing less than devitrified glass, that is to say glass brought into a special molecular condition and of which the aspect is the same as that of cut stone, granite, or marble. It is run into blocks or plates of greater or less dimensions, which are utilized in building. These plates may receive the most diverse decorations, taking at will the calm tones of stone or the sumptuous brilliancy of the richest marbles. They are made either plain or ornamented with designs *en creux* or in relief, obtained by the aid of powerful presses, which act upon the material when in a suitable state of malleability. They are made rough upon one face in order to facilitate their adhesion to the cement.

The degree of resistance which these glass stones offer has been determined by official experiments made at the laboratory of Bridges and Roads at Paris. It has been found that to crushing, freezing, wearing, shock, and rending they offer greater resistance than the stones ordinarily employed in building.

The architectural employment of glass comes as a consequence of the important rôle which has been given to iron. After many attempts ideas take definite form, objections fall, difficulties are found removed. Very often an industry must wait for its development until another has been perfected. If metal has had up to the present time, and for thirty years, so many detractors, it is because independently of the faults that have been attributed to it from the esthetic point of view all the facilities that it offers in relation to the

decoration of edifices have not been foreseen. Construction is not everything for the architect. He must in addition make a work of art and find in the manner of employing the material of which he makes use, the element of beauty. "The beauty of the edifice results from the perfect harmony between the means employed and the end sought and from the accord between all its parts which results from this. It exists even in a building if the reason for each thing is seen at once. Decoration is the *ensemble* of *motifs* useless to the existence of construction, and which tend only to charm the sight. It might disappear without impairing the normal use of the edifice, for it is not an integral part of it." As a complement of this judicious distinction, it may be said that there exists a close relation between the form, material, purpose, and decorative system.

The glass stone of M. Garchey has scarcely come into existence when there is revealed for it a mode of employment as convenient as inexpensive, thanks to a method of working iron invented by the American Golding.

By his process a plate of metal is transformed by means of a special machine which works as a punch into a lattice work where there is neither solder nor rivets, a fact which assures it very great solidity. The machine which thus cuts the metal into larger or smaller meshes draws it out at the same time. In this way trellises are formed, which are rigid, and, in spite of their lightness, are capable of considerable resistance. Suppose that this lattice is clothed with a layer of cement, partitions, floors, and walls may be obtained at will. Imagine now that over this cement you apply panels of veneering in opaline or indeed in glass stone, which may very easily be brought together and jointed on the lace work of metal, and you have a decoration as varied and practical as it is possible to conceive.

By this example, which one of the most recent processes of present industry furnishes us, we perceive the fertility of imagination of our inventors in the sort of

ideas we are considering. Again, the advent of glass as an architectural element is taking from day to day extraordinary proportions. Every moment a new discovery is being produced to make the employment of it common. To add to the causes which militate in its favor, the demands of prophylactic hygiene or even of simple cleanliness, which is becoming so rigorous in our day, recommend it outside of its decorative advantages. What an immense advantage it would be to substitute for our movable hangings and painted paper, hard, non-porous surfaces which would easily bear washing. For the construction of the walls one might employ glass, either in compact masses or in pieces blown and shaped in a way to permit their being easily brought together in a skeleton of iron united to them by bands of flat iron. The bricks or slabs of glass are placed vertically, backed and joined by the aid of a special mastic. In this way a double wall is formed, in the interior of which may be made to circulate in winter warm air, and in summer compressed air which expands and cools the building. In these walls are placed the electric wires, water pipes, etc. The advantages resulting from such a system of construction are understood without being insisted upon. Air and light everywhere, cleansing made easy, the impurities of the walls made visible, such are the conditions that the employment of glass permits to be realized and which clearly establish the rôle which this marvelous material can and must play in our modern world.

In order to offer to the people of the entire world, whom the universal exposition of 1900 will draw to Paris, a convincing demonstration of the multiple advantages which glass offers from the different standpoints which we have just enumerated, that is to say architectural, hygienic, and artistic, we have formed the dream of a house entirely constructed and ornamented with this material. For want of the dwelling house such as we would have desired, with all the practical accessories of present comfort and showing at the same time glass under the infinite aspects that it may have,



the next universal exposition will at least show an interesting monumental application of glass. I am speaking of the Luminous Palace conceived by M. J. A. Ponsin and which the architect, M. Auguste Latapy, is going to raise near the Eiffel Tower, upon a piece of ground set aside by the administration for this curious undertaking.

To construct a palace consecrated to the glory of electric lighting was the initial thought of M. Ponsin, the distinguished glass-worker. That this palace should be constructed of glass in order better to display the prodigious effects of the light whose power it was desired to celebrate needs no explanation. MM. Ponsin and Latapy combined their efforts and the luminous palace is now in course of construction. The conception of it is interesting. In the center of a garden bounded by green lawns, where extend walks bordered with flowers which favor the effects of perspective, the palace will arise, lifting into space its tortuous silhouette, strangely cut, like a jewel, decorated with phosphorescent precious stones in a casket of somber trees. The principal façade will have the aspect of an immense portico whose roofing, surmounted with campaniles and a winged statue personifying light, will be sustained by high colonnades. On the ground floor, reached by a double pair of stairs decorated with balustrades, will be a grand exposition hall. In the interior of the hall will be five large bays, where visitors will be able to contemplate the five parts of the world, a panorama due to the talent of M. Castellani and of which M. Armand Silvestre has given the following description :

A quintuple polychrome vision awaits the spectator to whom appears in different directions Europe, which the rosy fires of dawn tint; Asia, where the gold dust of the dogstar burns; Africa, where the sun dies in a red wave of blood; America, lost in the vapor of pale hyacinths and violets of the twilight; Oceanica, finally, where the moon plunges as it were into the sparkling and at the same time somber dust of the lapis lazuli. Thus the Old World and the New will revive in their plastic evocation what I might call the five ages of light.

We forbear to describe in detail this sort of palace of the Thousand and One Nights,

of which the first conception seems to have sprung from the brain of a decorator and poet to whom the difficulties of execution seemed trifles unworthy of checking an audacious constructor. His fancy has been given free play and he has not deigned to foresee obstacles that his co-laborers were not capable of surmounting. Entirely of glass was his program and he has gone to the conclusion of the problem with a beautiful confidence in the solutions which would be suggested in proportion to the needs. Of glass the walls of the palace supported by a skeleton of iron, of glass the cupola and the columns and the stairways and the grottos where gleam the stalactites, of glass even the statues which ornament the different parts of the monument, and if the genius of light which will surmount the cupola cannot be realized in precisely this material, of which the incalculable resources have nevertheless a limit, no matter, it can be made to serve, by the brilliancy of the enamel, by the appropriate decorations, by ingenious accessories, as the apotheosis of glass.

It is difficult to foretell the welcome which competent men and the intelligent public will make to the palace conceived by M. Ponsin. Without doubt this edifice will lend itself to criticism, and in spite of all the combinations and all the skill of the architect, M. Latapy, it is probable that many defects will be found in it. He who wishes to prove too much, says the proverb, proves nothing. This, however, does not change the fact that the authors of the Luminous Palace, in demanding from the glass industry the accomplishment on this occasion of veritable prodigies without disquieting themselves as to whether there was a possibility of realizing them, have forced these glass-workers, so to speak, to furnish a maximum of efforts, to leave their routine habits, to attempt things appearing impossible, which will nevertheless be done.

From yet another standpoint we applaud the enterprise of the Luminous Palace. When it has been seen there under how many forms glass may be practically employed in construction, when its decorative

qualities have been verified after the hesitations and uncertainties of a first attempt, the conception that we formed several years ago will no longer be considered a brilliant Utopia. The experience acquired will permit to be demonstrated what might at first sight appear adventurous, the use of the new materials that we purpose to put at work will be better regulated, and the advantages that may be drawn from them for the comfortable management of the home will be

recognized. We ardently hope then that some skilful Mæcenæ, an enemy of the routine and the commonplace, will dare to take the initiative and have a habitation of glass constructed which may be called the house of constant temperature, the hygienic house *par excellence*, and which by its scientific, sensible, and ingenious adaptation to the conditions of modern hygiene will entirely merit the title that we wish to give it, the "House of the Future."

## DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

BISHOP BERKELEY once said that nine tenths of the talent and learning of the British clergy was lost for lack of elocution, and there has been no improvement since his time. Dean Farrar and Canon Wilberforce are considered great orators in England and they are shining exceptions to a monotonous mediocrity. Elocution is not taught in the divinity schools of the United Kingdom, a fact that is painfully apparent in nearly every pulpit in the land. There is more oratory among the dissenters than in the established church. During the convocation of bishops in 1897 in London the late Bishop Perry of Iowa told me that he had attended service at least twice, and often six times a week during the entire summer and had never once heard the Lord's Prayer read with the proper inflection.

The greatest preacher in London, and that means England, at the present day, is Joseph Parker, a Congregationalist, who is well known in the United States, where he has made several lecture tours. His church is known as "The City Temple" and is often confused with the law courts, which are properly called "The Temple Bar," "The Inner Temple," and "The Middle Temple," and is situated not far from them. Dr. Parker has the largest and most influential non-conformist congregation in Great Britain. The Temple is situated on Holborn Viaduct in the midst of the business

section of London and only a few blocks from St. Paul's Cathedral, Newgate Prison, and Smithfield Market.

Dr. Parker is an ideal of the robust type of Christianity—a sort of Boanerges. He is a big man, with a massive, rough-hewn head, an abundance of curly hair, a big heart, a big voice, and a big hand, and when he grasps yours in welcome or in parting he is apt to crush some of the small bones. He makes you think of Robert Collyer, and he came from the same county and the same stock. Elihu Burritt, "The Learned Blacksmith," was his father's neighbor. Dr. Parker has many of the characteristics of Henry Ward Beecher also. He was born in Northumberland, where his father was a stone-cutter, a Puritan, who, he has said, had the strength of two men and the will of ten, and Dr. Parker inherits much of his individuality. He is often tempestuous when his soul is stirred and at all times is more like St. Paul than St. John.

Dr. Parker was brought up on the Bible and the Shorter Catechism. He was taught the fiercest kind of theology and the deepest love of prayer. To his father every known man was either good or bad, and the old gentleman's life was spent in praising the one class and anathematizing the other. The son was a street preacher before he was eighteen years old. Then he went to London to assist Dr. Campbell at the old

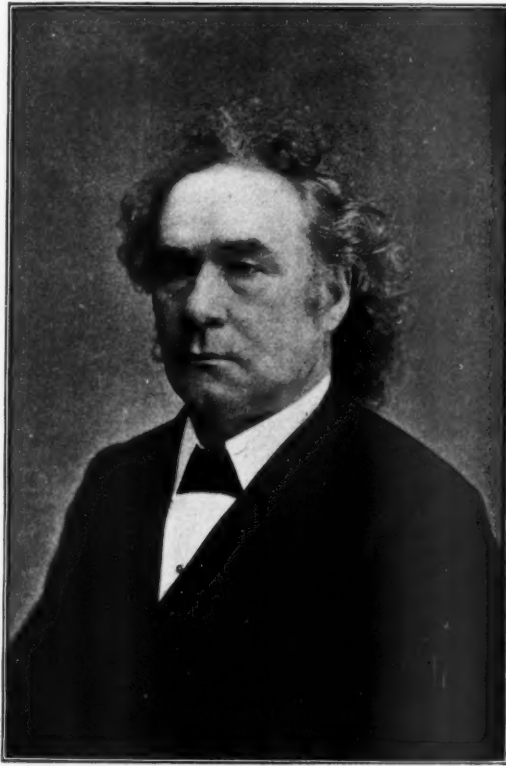
Whitefield Tabernacle at Moorfields and study theology. Meantime he attended the Free University Schools of London and in 1853, when he was twenty-three years of age, found his first independent pastorate at the old town of Banbury and preached in a chapel there for five years. Then he went to Manchester for eleven years, where he made his fame as a pastor and a preacher and was called to the Old Poultry Chapel in London in 1869, which he accepted on condition that the congregation build a larger church in a more convenient locality.

Holborn Viaduct was selected and the present temple was reared at a cost of \$350,000. There he has preached three sermons a week, two on Sunday and one on Thursday at noon, for almost thirty years. He is now sixty-nine years of age, with forty-six years of practical service behind him. There has been no diminution in his popularity all this time. There are the same crowded audiences Sunday after Sunday and the same remarkable gathering at the noonday service on Thursday, which consists almost exclusively of business men. Those who have been acquainted with the City Temple since it was built find there the faces of men whose hair has whitened and whose steps have grown feeble in the service of the Lord since that institution was established. A great part of the regu-

lar congregation have been baptized by Dr. Parker and have grown into manhood and womanhood under his preaching. The congregation represents what some one has called "middle-class respectability." They

are neither poor nor rich, although you find in some of the pews men who have acquired fortunes from industry, inventions, or business ability since they have been communicants there.

Dr. Parker's sermons are published regularly in book form and now make a collection of over thirty volumes called "The People's Bible." In addition to this great work he has found time to write a number of other books, including two novels—"Springdale Abbey" and "Weaver Stephen,"



JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.

which have a religious cast—and has prepared a "People's Family Prayer-Book," which contains one hundred short prayers printed in large type for the use of the illiterate classes in family worship and for all possible occasions. This prayer-book has had an enormous circulation. Copies of it are found in the cottages of non-conformists all over Great Britain. Dr. Parker contributes regularly to both the religious and the secular press and magazines. He does not assume to be a scholar nor a theologian. He declines to discuss disputed questions. He says he has no time to analyze the meaning of words or to

split hairs about the terms and phrases of the Bible. He says that he always skips controversial passages of Scripture, and when any one questions him as to his views on this, that, or the other dogma he replies: "My dear friend, I am trying to pump the blood of Jesus into the heart of London and I haven't time to study theology. What I seek is the spirit of truth."

Dr. Parker has received a degree of Doctor of Divinity from The University of Chicago. He has visited that city frequently and has preached and lectured there.

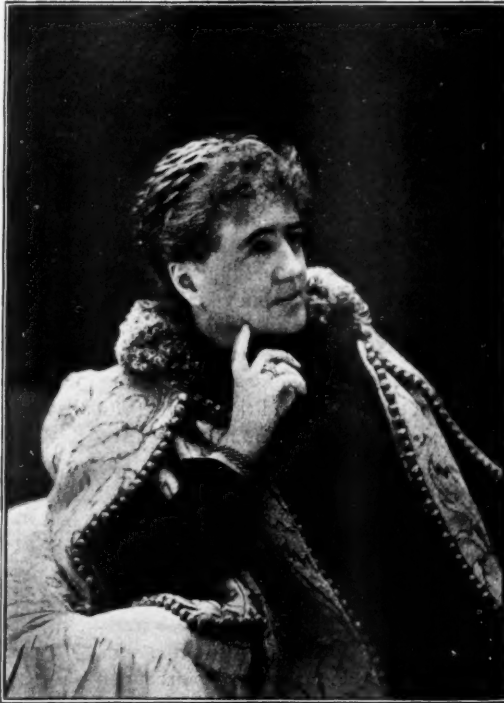
He lives at Lynnhurst Gardens, South Heamsted, in the northwestern suburbs of London, where he has a modest but pretty place, and his politics may be inferred from the fact that there are twenty-six portraits of Gladstone hanging on the walls. "He is the best man in the world," said Dr. Parker to me last summer. "You see portraits of Shakespeare, Browning, and Tennyson about you," he continued, as we were chatting in his study. "They are my favorite authors, and their teachings pervade my preaching. I get more inspiration and ideas from their books than from any other except the Bible. You will find among my books sermons by preachers of every school and doctrine. They are a catholic collection and I love to read them. Nobody relishes the stimulating thought, the delicate scholarship, and the rare refinement of some of the high Anglican writers more than I.

"Yes, I'm a great novel reader, too. When I am tired I take up a story. It's the best kind of diversion.

"My favorite novel? Oh, I have many favorites. I am very easy to please. If I should give you a list of the novels I like it would fill a column. Of recent publications I should say that I have enjoyed 'The Little Minister' and 'Three Men in a Boat' more than any others. What should

we do without humor? We should all dry up; and preachers need humor more than anybody else. When I see one of my colleagues looking glum or hear that his sermons are getting prosy I send him a funny story to read. If there is any sap left in his system that is apt to start it in circulation."

I asked Dr. Parker if he thought the world as he saw it was growing better or worse. He smiled a comprehensive sort of smile and said: "Yes, I am very positive the world is growing better, and that mankind is on the up grade. If it were not we preachers had better shut up shop. We



MRS. PARKER.

haven't yet reached the millennium by any means, but every generation is better and wiser than the last. The child improves upon the father. We have greater knowledge, more conveniences, more pleasure, more piety, and a greater capacity to learn and enjoy. It is impossible for the world to stand still, and if we were not progressing we

should know it without asking questions or publishing our views in the newspapers. The schools, the churches, the missions, the libraries, the reading-rooms, the free laundries and free baths, the museums, the manual training institutions, the art galleries, the parks, the playgrounds, the improved sanitary laws, the improved lighting facilities, the improved tenement houses, the better pavements, the cheaper traffic, the cheaper newspapers, better food, all these things prove progress and continue to elevate the taste, develop the intelligence, and improve the morals of men.

"It is no longer the highest proof of hospitality to fill your visitor so full of rum that he rolls under the table, as it used to be. The man who drinks and eats the most is no longer a hero. Among all classes it is disreputable to be a drunkard or a glutton.

"There has been an immense improvement among the working class," continued Dr. Parker. "They have made a constant advance in civilization, and although there is still a public house at nearly every cross-roads in England, less money is spent for liquor than formerly and better liquor is drunk. The law punishes men for selling poison. The working classes are beginning to realize the comforts and the sanctity of a home. You will still find four families living in the same room in some of our city tenements, who think there is still space for another lodger in the middle of the floor, but, thank God, they are getting fewer every year. There are still people in existence who think that dirt is healthy and that it adds warmth to the body, and oppose washing because it opens the pores of the skin, but they are passing away like their superstition. In my pastoral visits I still find

people who think it is dangerous to open their windows and some of them make a pretence of religion. But I tell them that there can be no piety without fresh air. Sometimes I have been asked to pray in an unventilated garret. 'No,' I reply. 'I cannot call upon God in such an atmosphere. God hates fetid air. He created oxygen and made it free for a plain purpose. So open your windows and let the sunshine and the breezes of heaven purge this room of poison and then I'll pray for you.'

"After all," continued Dr. Parker, "civilization is largely a matter of sunshine and cleanliness and light. The highest civilized people have the most windows in their houses open to the sun and use the most water and burn the most gas."

Many interesting incidents are told of Dr. Parker's experience and to illustrate his marked characteristics. He is always unconventional and likes to say startling things. Not long ago he was called upon to give a charge to a young preacher who was being ordained. "Don't make a fool of yourself by trying to invent a new Bible," said the doctor to the candidate. "Don't try to fettle up a new gospel. You'll find it won't pay. Keep to the old path in the turnpike over which countless millions of pilgrims have passed to heaven."

A lady once asked Dr. Parker if he had a fad.

"Yes," was his reply.

"What is it?"

"Preaching."

"But that is your business. Haven't you any amusements?"

"Yes; preaching."

"But what would you do if you were allowed to select your highest pleasure?"

"Preach."



## HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.\*

**A Treaty of Peace.** All reports from Paris agree that the peace commissioners, after negotiations lasting about nine weeks, on December 10th concluded a treaty of peace between Spain and the United States. The text of this document will become public property after the respective governments shall have acted upon it; meantime, press dispatches give the information that the formulated treaty conforms substantially to the terms of the protocol which suspended hostilities. A large number of questions raised by both sides, concerning trade-rights, naval stations, purchase of one of the Carolines, etc., are said to have been remanded to the regular diplomatic channels between the governments. The chief contest of diplomacy at Paris arose over our demand for the cession of the Philippines; repeated delays in reach-

November 28, protesting that their rights were given up, for the sake of peace, to the superior force of the victor. It is understood that the treaty provides for a payment of \$20,000,000 to Spain for permanent improvements in the Philippines, that Spain retains trading privileges in these islands for ten years on equal terms with the United States, and that the repatriation of Spanish troops and the mutual release of prisoners are covered by its provisions. Intimations that the administration intends to accord trading privileges to all nations on equal terms with the United States during at least the necessary period of military occupation of the Philippines, occasioned world-wide discussion of an "open-door policy," so-called.

Puerto Rico has been under United States military government since the middle of October. The evacuation of Cuba will probably be accomplished by January 1. General Wood's government of Santiago since its occupation has been conspicuously successful. Some accounts of insurgent disturbances in the Philippines indicate difficulties of military rule in that quarter, and regular army troops are to take the place of volunteers as speedily as practicable.



JOHN R. TANNER.  
Governor of Illinois.

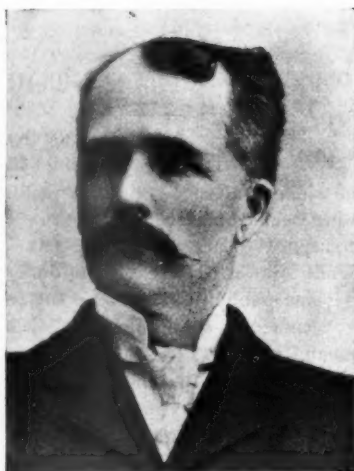
ing a conclusion resulted in practically an ultimatum from our commissioners, to which the Spanish commissioners yielded on

**The President's Message.** The second regular session of the Fifty-fifth Congress opened on December 5 with the reading of President McKinley's message. The message was devoted in the main to a history of the war with Spain and the questions growing out of it. The president reviewed all the steps taken since his last annual message: told how the war began; covered the principal points in the conflict of arms, paying tribute to those who fought and those who served at home; and reported the progress of negotiations for peace. About one third of the 21,000 words in the message dealt with this history

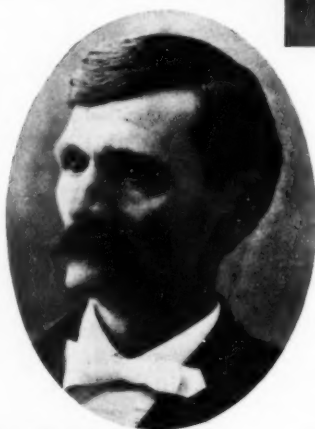
\* This department, together with the book "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

of the war. Discussion of the government of new possessions was specifically deferred until such time as the treaty of peace should be ratified. But the president states that until Congress has legislated otherwise it will be his duty "to continue the military governments which have existed since our occupation, and give to the people security in life and property, and encouragement under a just and beneficent rule." As soon as Cuba comes into our possession and is pacified the president says that "it will be necessary to give aid and direction to its people to form a government for themselves; this should be undertaken at the earliest possible moment consistent with safety and assured success."

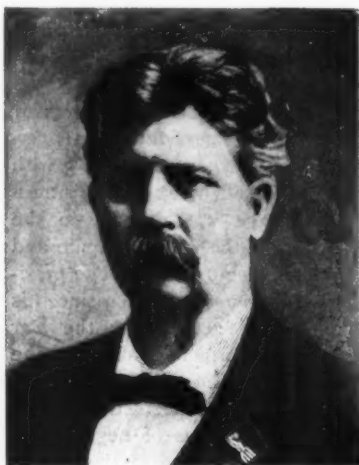
The message strongly favors the construction of a Nicaragua Canal under control of the United States government, and desires encouragement for the upbuilding of American shipping. He indorses the recommendation of the secretary of war for a permanent increase of the regular army to 100,000 men, including native troops in new possessions, and also approves the recommendation of the secretary of the navy for the construction of fif-



GOV. W. E. STANLEY (KAN.).



GOV. W. A. POYNTER (NEB.).



GOV. HENRY T. GAGE (CAL.).

teen additional vessels for the navy, three of them battle-ships of the first class. Incidental to the war, too, are the president's reference to the adhesion of both Spain and the United States to the Red Cross convention extending to naval warfare, his suggestion of international cable regulation, and his advocacy of the exemption of private property from seizure at sea during war. The strict ob-

servance of neutrality by foreign governments during the war with Spain, our friendly relations with England, reciprocity negotiations with foreign governments, and relations with South American republics are touched upon. The president announces that this government will take part in the Peace Conference proposed by the czar of Russia, and recommends an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for an exhibit at the Paris Exposition in 1900. Speaking of growing American interests in China, the president suggests an appropriation for a commission of investigation, and reports that United States troops protect the legation at Peking and that warships have been stationed at Tien-Tsin. The annexation of Hawaii is welcomed and the report of commissioners on a form of territorial government is announced. From the report of the secretary



GOV. FOREST RICHARDS (WYO.).

of the treasury a deficit of \$38,047,247.60 is shown for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1898, and the estimated deficiency for the current fiscal year which will end June 30, 1899, is shown to be about \$112,000,000. The president renews his recommendation that greenbacks be redeemed in gold and thereafter paid out only for gold, and notes the obvious demand for other currency legislation to insure a sound standard and a safe and adequate currency.

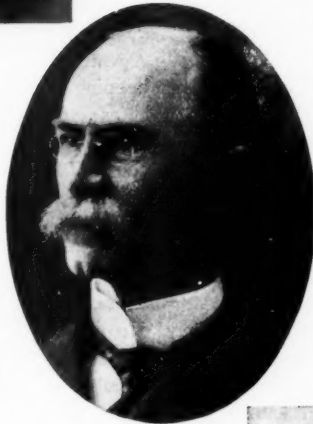
The message closes with a recommendation for an appropriation for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the national capital at Washington in 1900, and commendation of various labor laws.

**Election Aftermath.** Most of the governors elected in different states last November take office this month. Photographs of a half-dozen new governors in western states are reproduced herewith, in consonance with the growing political importance of that part of the United States. Illinois did not elect a governor this year, but the attitude of the present incumbent taken in

the acute labor troubles in that state make his personality of interest. Among officers of the Virden-Chicago Coal Company, deputies and strikers, Governor Tanner has been indicted by a grand jury for his action in the crisis. Minor results of the late election include the adoption of the referendum in South Dakota, the election of two socialist and two Prohibition candidates for the legislature in Massachusetts, the election of one Prohibition candidate for the legislature in Illinois, and the rise of a Union-Reform party in Ohio to a place on the official ballot.

The Congressman from Utah.

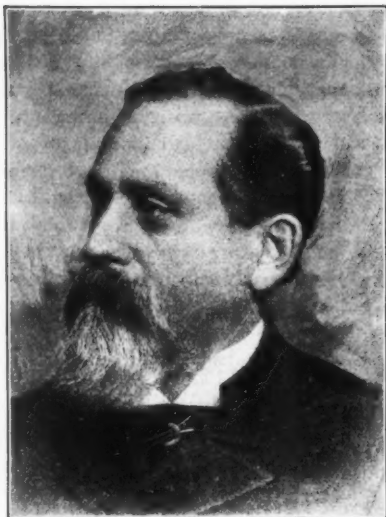
Utah, as one of the states of the Union, sends two senators to Washington, but, by reason of her population, only one member of the House of Representatives. The successful candidate for congressman at the November election was Brigham H. Roberts, who admits that he is supporting more than one wife and whose record is that of a Mormon churchman rather than that of a political leader. Mr. Roberts' election created a public sensation, and the question of whether he should be allowed to take



GOV. C. S. THOMAS (COL.).



GOV. JOHN LIND (MINN.).



A. M. WADDELL.  
Mayor of Wilmington, N. C.

his seat in the Fifty-sixth Congress was widely discussed. Before Congress admitted Utah as a state in 1896, the constitution, adopted by a vote of the people in the territory, provided for the prohibition of polygamy, and the state law has further provided punishment for the practice. Leaders of the Mormon Church also issued an anti-polygamy manifesto, after several years of more or less successful federal legislation against the practice. Mr. Roberts defends himself by asserting that from moral obligations, incurred prior to the passage of the constitution for the state, men can be released by no decree of the church and no act of the state can absolve them. He declares that the enabling act which provides "that perfect tolerance of religious sentiment shall be secured, provided that polygamous or plural marriages are forever prohibited," is not retroactive; that it only prohibits polygamous marriages after the date of enactment. Mr. Roberts was the Democratic candidate and secured a large majority in the states where equal suffrage obtains. His opponents claimed that the Mormon Church defeated him for office the only time he ever ran before, and that thereafter he completely submitted to the church authorities.

It is even alleged that, in addition to three wives taken before polygamy was prohibited, he has taken one since. Against the general charge that polygamy is still the rule in the state, Mormon organs suggest that the "elders" demand an investigation at once.

#### Race Riots and Revolution.

Race troubles in the Southern States, referred to in this department last month, reached a startling culmination in both North and South Carolina in connection with the November elections. In these two states some thirty-five persons are said to have been killed and about fifteen wounded. In South Carolina, according to the most reliable information, rioting began at one of the polling places in the village of Phoenix, Greenwood County, over the voting of a number of negroes. A white Republican, named Tolbert, while keeping account of the registration certificates and ballots cast under the South Carolina law, became the center of a row on account of interference by another white man named Etheridge. In the riot which ensued Etheridge was killed, and during that day and the next encounters between the whites and negroes resulted in the death of another white man and half a dozen colored men—the number of wounded aggregating about the same. Among the latter was another member of the Tolbert family, who is collector of the port of Charleston. All the male members of this family were driven out of the county, including the assistant postmaster at the village of McCormick. The flight of the last-named federal official furnished ground for a federal investigation, which is still in progress.

In North Carolina a veritable revolution in local government took place in the city of Wilmington the day after election, and this revolution was accompanied by the wrecking of the office of a newspaper called *The Record*, edited by a mulatto named A. L. Manly. Back in August, editor Manly had printed an editorial criticizing a speech made by the wife of ex-Congressman Felton, of Georgia, in which she advocated lynching in certain cases. The editorial protested against the attitude of the south-

ern people toward the negro in accusing him of crime, and insisted that "if the papers and speakers of the white race would condemn the commission of crime because it is crime, and not try to make it appear that the negroes were the only criminals, they would find their strongest allies in the intelligent negroes themselves, and together the whites and blacks would root the evil out of both races."

The editorial was made an issue in a campaign against "negro domination," and the result of the election was a sweeping Democratic victory on that issue. The



ALEX L. MANLY.  
Editor of "The Record," Wilmington, N. C.

day after the election citizens of Wilmington held a public meeting, adopted resolutions against negro office-holders and white politicians who used the negro vote, and proceeded to make over the local government so far as the negroes and their white allies were concerned. It appears that the legislature, controlled by a Republican-Populist combination, had amended the charter of Wilmington so that five negroes had been appointed by the governor as members of the board of aldermen. A large number of negroes also held minor offices on the police force and in other capacities. The white mayor and his chief of police, to-

gether with these negro aldermen, are said to have resigned one by one, the remaining members of the board electing successors chosen by a "Citizens' Committee of Twenty-five." Ex-Representative A. M. Waddell was made the new mayor. Two hundred and fifty special policemen were sworn in to preserve order. The press reports stated that prior to this revolution notice had been served on editor Manly and his friends that *The Record* must be suppressed, and the plant moved out of the town; that, receiving no answer to the demand, Mr. Waddell led a band of citizens to the office and proceeded to demolish the plant. Somebody set fire to the building and it was thoroughly wrecked. Mr. Manly, who fled from the city, states that this destruction of his plant did not take place until after the new government had installed itself.

These occurrences started up an immense amount of discussion in the newspapers of the whole country. Colored people held mass-meetings in many states to protest against what they called the outrages upon their race. The southern press in general, while deprecating the lawlessness which had been exhibited, nevertheless insisted that negro domination in any of the Southern States could, and would, never be endured; and they pointed to the recent labor troubles in Illinois as an instance of the same ineradicable antagonism between the races. Many papers noticed the fact that comparatively few northern journals suggest resorting again to "force bills," and in some instances southern papers declared that the South would rather submit to decreased representation in Congress, according to the Fourteenth Amendment, than to allow the negro vote to dominate their government.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its convention in St. Paul elected as president, to succeed the late Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine. Other officers elected were Miss Anna Gordon, of Illinois, vice-president-at-large; Mrs. Susanna M. D. Frey, of Minne-

W. C. T. U. Convention.



sota, corresponding secretary; Clara C. Hoffman, of Missouri, recording secretary; Mrs. Frances Beauchamp, assistant, and Mrs. Helen M. Barker, of Illinois, treasurer. Mrs. Stevens, the new president, assisted Miss Willard in the formation of the Maine Union in 1874, was made its treasurer, and three years later its president, being thereafter unanimously reelected year after year. For thirteen years she served as assistant recording secretary of the National W. C. T. U., for one year as recording secretary, and in 1894 was elected vice-president-at-large, in the last-named position assuming large responsibilities, due to Miss Willard's world-wide activities. Mrs. Stevens is an active woman suffragist. She has represented the state of Maine in the National Conference of Charities and Correction; was one of the lady managers of the World's Fair in Chicago; served three years as treasurer of the National Council of Women, and was given the portfolio of moral reform in the cabinet of the council. The St. Paul convention voted to discontinue the "Woman's Temple" in Chicago as an affiliated interest of the W. C. T. U., but the treasurer of the board of Temple trustees, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, announced that she would devote herself to liquidating the indebtedness against the Temple. A resolution indorsing the Prohibition party was voted down after an attack on the omission of an equal suffrage plank. Other resolutions were passed urging total abstinence, condemning the taking of liquor revenue, demanding prohibition of the liquor traffic, female suffrage, international arbitration, education, good wages, and the "white life for two."

**In Church-land.** The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, successor of Henry Ward Beecher, has tendered his resignation as pastor of the famous Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Abbott is editor-in-chief of *The Outlook* (successor to the *Christian Union*, of which Mr. Beecher and Dr. Abbott were editors), a New York weekly journal, and the double duty of pastor and editor constitutes such a tax upon his



M. CHARLES DUPUY.  
Premier of France.

energies that he follows his physician's advice and will retain only the editorship. Dr. Abbott is sixty-three years of age, and joined Plymouth Church about forty years ago. He left the law profession for the ministry, and served churches in Indiana and New York before becoming identified with the *Christian Union*. Upon the death of Mr. Beecher in 1887, he supplied the Plymouth Church pulpit and was elected pastor in 1888. As one of the foremost American preachers his theological views have aroused criticism; but his reputation as a speaker, supplemented by literary and lecture work, has enabled him to reach and influence an audience accorded to few.

The tendered resignation of the presidency of Yale University by the Rev. Dr. Timothy E. Dwight after a service of twelve years has caused considerable discussion as to whether the tradition of securing a clergyman for this position, in view of the relation of university and church, should be broken.

By instructions from the pope, provision has now been made for the gradual elimination of Roman Catholic Church services (outside the Latin ritual) in other than the English language. That is to say, the pope condemns separate congregations of nationalities like Bohemian, French, German, or Polish, using only their own language, and

urges assimilation into one body of Catholics. To further this assimilation it is directed that children of foreigners, on becoming of age, are to be free to join any Catholic Church where English is spoken, and foreigners, also, who have acquired knowledge of the English tongue, will be permitted to join English-speaking churches. This result is a victory for prelates like Father Hecker, Archbishop Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons over those who have advocated what has been termed "Cahenslyism," or foreign-language churches.

#### Justice in France.

If justice shall come to Captain Dreyfus, as now seems highly probable, international praise will attach to M. Dupuy, the present premier of France. While the Brisson cabinet succeeded in referring the case to the Court of Cassation and must be credited therefor, its successor has thus far not only upheld that course of action but maintained itself during the most trying conflict between military and civil jurisdictions with dignity and honor. The case of Colonel Picquart, already described in these columns, has also been taken up by the Court of Cassation; the court-martial ordered by General Zürlinden, military governor of Paris, and fixed for December 12 (a measure calculated to prejudice if not to interfere with a decision in the Dreyfus case before the court) has been postponed by decree of the court. The court's investigation of all the evidence concerning the charges against both Picquart and Dreyfus, including the secret documents in possession of the government, ought to satisfy the demands of justice at last. Dreyfus has been notified that he may submit a statement to the court. Danger of a military *coup d'état* is discounted by the apparent lack of a single figure in France who could command sufficient following.

#### A Republic for a Month.

Three Central American states set up a federal republic on the first of November, which lasted but a month. Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras organized the federation, covering an area of about 110,000 square miles containing a population of about 2,000,000. Movement to this end began by a treaty in 1895, under which the three countries united on the conduct of foreign affairs, but not until last August was a constitution for the new republic signed. This constitution, modeled on that of the United States, provided for the later admission of Guatemala and Costa Rica, if they should so elect; the presidents of the several states to give way to governors, boundaries re-



PRINCE GEORGE, OF GREECE.  
Governor-General of Crete.

maining the same, except for territory ceded for a national capital. After the inauguration of a provisional government of the "United States of Central America" the presidents of the respective states sought to keep themselves in power as "governors" by force. A revolt broke out against this *régime* in Salvador, and the failure of troops from either of the other two states to sup-

press the revolt caused the federal organizers to formally dissolve the federation November 30.

**Other Foreign Events.** Other foreign affairs of importance include, first, the consummation of an agreement between France and Italy in the form of a commercial treaty granting mutually favored treatment, except for silk goods, which will remain subject to the maximum tax. Negotiations for this treaty have been carried on for two years and the announcement of its terms is considered the most important in-

Mad Mullah. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his succession to the throne in spite of the death of his wife, but the elaborate ceremonies that had been planned were not carried out. He signalized the occasion by granting several thousand honors, and immunities to a large number of prisoners. Emperor William of Germany cut short his Palestine tour, finally deciding not to visit Spain, and opened the session of the Reichstag on December 6 with a speech indorsing the proposal of the czar looking toward disarmament, at the same time proposing a number of social and military measures.



THE LATE GEN. DON CARLOS BUELL.

ternational event, as regards Italy, since the conclusion of the Triple Alliance. It is supposed to indicate that France seeks to lead an alliance of the Latin nations to offset the supposed Anglo-American *entente*, and the reported possibility of an Anglo-German understanding as well. The four great powers interested—Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy—have at last taken Cretan affairs in hand and appointed Prince George of Greece as governor-general or “high commissioner of the powers” in the island. In India, the establishment of the gold standard for the currency is causing serious disturbances in that silver-using country, and the home government has been called upon also to suppress another Indian uprising of from three to six thousand followers of the

**Obituary.** On the death record of the month the name of Gen. Don Carlos Buell recalls an active military career in both the Mexican War and the Civil War. General Buell was born in Ohio in 1818, was graduated from West Point in 1841, and assigned to the Third Infantry. He was wounded at Cherubusco in the war with Mexico, and brevetted successively captain and major. From 1848 to 1861 he was assistant adjutant-general, being promoted to brigadier-general during the latter year. He was successively commander of the Army of the Potomac and the Department of the Ohio early in the Civil War. In 1862 he became major-general, and in the campaign in Tennessee was defeated by the Confederates under General Bragg. Thereafter he was ordered to surrender his command to General Thomas, but was restored the same day, and pursued Bragg until superseded in command by General Rosecrans. A commission investigated his conduct, but never made public a report. Following his trial General Buell resigned from the army and went into business.

In England on November 20th occurred the death of Sir George Smyth Baden-Powell, political economist and authority on colonial affairs, who had been a member of Parliament since 1885. His book on Australia is considered standard, and he became an authority on West Indian affairs through his appointment as special commissioner by Mr. Gladstone.

## C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

### OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

#### FOR JANUARY.

##### *First Week* (ending January 7).

"Twenty Centuries of English History." Chapter XIV.

"Europe in the Nineteenth Century." Chapter XVIII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Old Bailey."

##### *Second Week* (ending January 14).

"Twenty Centuries of English History." Chapter XV.

"Europe in the Nineteenth Century." Chapters XIX. and XX.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Saving the Life."

##### *Third Week* (ending January 21).

"Twenty Centuries of English History." Chapter XVI.

"Europe in the Nineteenth Century." Chapter XXI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Lord Melbourne."

"English Journalism."

##### *Fourth Week* (ending January 28).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter I.

"Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century." Book I.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The American Hotel."

"The Central Element of Organized Matter."

#### FOR FEBRUARY.

##### *First Week* (ending February 4).

"From Chaucer to Tennyson." Chapter II.

"Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century." Book II.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Education of Englishmen."

### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

#### FOR JANUARY.

##### *First Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. Historical Study—Ireland.
3. A Paper—The development of the English Parliament.
4. A Paper—Protestantism in the seventeenth century.

##### *Second Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. Historical Essay—The causes of strife between England and America.
3. Book Review—"The Four Georges," by Thackeray.
4. A Paper—The condition of the English government at the opening of the nineteenth century.
5. A Paper—British dominion in India.
6. Essay—British naval heroes of the eighteenth century.

##### *Third Week.*

##### *Gladstone Day—January 14.*

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

1. A Biographical Sketch—William Ewart Gladstone.
2. A Paper—Gladstone and the progress of governmental reform in Great Britain.

3. Essay—The Irish question.
4. A Talk—Gladstone as a financier.
5. Contrasted Character Study—Disraeli and Gladstone.

##### *Fourth Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. Essay—The English vocabulary.
3. A Paper—Chaucer and "The Canterbury Tales."
4. A Talk—The general value of the letters of famous people.
5. A Paper—The scientists of this century.\*
6. An Essay—The ideal hotel.

#### FOR FEBRUARY.

##### *First Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. An Essay—The educational systems of England and America.
3. A Paper—English writers of the fifteenth century.
4. An Essay—The style of eighteenth and nineteenth century literature compared.
5. An Essay—English folk-lore.
6. General Conversation—Important news of the week.

\* See "Some American Women in Science" in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

## SYLLABUS OF C. L. S. C. READING.

### REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

#### "TWENTY CENTURIES OF ENGLISH HISTORY."

#### XIV.—THE ERA OF THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION, 1685 A. D.—1714 A. D.

1. The reign of James II. (pp. 263-268).
  - (1) The king's family.
  - (2) Persecution of the Covenanters.
  - (3) Attitude of Parliament.
  - (4) Argyle's expedition.
  - (5) Monmouth's rebellion.
  - (6) The Bloody Assize.
  - (7) The king's attitude toward Parliament.
  - (8) Declaration of liberty.
  - (9) Acquittal of the seven bishops.
  - (10) The arrival of William of Orange.
  - (11) The king's flight.
  - (12) William and Mary crowned.
2. The reign of William and Mary (pp. 268-272).
  - (1) Declaration of Rights.
  - (2) Reforms of the administration.
  - (3) Events in Scotland.

"Killiecrankie" is a pass of the Grampian Mountains in Scotland.

- (4) Events in Ireland.
  - (5) The Grand Alliance.
  - (6) The Junto.
  - (7) The national debt.
  - (8) Peace of Ryswick.
  - (9) The Spanish succession question.
  - (10) Death of the king.
  3. Queen Anne's reign (pp. 273-276).
    - (1) The successes of the war.
- "Ramillies" [ram'e-leez or rä-meel-ye' or rä-mee-yee']. A town in Belgium.
- "Oudenarde" [ou'den-är-de]. A Belgian town.
- "Malplaquet" [mäl-plä-kä']. A French town near the frontier of Belgium.

- (2) Union with Scotland.
- (3) Unpopularity of the war.
- (4) Fall of Marlborough.
- (5) Peace of Utrecht.
- (6) Succession to the throne.

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the administrative methods of King James II.
2. Give an account of the overthrow of the king.
3. What limitations were placed on sovereignty at the accession of William and Mary?
4. Describe the reign of William and Mary.
5. Give an account of England's part in the War of the Spanish Succession and tell the result of peace negotiations.
6. When was Scotland united with England?

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When and by whom was the Edict of Nantes issued and to what did it put an end?
2. Of what king was it said, "This marble is not colder than the king's heart"?

#### XV.—THE HANOVERIAN SOVEREIGNS, 1714 A. D.— 1837 A. D.

1. George I. and his reign (pp. 278-280).
  - (1) Claim to the crown.
  - (2) Method of administration.
  - (3) The Riot Act.
  - (4) Rising of the Jacobites.
  - (5) The Septennial Act.
  - (6) The South Sea Bubble.
  - (7) Rise of Walpole.

2. Reign of George II. (pp. 280-282).
  - (1) Resignation of Walpole.
  - (2) The Young Pretender's invasion.
  - (3) Troubles in India and America.
  - (4) Death of the king.

3. Reign of George III. (pp. 283-291).
  - (1) The new prime minister.
  - (2) Condition of Parliament.
  - (3) The Junius Letters.
  - (4) War with America.
  - (5) The Irish Parliament.
  - (6) Captain Cook's expeditions.
  - (7) Object of the younger Pitt's diplomacy.
  - (8) The French Revolution.
  - (9) Union of Ireland and Great Britain.
  - (10) The new cabinet.
  - (11) The contest with Napoleon.
    - (a) Opening of hostilities.
    - (b) Third coalition.
    - (c) Trafalgar.
    - (d) Retaliatory measures.
    - (e) The Peninsular War.
    - (f) Waterloo.

- (12) Second war with the United States.
- (13) The regency.
- (14) Abolition of slavery.

4. Reign of George IV. (pp. 291-292).

5. Reign of William IV. (pp. 292-293).

- (1) Demands for constitutional change.
- (2) Passage of the Reform Bill.
- (3) New House of Commons.
- (4) Death of the king.

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the reign of George I.
2. In what wars was England involved between 1727 and 1760?



3. Give an outline of the war between England and the American colonies.

4. Give an account of England's part in the Napoleonic wars.

5. Describe the important governmental events between 1811 and 1833.

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who said, "They may ring their bells now but they will soon be wringing their hands"? On what occasion was it said?

2. What popular English political writer issued a Federalist newspaper in Philadelphia in the latter part of the eighteenth century? What was the name of the paper?

#### XVI.—THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1837 A. D.—1897.

1. Facts about Queen Victoria (p. 295).

2. First important public questions (pp. 295-298).

(1) The People's Charter.

(2) Free trade agitation.

3. The wars of the century (pp. 299-303).

(1) Troubles in Canada.

(2) Chinese War.

(3) The Afghan troubles.

(4) The Crimean War.

(5) The Sepoy Rebellion.

4. The Irish question (pp. 304-307).

5. Legislation of the era (pp. 307-308).

6. Foreign affairs (p. 308).

7. Survey of the British Empire (pp. 308-310).

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the grievances of the Chartists.

2. Give an account of the free trade controversy.

3. Give an account of the wars of this period.

4. Explain the Irish question.

5. Give an outline of the legislation of the period.

6. Give a general survey of Greater Britain.

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Upon what pretext did England declare war against Afghanistan in 1838?

2. Of what English statesman was it said, "He had unrivaled powers for conducting his party into the ditch"?

#### "EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

#### PART IV.—THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—RECONSTRUCTION

##### WITHOUT REVOLUTION.

##### Preliminary.

1. The English political evolution (p. 201).

2. Affairs in Ireland (pp. 201-202).

3. Industrial development in the British Empire (pp. 202-203).

#### XVIII.—THE BRITISH PEOPLE IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN.

1. Effect of the French Revolution on England's industrial development (p. 204).

2. Governmental affairs (pp. 204-209).

(1) Character of the government.

(2) Representation in the House of Commons.

(3) Original parliamentary boroughs.

(4) Effect of increased population.

(5) The boroughs.

(6) Franchise in the counties and boroughs.

"Paying scot and lot," *i. e.*, paying one's share of the taxes or rates assessed.

"*Viva voce*." By word of mouth.

(7) Economic reverses.

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the effect of the French Revolution on the economic development in England.

2. Explain how industrial changes affected representation in Parliament.

3. What is meant by pocket boroughs and rotten boroughs?

4. What limitations were placed upon the right of franchise?

5. What was the cause of social and political discontent?

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. In what riots was revived the movement against machinery which was put down in 1812?

2. At the close of the Napoleonic wars what conquests at sea were retained by England?

#### XIX.—THE BEGINNING OF REFORM.

1. Meaning and purpose of reform in England (p. 210).

2. Attempts at reform before 1830 (pp. 210-212).

3. The reform bills (pp. 212-214).

(1) The first bill.

(2) The second bill.

(3) The third bill.

4. Party reconstruction (pp. 214-215).

5. Acts of the Liberal Parliament (pp. 215-217).

(1) Abolition of slavery.

(2) The poor law.

(3) The factory act.

6. Change of administration (p. 217).

7. Demands of the Chartists (pp. 217-218).

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What attempts at governmental reform were made in England previous to 1830?

2. Give a history of the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832.

3. What was effected by this bill?

4. What reforms were accomplished by the first Parliament under the Reform Act?

5. Give an account of the agitation for a democratic constitution.

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When did the Chartists as a party disappear?

2. What nickname was given Peel, and why?

#### XX.—THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

1. Parliamentary reforms in the second half of the century (pp. 219-222).

- (1) The bill of 1867.
  - (2) Contested elections.
  - (3) Laws protecting the ballot.
  - (4) Extension of suffrage.
  - (5) Completion of reform in the Commons.
2. Condition of the House of Lords (p. 222).

3. Local government affairs (pp. 222-224).
  - (1) Ancient civic methods.
  - (2) Municipal Reform Act.
  - (3) Reform in rural government.
  - (4) London government.

4. Other important reforms (pp. 225-226).
  - (1) Protective system abolished.
  - (2) Civil service reform.

## REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was the Reform Bill of 1867?
2. How are contested elections decided in England and what laws have been passed for the protection of the ballot?
3. What were the last steps in parliamentary reform?
4. Describe the changes made in local government.
5. Give an account of the adoption of free trade and the civil service reform.

## SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. By whom was England's commercial treaty with France in 1860 arranged?
2. For what free trade advocate was a subscription of £80,000 raised in recognition of his services?

## XXI.—THE IRISH QUESTION.

1. The government of Ireland (p. 228).
2. Cause of continued animosities (p. 229).
3. Acceptance of the Act of Union (p. 229).
4. Catholic emancipation and constitutional agitations (p. 230).
5. State church established (pp. 230-231).
6. The Irish Church disestablished (pp. 231-232).
7. The land question (pp. 232-234).

- (1) Early conditions of tenancy.
- (2) Land Act of 1870.
- (3) The Act of 1881.
- (4) Land Purchase Act.
8. Agitation for home rule (pp. 234-237).
  - (1) Parnell's plan.
  - (2) Leagues suppressed by Parliament.
  - (3) Home rule bills.
9. Changes in the ministry (p. 237).
10. The Salisbury administration.

## REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe the Irish government.
2. Explain the method by which the acceptance of the Act of Union was secured.
3. Review the troubles caused by religious differences.
4. Give a full account of the land question.
5. Give a history of the agitation for home rule.

## SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. When, where, and for what purpose was the Fenian Brotherhood organized?
2. What noted Irish patriot met a felon's death in 1803?

## "FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON."

## I.—FROM THE CONQUEST TO CHAUCER, 1066-1400.

1. Effect of the conquest on the English language (pp. 9-12).

- (1) Character of Old English.
- (2) Use of two languages.
- (3) The new language.
- (4) Introduction of new terms.
- (5) Fate of classical Anglo-Saxon.
- (6) Intellectual influences.
- (7) A new system of verse.

2. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (pp. 12-14).

- (1) Time of production.
- (2) Character of the Chronicle.
- (3) Sketch of William the Conqueror.

3. Anglo-Latin chronicles (pp. 14-15).

- (1) The authors.
- "Ordericus Vitalis" [or-de-vī'kus vi-tā'lis].
- (2) Value as history.

4. Norman characteristics (pp. 15-16).

"jongleur" [zhōn-glēr]. A minstrel.

"Taillefer" [tāy-fār].

5. The romances (pp. 16-20).

- (1) The French metrical tales.
- "Romans d'aventure" [ro-man' dä-van-tür].

(a) The English translations.

"Trouvere" [troo-vēr].

(b) The heroes.

"Sassenach." A Saxon.

(2) Relation of Welsh and English literature.

(3) Geoffrey of Monmouth's work.

(4) The "Brut" of Wace and Layamon.

(5) The legend of the Grail.

(6) The Arthurian cycle.

6. Religious literature (pp. 20-21).

"Ancrén Riwe" [angk'ren röl, or, according to the Old English pronunciation, ängk'ren rü'le]. This work first appeared in English, then in Latin. It was prepared for a society of anchoresses in Dorsetshire, probably by Simon of Ghent.

"Ayenbite of Inwyt." "The Againbiting of the Inner Wit" or "Remorse of Conscience." This is a translation made by Dan Michel of Kent of a French treatise composed for Philip III. of France.

"Cursor Mundi." One Old English manuscript translates this, "The Cours of the Werlde." It is based on Cædmon's paraphrase of Genesis and it treats of the course of the world from the creation to the day of the last judgment.

"Villon" [ve-yōn]. A French poet of the fifteenth century.

7. Secular poems and songs (pp. 21-22).

"Fabliaux" [fab-li-5z].

8. Amorous religious odes and legends of the saints (pp. 22-23).

9. Alliterative verse (p. 23).

10. The use of English again (pp. 24-28).

(1) Effect of English victories over the French.

"Apparitors." The lowest officers of an ecclesiastical tribunal; a summoner.

(2) Langland's allegory.

"Jacques Bonhomme" [bo-nom']. James Goodman. A contemptuous name which the French nobility applied to the peasant.

(3) The English Bible.

"Vulgate." From the Latin word *vulgata*, made common, general; the Latin version of the Scriptures which the Catholics accept as the authorized version. It was made by Jerome at the close of the fourth century and it was the first book printed.

11. Chaucer and his works (pp. 28-34).

(1) His place in literature.

(2) Biographical facts.

"Boccaccio" [bok-kä'chö].

(3) His early poems.

"Guillaume de Lorris" [ge-yöm' de lo-rē].

"Machault" [mä-shö].

"La Fontaine Amoureuse" [fon-tän' a-moor-ēz]. The amorous fountain.

"Parlement of Foules." Parliament of Fowles.

(4) "The Canterbury Tales."

(a) The plan.

(b) The dramatic element.

(c) The characters.

(d) Pictures of English society.

(e) Literary forms.

(5) Chaucer as a poet.

(6) His modernity.

(7) His naïveté.

"Auctours." An obsolete form of authors.

12. Traces of French and Latin in England (p. 34).

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the effect of the Norman Conquest upon the English language.

2. Describe the development of the epic cycle of Arthurian romance.

3. Give a *résumé* of the early English literature pertaining to the knight, to religion, and to secular subjects.

4. Describe Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman."

5. Describe Wiclif's work and its influence on literature.

6. Give an account of Chaucer's life and describe his greatest work.

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What was the length of Layamon's poem?

2. What English author once earned a living by singing at the funerals of the rich?

I—Jan.

#### "MEN AND MANNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

##### BOOK I.—POPE AND LADY MARY.

##### I.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1. Biographical details (pp. 9-12).

(1) Birth and parentage.

(2) Social position.

(3) Incident of childhood.

"Kit-cat Club." A London club founded by the Whig party. Its meetings were held at a tavern called "Cat and Fiddle," kept by Christopher Cat, a man famous for his mutton pies. It is uncertain whether the club took its name from that of the landlord or from the name of his pies, which were called "kit-cats."

(4) Her love for literature.

"Epictetus" [ep-ik-tē'tus]. A famous Stoic philosopher of Phrygia.

"Honoré d'Urfé" [o-no-rā' dūr-fā]. A French writer born in 1567. His "Astrée" is a pastoral romance in which he gives much of his family history and of the court of Henry IV. (Henri Quatre).

"Sévigné" [sā-vēn-yā]. A French writer of the seventeenth century noted for her letters.

"Ouvrage de longue haleine." A work for long breath; a tedious work.

2. The table customs of the time (pp. 12-13).

3. The early friends of Lady Mary (pp. 13-14).

(1) Mistress Anne Wortley.

(2) Sidney Montagu.

(3) Sir Edward Wortley Montagu.

"Quintus Curtius." A Roman historian.

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give biographical facts about Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

2. Give an account of her literary tastes.

3. Describe the table customs of her time.

4. Who were her early friends?

5. Describe Sidney Montagu and Edward Wortley Montagu.

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. On whom did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first experiment on inoculation? At her return to England on whom was the experiment tried at her suggestion?

2. To what dramatist was Lady Mary related?

##### II.—THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY.

1. The general character (p. 16).

2. Letter to Mrs. Wortley (pp. 16-18).

3. Concerning her marriage (p. 18).

4. A trip to Cologne (p. 19).

"Helvoetsluys" [hēl'voot-slois]. A seaport town of the Netherlands.

"Voiture" [voi'tūr]. A carriage.

5. The Vienna court (pp. 19-20).

6. Customs in Prague (p. 20).

7. The journey to Leipzig (p. 21).

8. The Hanover court (pp. 22-23).  
"Ananas" [an-an'as]. The name by which the pineapple is called in tropical America.
9. Contents of letters from the East (p. 24).
10. Opinions on England (p. 24).
11. Her English home (p. 25).

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is the general character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters?
2. What do her letters tell of life in Vienna and Prague?
3. Give an account of her travels in Europe.
4. Describe the court at Hanover.
5. Where was Lady Mary's English home?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What are Lady Mary Montagu's important poems?
2. To what is her literary reputation chiefly due?

III.—POPE AND HIS WORKS.

1. Biographical facts (p. 26).
2. "The Rape of the Lock" (pp. 26-33).  
(1) Origin of the theme.  
(2) Account of practices of the toilet.  
(3) Description of a game of cards.  
"Ombre." A game of cards usually played by three persons. It was borrowed from the Spaniards.  
"Matadores." The three principal trumps in the game of ombre.  
"Spadillio." The ace of spades.  
"Manillio." The highest card but one.  
"Codille" [ko-dil']. A term which means the game is won.  
(4) Serving coffee.  
"Scylla." Scylla was the daughter of Nisus, the king of Megara, who had a purple lock of hair. Fate decreed that so long as the king retained this lock the city should not succumb to Minos, king of Crete, who was besieging it. Scylla stole the lock and gave it to Minos, who refused to take it, but arranged fair terms for the surrender of the city. Scylla following the boat bearing Minos away was attacked by an eagle—her father changed to that form—and to save her from drowning, a deity changed her into a bird.  
(5) Stealing the lock.  
"Forfex." The Latin word for shears.  
(6) "The Revenge."  
"Beau-monde." Fashionable world.  
"Rosamonda's lake." A sheet of water which many years ago occupied a corner of St. James'

Park, London. It is said to have "been consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry."

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give a short biographical sketch of Pope.
2. Explain how he obtained the subject for "The Rape of the Lock."
3. What may be learned from this work in regard to the practices of the toilet?
4. Paraphrase the selections quoted from "The Rape of the Lock."

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is the earliest of Pope's works extant?
2. How old was Pope when the first sketch of "The Rape of the Lock" appeared?

IV.—POPE AND LADY MARY.

1. Pope's literary and social position (p. 34).  
"Billingsgate." A fish market, gate, and wharf on the Thames near London Bridge. The coarse language used by the fishwives and other people in the neighborhood has caused the name to be used as a synonym for such language.
2. Pope's Iliad and Gay's verses (pp. 34-36).
3. Lady Mary's letter to her sister (p. 36).  
"De temps en temps." From time to time.  
"Grand monde." Society; high life.
4. Pope's intercourse with Lady Mary (pp. 36-38).
5. Letters written by Lady Mary (pp. 38-42).  
(1) Cure for low spirits.  
(2) Gossip about society.  
(3) Picture of her daily life.  
(4) Account of a birth-night.  
(5) Account of entertainments.  
(6) The coronation of George II.
6. Lady Mary's life on the Continent (p. 42).
7. Her return to England (pp. 42-43).

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Describe Pope's position in literature and society.
2. On what occasion did Gay address some verses to Pope? Analyze them.
3. Give an account of the intercourse between Pope and Lady Mary.
4. Tell what Lady Mary's letters contain in regard to society.
5. Describe her life on the Continent.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What sum did Pope receive for his translation of the Iliad?
2. What famous ballad was written by Gay?

REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

I.—"THE OLD BAILEY."

1. The building (pp. 323-325).  
(1) The new Sessions House.  
(2) The exterior.  
(3) The interior.
2. The court dignitaries (p. 325).
3. The opening of a court of sessions (p. 326).
4. The privilege of the notables of London (pp. 326-327).
5. Court proceedings (p. 327).

- (1) Session of October, 1660.
- (2) Legal murders.
- (3) Eighteenth century people sentenced at Old Bailey.
- (4) Executions.
6. Character of the court.

## II.—"THE AMERICAN HOTEL."

1. The principles of success (p. 330).
2. Hotels forty years ago (p. 330).
3. The change of system (pp. 330-331).
4. Specialization in the hotel business (p. 331).
5. Hotel structures (pp. 331-332).
6. Hotel management (pp. 332-333).
7. The old-fashioned hotel (p. 333).

## III.—"LORD MELBOURNE."

1. Facts about his life before 1829 (pp. 333-334).
2. In the House of Lords (p. 334).
  - (1) Opinions on Catholic emancipation.
  - (2) Attitude toward parliamentary reform.
  - (3) Chosen as prime minister.
3. His administrations (pp. 334-336).
  - (1) The first and second.
  - (2) In the reign of Queen Victoria.
4. Lord Melbourne's conservatism (p. 336).
5. His tendencies toward liberalism (p. 336).
6. His skill as a popular speaker (p. 336).
7. His private life (pp. 336-337).
8. His position (p. 337).

## IV.—"SAVING THE LIFE."

1. The dispute of the apostles (p. 337).
  - (1) Its inopportuneess.
  - (2) The appearance of the question to-day.
  - (3) Christ's statement on the question.
2. Those who have saved their lives (pp. 337-339).
  - (1) The case of William, prince of Orange.
  - (2) The story of William the Silent.
  - (3) Lincoln an example.
  - (4) The Great Example.
3. What it is to lose the life for Christ's sake (p. 339).
  - (1) Self-surrender.
  - (2) Surrender of property.
  - (3) Surrender of wish to be highly esteemed.
4. God's plan and its result (pp. 339-340).
5. The life we save by losing (p. 340).
  - (1) Spiritual life.
  - (2) Physical strength.
  - (3) Mental culture.
6. Consequences of self-surrender (p. 340).
7. The saved life hid with Christ in God (p. 341).

## V.—"THE CENTRAL ELEMENT OF ORGANIZED MATTER."

1. General scope of the article (p. 341).
2. The evolution of chemistry (p. 341).

## 3. Halogen substitution products (pp. 341-342).

- (1) Halogen defined.
- (2) Action of chlorine on marsh gas.
- (3) Definition of substitution.
- (4) Varieties of hydro-carbon derivatives.
- (5) Effect of substitution on hydro-carbon groups.

## 4. The law of substitution (p. 342).

- (1) Story of its discovery.
- "*Soirée*" [swo-rā']. An evening party.

## "Brongniart" [brōn-nyär'].

- (2) Effect of its discovery.
- (3) Principal benefit of the law.
5. Substitution products (pp. 342-343).

## (1) Chloroform.

## (2) Iodoform.

"Lister." An English surgeon. He introduced the antiseptic method of bandaging.

## 6. Discovery of the alcohols and the result (p. 343).

## 7. Arrangement of atoms in the methanes (p. 343).

## 8. Isomers (p. 343).

## 9. Relation of alcohol to hydro-carbons (p. 343).

## (1) How discovered.

## (2) The nature of alcohol.

### (a) Radical explained.

### (b) Hydroxyl defined.

## (3) The alcohol radicals.

## (4) Number of alcohols.

## 10. The aromatic compounds (pp. 344-345).

## (1) Their character.

## (2) Kekulé's hypothesis.

## (3) Relation to benzene.

## (4) Preparation of dyes.

## VI.—"ENGLISH JOURNALISM."

## 1. General survey of the journalistic field (p. 345).

## 2. The comic papers (p. 345).

## 3. The newspapers (pp. 345-348).

## (1) Those of the United Kingdom.

## (2) The *Times*.

## (3) The organ of conservatism.

## (4) The Liberal organ.

## (5) The paper for trades unions.

## (6) The great society journal.

"Stick full." A reference to the composing stick, an instrument of metal or wood in which the compositor arranges the type in words and lines.

## (7) Imitations of American journalistic methods.

## (8) *The Queen*.

## 4. Characteristics of London papers (p. 348).

## 5. The make-up of London dailies (pp. 348-349).

## (1) First column on the outside page.

## (2) Second column.

## (3) The editorial column.

### (a) The leader.

### (b) The leaderette.



- (4) Telegraphic news.
- (5) Publication of poetry.
- (6) The department of criticism.
- 6. Leading evening papers (p. 349).

- 7. Illustrators and work required of the *attaché* (pp. 349-350).
- 8. The Sunday paper (p. 350).
- 9. Reports of the Queen's Jubilee (p. 350).

## ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FOR DECEMBER.

## "TWENTY CENTURIES OF ENGLISH HISTORY."

## X.

- 1. The skill with which he performed a secret mission to the emperor Maximilian.
- 2. With suspicion and ill will.

## XI.

- 1. Queen Elizabeth.
- 2. Cranmer.

## XII.

- 1. The king's attempt to seize five members of Parliament.
- 2. The discovery of a private letter to his wife in which he declared that he wished for Ireton and Cromwell "no reward but that for a silken garter they should be fitted with a hempen rope."

## XIII.

- 1. The Parliament of 1654.
- 2. Cromwell gave to his nominees the title "lords."

## "EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

## XVII.

- 1. That each should not only refrain from hostile action, but avoid acts which will arouse distrust.
- 2. The rank of field marshal and the title of Duke of Lamburg were conferred on him, but he declined the latter.

## XXII.

- 1. In the reign of Ivan the Terrible in the sixteenth century.
- 2. At Nijni-Novgorod.

## XXIII.

- 1. The Grand Vizier.
- 2. Advised by the Sheikh-ul-Islam and guided by the decisions of the Ulema, a body of expounders of the sacred books.

## XXIV.

- 1. Byron.
- 2. That he assume sole protectorate over the Christians of the Greek faith in the Turkish Empire.

## XXV.

- 1. A document relating to the troubles in Herzegovina, Bosnia, Serbia, and Montenegro prepared by the ministers of Austria, Russia, and Germany, approved by England and France and presented to the Porte in 1876.
- 2. That Crete should have an autonomous government under the suzerainty of Turkey.

## XXVI.

- 1. The States-General, consisting of a First Chamber of fifty members and a Second Chamber of one hundred members.
- 2. International Arbitration Conference; the United States, England, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and Roumania.

## XXVII.

- 1. Rigsdag.
- 2. In 1895.

## XXVIII.

- 1. During the reign of Charles II.
- 2. Near Bristol.

## XXIX.

- 1. Ferdinand de Lesseps.
- 2. One hundred miles; ten years.

## XXX.

- 1. When President Faure visited the czar in 1897, in certain expressions used by both, such as "two friendly and allied nations, guided by a common ideal of civilization, law, and justice."

## THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1902.

## CLASS OF 1899—"THE PATRIOTS."

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CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

ONE enthusiastic member in Kansas is so far ahead with her reading that she has already finished all but one book of the course. She writes of "Men and Manners": "Rarely have I enjoyed a book as I did that one. We have been having a week of storm, but fortunately I can knit and read, so have been reading while the mittens and stockings were getting ready for three active boys. On a farm, some distance from neighbors, housed up in times of storm from a tendency to rheumatism, I can still forget all discomforts and worries of life, and am never a bit lonesome. How sorry I am I did not know of it before."

## CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

*"Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."*

*"Licht, Liebe, Leben."*

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*"Light, Love, Life."*

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CLASS FLOWER—CORREOPSIS.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE PALM.

## TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS:

*My hearty New Year's greetings to my classmates of 1901: Last year it was from Berlin but now come the same good wishes from New York. Our reading this winter seems to me peculiarly fitting. No event in modern times is proving so far-reaching in its effects as the advent of the Anglo-Saxon Alliance. It is no formal compact but an outgrowth of mutual friendship among people of the same religion, the same language, and the same lofty national purpose of civilization. Prejudice is born of ignorance, and the feeling of antagonism in certain minds on both sides of the Atlantic largely finds its basis in false ideas. These prejudices are happily disappearing. We are learning to love the British lion and Uncle Sam is found not to be such a boor after all. The C. L. S. C. this year, along its educational lines, will do much to increase the good understanding now already so well begun. Thus the reading is truly well chosen and worth our careful attention in this epoch year in our national life.*

WILLIAM SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE,  
34 Gramercy Park, New York.

A CIRCLE in Selma, Ala., many of whom are members of the Class of 1901, are working out a very interesting and new idea under the direction of their leader, Mrs. Jarvis. By this plan, a number

of "shut-in" Chautauquans in the community are enrolled as associate members of the circle, doing all their work at home but sending occasional reports of progress to the circle. This prevents these isolated readers from being discouraged, gives the circle an added and pleasant sense of responsibility, and even extends its membership to some isolated readers in the country, who come into town occasionally and find a warm welcome awaiting them at the circle. There are great possibilities in this plan.

## CLASS OF 1902.—"THE ALTRURIANS."

*"Not for self, but for all."*

## OFFICERS.

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CLASS FLOWER—AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.

A LITTLE pamphlet with an odd title has recently found its way to the C. L. S. C. office in Buffalo. The title reads:

CHAUTAUQUA  
ELLER

EN HÖGSKOLA I HVARJE HEM.

The pamphlet is the work of Prof. Ivar A. Heikel, of the department of philosophy in the University of Helsingfors, Finland, and tells the story of the Chautauqua movement to the people of that country. Even an American Chautauquan can almost read a line like this:

*"Chautauqua är ett broderligt, entusiastiskt och konsekvent försök att lyfta, rikta och inspirera den enskildes lif i dess helhet."*

It is pleasant to know that Professor Heikel has sent his name for enrollment as a member of the Class of 1902.

"A LONELY mountain reader" in Idaho reports that she can find no one in her community who cares for any reading matter beyond the county paper. Here is a chance for missionary work, but in a kind of field that often takes many years to develop.

## GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE '98's are working away with commendable enthusiasm on their class building fund. Miss Morehouse, who photographed the building and sold copies of the photograph to members of the class

for twenty-five cents each, reports that her little camera has cleared five dollars for the fund, and the treasurer sends word that twenty-five dollars has recently been paid by the class to the building committee.

MANY graduates and undergraduates who have not yet visited Chautauqua do not understand the real value and significance of the class building known as "Alumni Hall." It is the center of social class life at Chautauqua and affords cosy and hospitable headquarters for the classes from '86 to 1902. The new classes who are asked to come into the building and contribute their proportion of

expense do not at first realize its value, until some veteran Chautauquan tells of the troublous and disorganized times when homeless classes sought in vain for suitable gathering places, then once persuaded they enter upon their new duties with commendable zeal.

GRADUATES will find on other pages of the magazine full announcements of recent courses for graduates. A graduate of '87 who is taking up a special course writes: "It was largely through the influence of these studies that I prepared myself to practice medicine and graduated in 1890 at the medical department of Columbia University."

## LOCAL CIRCLES.

### C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We Study the Word and the Works of God."*

*"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

*"Never be Discouraged."*

### C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.  
BRYANT DAY—November 3.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.  
MILTON DAY—December 9.  
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.  
LANIER DAY—February 3.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.  
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.  
ADDISON DAY—May 1.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.  
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.  
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.  
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after first Tuesday.

### SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1898-99.

ALFRED DAY—October 18.  
CAVOUR DAY—November 15.  
CROMWELL DAY—December 16.  
GLADSTONE DAY—January 14.

DRYDEN DAY—February 18.  
WORDSWORTH DAY—March 17.  
SHELLEY DAY—April 20.  
TENNYSON DAY—May 18.

### NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—A letter received at the central office from Orillia gives the impression that a great deal of Chautauqua work is being done there.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In Brocton a thriving circle, now numbering twenty-five, has thus far found the course entirely satisfactory.—The interesting Travel Course is being considered by a number of educated people of Somerset who want to know more about "John Bull's country."

NEW YORK.—Brooklyn, that great Chautauqua center, still continues to contribute new names to the C. L. S. C.—That a circle once well organized is sure to find supporters is proved by the increase of numbers in Unionville.—"The Adirondack" is chosen as the name for the circle in Dannemora, concerning which the secretary states: "It is intended to meet every Wednesday night at the various homes of the members. News of the week is considered, papers relating to English history, Europe in the nineteenth century, and other subjects of value are presented. Much interest is manifested and much benefit is anticipated." We hope to hear from them again.—Eight appli-

cations are received from Floral Park and more are expected.

PENNSYLVANIA.—An awakening interest in C. L. S. C. matters is felt among a number of people in Laceyville.—In October a circle was organized at Fayette City, when seven names were given as a beginning.—The Chautauquans at Philadelphia are reinforced by five new members.

WEST VIRGINIA.—The loyalty of Chautauquans to their *alma mater* is shown in many instances, as that of a member in West Union, who belongs to the Class of '99. She has used her influence toward organizing a circle, and has met with great success.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Dixie Circle, of Greenwood, has made a start with a membership of ten. The president, the superintendent of schools, is a C. L. S. C. graduate of '92 and is a great help to the others who are just beginning.

GEORGIA.—The half dozen readers at Brunswick are conducting their meetings according to the most approved methods.

ALABAMA.—The C. L. S. C. secretary for Alabama gives a complimentary report of the new circle at Montgomery: "The circle numbers twelve

bright, enthusiastic, and earnest women, many of them members of other fine literary clubs. They are beginning the work with avidity and I hope for great results from them. They celebrated Cavour Day in addition to the regular weekly meeting."

TEXAS.—A teacher in the public schools at Dallas has enlisted in the interests of the C. L. S. C. and has founded one circle of twenty-five and is ready to organize another.—A movement toward higher education in Brownwood has resulted in the formation of a circle with a well-chosen president and a good corps of workers.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.—The circle at El Reno is well launched on the course for this year.

OHIO.—A class of energetic young ladies of Troy are giving their attention to Chautauqua literature.—The work is spreading in Toledo, and a list of eight new names are added to the 1902 roll.

ILLINOIS.—A group of bright students are working out the Chautauqua idea at Alton.—Seven names are received from Cropsey.

WISCONSIN.—The secretary of Vincent Circle writes: "Vincent C. L. S. C. of Berlin is now fully organized and in good working order, with a membership of eleven. Ten of our members have been doing the work for two years but only in a desultory manner, but we hope now to accomplish better results."

MINNESOTA.—Five gentlemen of the Swedish Tabernacle, Minneapolis, have become members of the new class. One of them is a graduate of '95 and now is ready to go through the course again.

IOWA.—The activity in C. L. S. C. matters at Des Moines continues and circles are being organized and set to work. The latest reports announce the following: A class in Bible study; University Circle, organized at University Place, with Professor Morgan of Drake University as leader; the evening branch of the Oaklawn Circle, and Clinton Douglas Circle. The latter has become so large that the meetings had to be taken to the parlor of Pilgrim Church. An evening with Howells is planned for raising money for pictures and chairs for the classroom, when a paper on Howells' place in literature and the farce "The Mouse Trap" will be given. Mrs. Shipley deserves much credit for her work in Iowa.

MISSOURI.—A circle at Huntsville, composed entirely of ladies, is finding the work of great benefit.

KANSAS.—Two ladies joined the C. L. S. C. at Carthage Assembly last summer and are now helping to make up the new circle at Scammon, where they reside.—Fall River is to have a well-ordered circle.

COLORADO.—A surprisingly large number of people at Flagler are interested in the C. L. S. C. Fifteen are already promised and several more have almost decided to join.

CALIFORNIA.—A pastor in San José who realizes the value of the Chautauqua reading has organized a circle of seven members.

#### OLD CIRCLES.

MAINE.—The required literature has been forwarded to the '99's of Springvale. The class has one new member and they all will give their undivided attention to the work.—The Twentieth Century Class has good representatives in the enrolled members at Bangor.—*History As It Is Made* and "Europe in the Nineteenth Century" are to be the subjects for study to be taken up by some of the readers in Lewiston.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Unprecedented enthusiasm is reported from the Chautauquans in Boston, and inquiries are constantly made concerning the system.—A reunion held recently in Boston will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to be present. Following is the report as given in a prominent journal: "It is a long time since New England Chautauquans have had as enthusiastic a reunion as they enjoyed last Saturday evening in Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple. Every class was represented, from the first, the Pioneers of 1882, to that of 1902, organized this year. The presence in the city of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in their annual meeting occasioned the date of this gathering, instead of the usual time in February. After the banquet and the social hour there were addresses by Dr. William R. Clark, president of the New England Chautauqua Assembly, Dr. E. E. Hale, Bishop H. W. Warren of Denver, and the father and founder of the C. L. S. C., Bishop John H. Vincent. Drs. Hale and Warren have served as counselors of this organization from its beginning. Of course the Chautauqua salute—the waving of handkerchiefs—was offered again and again to the distinguished speakers. Great enthusiasm followed the announcement that Chancellor Vincent had promised to be present on Recognition Day at Lakeview, or Montwait, as it is now called, next July. Rev. A. E. Dunning presided. The membership of the Class of 1902 in New England is much beyond that of recent years, and the organization enters on its third decade with evidences of renewed interest and a new era of usefulness."—Membership fees received show that a number of people at Malden are busy with the course.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Vincent Circle of Auburn, organized last year, is doing well, regardless of the many outside things which detract from study of any kind.

CONNECTICUT.—The *Sentinel*, of Ansonia, is a friend of the C. L. S. C., as the notices given indicate. There are nine old members and five new ones who have joined in the race this year, and with the well-chosen officers to order the meetings success is assured. Tuesday evening will be the

time for their meetings, and a permanent place has been chosen in which to hold their sessions. We quote from a clipping: "Though the work has been going on quietly, the Chautauqua movement in Ansonia has been gaining steadily in numbers, influence, and interest. The local class, which meets every Tuesday evening in the comfortable and convenient class-room of the Methodist church, now numbers some twenty odd members, Rev. Mr. Saunders, pastor of the Methodist church, and his eldest daughter being the latest enthusiasts in the work. New members will be accorded a welcome, who, with only a little extra effort, can easily make up the required reading." Following this is the program for October 25, which looks exceedingly good and instructive.—"From Chaucer to Tennyson" and "Twenty Centuries" are taken up by about a dozen people in Greenfield Hill who want to know something about the philosophy of literature.—Six members of 1900 in New Haven are still on the road to the golden gate.

NEW YORK.—The Chautauqua work is spreading in Mt. Vernon, showing a number of new members registered for the year.—A devotee of the Chautauqua cause writes favorably of the work in Norwich.—Eleven readers, graduates and undergraduates, are registered in the Pathfinder Circle, Brooklyn.—An increase of membership from three last year to eight at the present time makes the readers at Philmont more than ever enthusiastic.—Twelve out of the twenty-two at Newburgh are seniors this year.—The class organized last year at Newfield is still making a good record of membership.—The memoranda are called for by four readers at Ithaca.—The juniors predominate among the readers registered from Oneida.—The beginning of their senior year finds the Chautauquans at Ridgebury ready to carry on the work with flying colors.—All the undergraduate classes are represented in the membership at Olean.—Two adherents of the Nineteenth Century Class at Stedman have given their attention to a study of the course.—Able officers are conducting a successful class at Little Falls.—This is the last year of study for the industrious students at Adams Center before they receive their diplomas.—Three names are enrolled from Gouverneur.—A convenient little year book is issued by Hawthorne Circle, Andover, containing all the needed information concerning the circle from the time and place of each meeting during the year to the list of members. The colors of the circle are white and blue, as shown on the blue cover tied with white satin ribbon, their flower is the corn flower, and their motto, "It is worth while to be wise in the use of time." They were organized in 1883 and federated in 1896.—The second year of Epiphany Circle, Brooklyn, begins auspiciously.—Metropolitan Tabernacle Circle, New York,

has added several new names to its numbers.—The Current History Course is studied with diligence by a circle at Syracuse.—Edwards Circle, Jamestown, has made two valuable additions to its already fine circle.—A few C. L. S. C.'s in Ovid who have finished the regular reading are ready for a special course.—A letter from Billeville speaks for itself. "Our circle, organized some thirteen years ago, is still alive and doing good work. Our graduates are working for more seals and some of our new members are working for diplomas."

NEW JERSEY.—The Dickens and George Eliot Courses are to receive the attention of ten literary people of Vineland. Several new members are enrolled from among the people of this place.—Five names from Trenton are recorded at the central office, all entering on the second year of study.—A number of perspective graduates at Pemberton have started out with a brilliant outlook.—The Basking Ridge Chautauquans will deserve the diplomas which they are to receive on Recognition Day. One member, however, will not finish until 1901.—The Scudder Circle at Jersey City is doing noble work.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Clarion people are interested in intellectual things and the circle readers there are holding to their former record as excellent students. This circle is fortunate in having Dr. Fradenburgh, a Pioneer, and a highly educated man, as a member of their organization.—The second year of the Carlisle Circle, Pittsburg, finds fourteen active workers with an increasing interest in Chautauqua literature.—The Maclarens, Philadelphia, are cheerfully plodding along and have one new member.—*The Evening Report* gives extended notices of the meetings of the Twentieth Century Circle at Lebanon: from the issue of November 10 we quote: "The meeting of the Twentieth Century Circle, held last evening at the residence of the Misses Bollman, was a very enjoyable affair, the time being spent in literary and conversational interchange and discussion. The paper of the evening, on 'The Myths of Northmen,' by Mrs. Howard C. Shirk, showed very careful study and preparation, was marked by keen perception and clothed in clear and intelligible language, and was very attentively listened to. Then followed a general discussion of a varied and interesting nature, in which the following subjects came in for a liberal share of attention: 'Old Age and its Problems,' 'Animals and the Power Exerted over them by Man,' 'Reminiscences of a trip to Boston,' 'Ministers and their Sacred Office,' 'A Recent Trip to Ephrata,' and the 'Wagnerian Operas.'"—Concerning the banquet of Redding Circle a member of the class says: "Twenty sat down at the table, which was decorated with ferns and flags in honor of the Class of '99. The napkins, of white tissue paper, were fashioned by ingenious fingers



into little boats, and each carried a flag and a button-hole bouquet of pansies. After we had done full justice to the supper the following toasts were presented: 'The American Navy,' 'Chautauqua Socialism,' 'The German Fatherland,' and 'Retrospect and Prospect.' A presentation was also made to the vice-president and his wife, who were leaving us."—A remarkably well-conducted and interested circle at Scranton has seventy enrollments, all pay members.—The students at Troy are giving a great amount of study to the course. Some of them are seniors.—The Twentieth Century Class has several faithful members in Reynoldsville.—A large percentage of the readers at Ridley Park belong to the Class of 1900.—The circle at Millville is organized and ready for business.—The enrollments from Whittier Circle, at Minersville, show the members to be holding their own in numbers as well as in their usual good work done.—The Irving Circle, Sellersville, has begun the winter's work and in connection with the regular reading the members will study Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Hamline Circle, Washington, send new names and report progress.

WEST VIRGINIA.—A Chautauqua rally was held at Charleston in the State Street Church the latter part of September, when a number of people were interested in the study course. Speeches were made by the last year's president and instructors. The work was well defined and explained, and when an opportunity was given for enrollments, a large number gave their names. Officers were elected and a place of meeting was chosen.—Several renewals of membership come from Parkersburg and four new members are added to the class.—Three seniors at Mason are making ready for graduation.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—A circle numbering fifteen is holding up the standard of the Twentieth Century Class in Summerville.—Chesterfield is the home of several C. L. S. C.'s of 1901.

GEORGIA.—"Europe in the Nineteenth Century," "Twenty Centuries," and THE CHAUTAUQUAN are to receive the attention of Douglas Circle, of Columbus.

ALABAMA.—Four members from Shelby will graduate this year.—The readers at Troy have made a successful beginning.—Membership fees are sent from Selma.

MISSISSIPPI.—The West End Reading Circle of Aberdeen has finished the four years' work and a graduate course is talked of. They are well satisfied with the profit derived from the four years of faithful study.

TEXAS.—One year of study in the C. L. S. C. has given the circle at Nacogdoches a desire for further research, and they will continue to read this year.

—An energetic band of Chautauquans is at work at Midland.

OHIO.—The Chautauqua interest has been renewed in Trojan Circle, Troy.—The work accomplished by the sixty circle members in Cleveland last year was satisfactory to every one, and their method of handling such a large number was exceedingly commendable. The circle was divided into six committees, with a captain at the head of each, and the committees took their turns at conducting the entertainment. The society is a flourishing circle, including in its members influential people who are an addition to any organization.—The C. L. S. C. class of Cuyahoga Falls, twenty-six members, commenced the work of the year October 10 with splendid prospects for the year. An address of welcome was given by Dr. W. L. Davidson, one of the field secretaries. Dr. H. W. Carter was elected president and also gave a brief address. They have named their circle the Edward R. Sill Circle, from that man of literary fame whom they loved and admired.—Wesley Circle, Cincinnati, sends half a dozen enrollments.—Holmes Circle at Dayton have elected a competent corps of officers, and with their eleven active members they will make the work of great profit.—Membership Books are ordered for fifteen members of the Class of 1900 now doing the work of the course at Portsmouth.

—The year's reading is begun with spirit by the Chautauquans at Mechanicsburg.—The work as carried on in Fremont is good, as a letter from the secretary shows: "A profitable year's work by Croghan Chautauqua Circle was completed at the last regular meeting, held June 21, 1898. Though the total enrollment for the year was not large, yet the average attendance indicated sustained interest in the work. We are looking forward with pleasure to next year's work."—The following is an extract from the report of a meeting held in Toledo: "Members of the C. L. S. C. Alumni Association of Toledo and vicinity and their friends, to the number of about forty-five, held a delightful reunion at the Central Congregational Church, May 31. The meeting was opened by prayer and repeating the Chautauqua mottoes. Miss Brown read a letter of kindly greeting from Rev. Tanneyhill, congratulating the members of the Alumni Association upon their fidelity and expressing bright hopes for the future. Mrs. Foster favored us with a very interesting address upon Gladstone. Rev. Kelsey greeted the Chautauquans in a cordial and happy manner, choosing as his subject 'Profitable Leisure,' and Mr. Lewis, accompanied by Mrs. Rose Clouse-Lewis, rendered two songs in such a manner as to charm all who heard him. A vote of thanks and the Chautauqua salute were given to those who had so kindly favored us and made of the evening a red letter occasion, another happy

Chautauqua mile-stone to mark our way. After joining in singing 'America' the meeting adjourned." —"Sidney Circle held a memorial meeting, June 6, on the death of one of our members, Mrs. Mary A. Barkdull. Mrs. H. C. Robert paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Barkdull in a memorial paper, and a set of resolutions were adopted. Mrs. Barkdull was an enthusiastic Chautauquan, and it was largely through her influence that Sidney Circle was organized. Although she was eighty-one years old she kept in touch with the class and took great interest in all the members and was a wonderful inspiration to us. Mrs. Barkdull was a graduate of the Class of '88. She was a member of the League of the Round Table and of the Guild of Seven Seals. Had she lived to have completed this year's work she would have had twenty-six seals and three crowns upon her diploma. We shall not soon look upon her like again." —The little booklet calendar for 1897-98, sent out by the Worthingtons, of Springfield, contains a schedule of the meetings to be held during the year, with the place and time of meeting, together with the names of the members and the constitution of the circle. This makes a very pretty souvenir as well as a helpful guide for the year's study. —The circle at Fostoria gave a reception and banquet to the alumni early in June, when Dr. Davidson delivered an address. —Five or six new names will be among the students at Fostoria this year. —We are in receipt of a neatly arranged program of the celebration of the "Twentieth anniversary of the organization of Alpha C. L. S. C., Cincinnati, Saturday, November 19, at Palace Hotel." The menu, as given, was well worthy of the distinguished guests who partook of the feast. The toasts were as follows:

Alpha C. L. S. C.

"We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?"

Bishop John H. Vincent.

"A noble

Of nature's own creating."

The Hall in the Grove.

"A spot that is lovely when sunshine departs  
And twilight creeps over the lake."

Our Alma Mater.

"Her children adorn all the walks of life."

Friends among the Speaking Leaves.

"A collection of books is a real university."

Our Outside Barbarians.

"They are very respectable members of society."

"Alpha Circle."

A poem written by Rev. Sylvester Weeks, of Eustis, Fla.

Recitation.

The Song of '82 by the Circle.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* contained the following: "The twentieth anniversary of the organization of the Alpha Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Society was appropriately celebrated at the Palace Hotel, Saturday afternoon, by a banquet, after

which a select program was rendered by members present. Letters of regret were read from the following absent friends and members: Bishop Vincent, Edward Everett Hale, Bishop Henry Warren, Miss Kate Kimball, Mrs. Bishop Joyce, Dr. Weeks, of Florida, at whose church the organization was formed just twenty years ago yesterday, Miss Scott, at present engaged in missionary work in India, and Mrs. Kleeman, of Kansas City. After a sumptuous banquet the program was rendered." —The circle organized at Ashland last year find that it takes about a year to get accustomed to systematic study and are now meeting with the greatest success. —With six new members and three graduates to help the circle at Westerville a successful year is assured.

INDIANA.—The C. L. S. C. is very popular in Kokomo, and new members still are being received. The superintendent of schools, a Chautauqua graduate, has given the teachers permission to take up this course in place of the state course for teachers. The Round Table has done much to bring the reading into favor. —Westfield has a good working circle. —The readers at Elkhart are enthusiastic and they find a place for the C. L. S. C. among nine other literary clubs in the city. —The Butler Circle is getting the work well mapped out and the study has begun in earnest. —Faithful attention to the work of the C. L. S. C. characterizes the circle at Salem. —The secretary of Knightstown Circle writes: "Our circle is again hard at work. We have eighteen members already and a few more are talking favorably of the work." A S. H. G. is also a part of the literary life of Knightstown. —A wide-awake Society of the Hall in the Grove is doing effective work in Elwood. —An interesting class of twelve, two joining this year, are making their presence felt in Decatur. —The thirty C. L. S. C. workers in Mishawaka are reading some of Shakespeare's plays.

ILLINOIS.—Three 'oo's are enrolled from Monmouth to take up the course of the year and one member is working for the seal of the Bible Course. —Reorganizations are reported from Havana, Milton, Oregon, and Hanover. —Harvard and Griggsville are patrons of the C. L. S. C.

MICHIGAN.—The Current History Course and the Bible Course will be taken up by some of the members at Litchfield. —The Chautauqua spirit is manifest among the students at Benton Harbor. —Mason also contributes several members who are continuing the work with diligence.

WISCONSIN.—There will be at least one member in Racine who will graduate this year. —Encouraging letters tell of progressive workers in Madison.

MINNESOTA.—The quarterly report of Pioneer

Circle, Stillwater, says: "During the quarter just ended this circle has had but three meetings. This was due to the fact that at the quarterly meeting held on July 3d it was decided to take a vacation during the warm season. That the members have been refreshed and have brought back with them into the circle all their old-time enthusiasm has been in evidence. Two new members have been added to the roll. One of our members having been discharged, leaves our membership at twenty-six. No failures to report or failures to respond at roll-call are recorded. The studies for the new term, with one exception, were found to be in the library. This missing set has been provided and to which has been added one other, making in all six studies. This report would be incomplete did it fail to mention the musical feature of our programs. Under the direction of Miss Gramling, music of a high order has been and is being provided. That this is a strong feature and one much appreciated is the unanimous sense of this circle."—Glencoe, Minneapolis, and Albert Lea have circles which would add much to the educational standing of any city.

IOWA.—A program of the Manchester C. L. S. C. alumni banquet, held September 16, is beautifully bound with a cover decorated with violets and gilt finishings. A local paper says concerning the event: "The annual C. L. S. C. alumni banquet held at the K. P. hall was largely attended by the members and their friends. The large number present betokens the interest shown in the Chautauqua work, and the same spirit of intellectual research was manifest that has always been on such occasions here and that has justly earned for Manchester the honor of possessing the banner Chautauqua class of the world. The evening's program was opened by music, followed by an invocation by Mrs. Mary Wheeler, after which came the president's address, by Mrs. E. J. Tirrill. Her production was most scholarly and showed a great amount of study and research. As president of the alumni she welcomed the newly graduated class. Mrs. Amy Cary gracefully responded in behalf of the incoming class, which consisted of five members. Mrs. Haeberle offered a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Hamblin and Miss Pierce, former members of the alumni, after which the guests repaired to the dining-room, where refreshments were served. The tables were tastily arranged and beautifully decorated with roses, ferns, and smilax. The main room was decorated with large jars of goldenrod and roses. After refreshments, Mrs. Angie Paul, gracefully presiding as toastmistress, introduced the speakers."—"The Wild Rose Circle of Sheffield met for organization September 27. Although two have been dropped from our roll for the ensuing year we have, to counterbalance this loss, the addition of four new members, with prospects of one or two

more. Our circle now numbers twelve members, and although several are prevented from attending the meeting regularly, much profit and enjoyment are attained."—The end of the year will find several '99's at Newton ready for their diplomas.—Five married ladies of Coon Rapids find leisure enough to do the educational work of the C. L. S. C.—Waterloo is the home of Franklin Circle, energetic, wide-awake, and ready to make the most out of the Chautauqua system.—The readers at State Center are known as the Vincent Circle.—Promising circles are found at Elliott, Logan, Collins, Dubuque, and Arlington.—The year book of the Creston Society of the Hall in the Grove, organized last year and federated this year, is a beautiful souvenir, containing the names of the officers, places of meeting, and list of members.—A visit from Bishop Vincent and Dr. Hurlbut in October was the occasion of a reception to these honored gentlemen by the Marion Circle, a class full of great enthusiasm and Chautauqua spirit.—Renewals of memberships are received from Iowa City, Ottumwa, Manchester, and Prairie City.

MISSOURI.—The secretary of Alpha Circle, Marshall, writes: "The Alpha Circle held its annual meeting for the election of officers on September 15. This is the twelfth year, and the limit of thirty members was attained at the first meeting. Much interest is manifested in C. L. S. C. work, and the circle is recognized in our little city of seven thousand inhabitants as a potent factor in self-improvement and in cultivating a taste for solid literature. We anticipate much pleasure in the studies of the English year. The history and literature lessons are thoroughly prepared by members of the circle, and special papers from time to time prove very interesting."—Pilgrim Circle, St. Louis, is beginning with the intention of making the year a profitable one.—Smithville and West Plains report energetic and progressive circles.

KANSAS.—A well-equipped circle is making rapid headway at Paola.

COLORADO.—A letter from Mrs. Eldred of Boulder shows that she is deeply interested in the C. L. S. C. movement. Several other ladies have been reading the course and are all good Chautauqua representatives.

NEW MEXICO.—"The Cactus Circle of Las Vegas reorganized for its fourth year, having successfully closed the work of three years of the required course. The meetings of the past three years have been, with but few exceptions, held regularly once a week, and occasionally a social meeting was given. The members all feel that the time has been well spent, the meetings being both pleasurable and profitable. The work of the closing year is looked forward to with much interest and pleasant anticipations."

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

### Books for Little People.

Cheerful stories of patient endeavor for the happiness of others, in which the actors are full of life and spirit, are the ones that will have the greatest influence for good. Such a book is "A Little New England Maid,"\* a story which gives a glimpse of rural life in New England. The tale is an interesting one in spite of the stilted style the author uses in the first few pages, a style that changes to one more vivacious as the story proceeds.

The very little people should have a copy of "Child Stories and Rhymes,"† by Emilie Poulsson. It contains many pretty verses of just the right measure to please a child's fancy and the delightful little stories are about animals, objects, and Baby Bun. The pictures accompanying both rhymes and stories are by no means the least interesting portion of the book and they will prove to be equally attractive to the little folks.

That it takes but little to amuse a child even on holidays is thoroughly understood by the author of a little pleasing book called "Laura's Holidays."‡ The little girl about whom the author writes found some special day to celebrate in every month of the year, and her celebrations were simple ones which revealed a pure, unselfish nature. These twelve stories about one little girl are entertaining and will teach their readers valuable lessons. The volume is attractively illustrated.

The hero of a short tale§ by Mrs. C. F. Fraser is Fred Norton, or Master Sunshine, as he was generally called, a manly little fellow eight years of age. His influence among the boys at school led to the erection of a beautiful drinking fountain in the village. Though he is remarkably thoughtful and good for a child of his age, he is by no means an impossible lad, and in telling this story about him the author has used a simple, pleasing style.

"A Puzzling Pair"§ is a charming tale of two little adventurers. They are Guy, an artist, and his twin sister Beryl, who lived in a dilapidated manor-house by the sea coast. They are children of the right sort, bright, full of fun, truthful, and most original in speech and action, and the author's

spirited style will make the story a popular one. The illustrator has added much to the attractiveness of the book by the marginal pictures which are pen drawings expressing the spirit of the story.

S. J. Brigham takes the little people into a pleasant country full of varied delights by means of "The Pleasant Land of Play."\* There he gives them a peep into the wonders of nature, introduces them to brownies and fairies, and lets them play with dolls and the animals of which children are very fond. The volume is made up of prose and poetical pieces, simple in style to suit the child mind. Mary A. Lathbury, the illustrator, is an appreciative interpreter of the writer's fanciful tales.

No book is more fascinating to children than the one filled with fairy tales. The collection of which Mrs. Craik is the editor is most interesting and among the three dozen stories it contains there are some from northern lands and some of Greek origin, with others that have long been popular.† The editing has been admirably done and the illustrations make the volume more realistic.

### Fiction.

Ian Maclaren is the author of a series of short stories called "Afterwards."‡ This is also the title of the first tale, a recital full of pathos, in which is delineated the remorse of a man who does not appreciate the goodness and unselfishness of his wife until after her death. Variations of the same theme run through several of the tales, which arouse tender emotions. However, they are in no way gloomy, but they are as delicate letters, reminding us of our duty to our fellow men.

Thomas Nelson Page has made a delightful addition to his stories of southern life in "Red Rock, a Chronicle of Reconstruction."§ The work combines the faithful portrayal of social conditions and the lifelike delineation of character, for which his short stories are noted, with the dramatic power of a novel. The story, laid "partly in one of the old southern states and partly in the land of memory," opens just before the war, and as it proceeds draws a striking contrast between the pros-

\*A Little New England Maid. A story for both boys and girls. By Kate Tannatt Woods. 279 pp. \$1.00.—†Child Stories and Rhymes. By Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 89 pp. \$1.25.—‡Laura's Holidays. By Henrietta R. Elliot. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. 94 pp. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

§ Master Sunshine. By Mrs. C. F. Fraser. 54 pp. 50 cts. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

§ A Puzzling Pair. By Amy L. Feuvre. Illustrated by Eveline Lance. 144 pp. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

\*The Pleasant Land of Play. By S. J. Brigham. Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. 151 pp. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

† The Fairy Book. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 389 pp. 60 cts. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

‡ Afterwards and Other Stories. By Ian Maclaren. 377 pp. \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

§ Red Rock, a Chronicle of Reconstruction. By Thomas Nelson Page. 584 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



perity then and the desolation later on. The *regime* of the carpet-bagger is set forth without sparing either the scheming northerner or the selfish southerner, but these elements, it is shown, do not fairly represent North or South, and the best people of the two sections come at length to understand and appreciate each other. The intermarriage of northern and southern families ultimately gives assurance that the era of good will has come to remain. B. West Clinedinst has illustrated the story and has entered thoroughly into the spirit of it.

Paul Laurence Dunbar is the author of a short story entitled, "The Uncalled."\* The scene is a small town of western Ohio, whose inhabitants are, for the most part, lowly, uneducated folk. The principal character is Fred Brent. When the story opens he is but a child and his inebriate mother having just died and his father, a drunkard, having disappeared several years before, he is adopted by a well-meaning spinster who does not understand child nature. However, she provides him with a good home, educates him, and forces him into a profession of her own choosing. The effect of early training and the result of an unjust prejudice against a respectable person because of unfortunate parentage are strongly portrayed. The story is generally well told and the characters, homely though they be, are interesting in their peculiarities.

A tale of the sea by Gustav Kobbé is called "Miriam."† It is a charming story of the Nantucket Shoals and the South Shoal Lightship told in the dialect characteristic of the seaman, in which the author has happily combined pathos and cheeriness. The artist in his illustrations has reproduced the true spirit of the tale, and the mechanical work makes the volume an example of artistic book-making.

"The Lost Word"‡ is the title of an enchanting story by Henry Van Dyke which shows that the name of God the Father is the "key-word of all life and joy and peace." The author's delightfully elegant and concise style, coupled with the inherent interest of the theme, make a combination to which the reader yields himself with great satisfaction. The publishers have encased the work in handsome green and gold covers and printed the text in clear type on pages adorned with an artistic border in black and white. The full-page illustrations are photogravures from drawings made by Corwin Knapp Linson.

Hugh Thomson is the illustrator of a new edi-

tion of Mrs. Gaskell's charming story "Cranford."\* Nearly half a hundred of the illustrations are colored in delicate tints, and besides reproducing the styles of fifty years ago they show an appreciative study of the story. The remaining sixty pictures are pen sketches, which are equally good representations of the spirit of the text. Green covers bearing an artistic design in gold are used to encase the text.

The publishers of "The Choir Invisible"† rarely put out a handsomer volume than the holiday edition of this product of James Lane Allen's pen. There are eight photogravures designed by Orson Lowell and a large number of pen drawings used as tailpieces, headings of chapters, and text illustrations, all of which show the artist's sympathetic perception of the spirit of the tale. A graceful floral design ornaments the covers.

Virginia in the middle of the seventeenth century was but a young colony, yet there is much in its history that can be utilized in fiction, evidence of which may be seen in "Prisoners of Hope."‡ Just at the time of which this story treats, 1663, slavery in Virginia was in its infancy and planters were employing indentured servants, English criminals imported and sold into slavery for a term of years. Among these latter were Oliverians and Muggletonians, who found in the institution of slavery the conditions favorable for insurrections which were to end in the freedom of the oppressed and the erection of a republic on the shores of the Chesapeake. It is a conspiracy of this kind that makes the foundation of the present story and the leader is Godfrey Landless, an indentured servant on Colonel Verney's plantation. Most ingeniously the author has wrought out a complicated plot in which the colonel's daughter, an English cousin, and Landless are most important actors, and which terminates with a tragedy that perfectly reflects the injustice and intolerance of the period. In delineating the many exciting events, in which Indians also play an important part, the author has not forgotten to portray the manners and customs of the period in a most effective literary style.

"The Story of Gösta Berling"§ is the work of Miss Selma Lagerlöf, a Swedish woman who in this work evinces real literary power. The hero is a brilliant priest who is deposed because of his intemperate habits. He goes out into the world, sinks to

\* Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. With illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 327 pp. \$2.00.—† The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. With illustrations by Orson Lowell. 364 pp. \$3.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. 378 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

§ The Story of Gösta Berling. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Baccroft Flach. 473 pp. \$1.75. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

\* The Uncalled. A Novel. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. 255 pp. \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

† Miriam. By Gustav Kobbé. Illustrated by M. J. Burns. 54 pp. 50 cts. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

‡ The Lost Word. By Henry Van Dyke. 71 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



lowest degradation, is rescued by a woman, the mistress of Ekeby and another most notable character of the tale, and after a year's time he chooses a simple mode of life in which his young wife assists him in bringing happiness to other people. Many characters are required to make this story complete, and with a bold, free hand the author has portrayed some striking personages. The tale is strong and vigorous and into its recital, which is quite epigrammatic in style, the real and the legendary are most happily blended, making a remarkably complete and vivid picture of life in southern Sweden in the early part of this century. The translator, Pauline Bancroft Flach, has done her work well, and her smooth English gives the reader delight.

**Ave Roma  
Immortalis.**

In "Ave Roma Immortalis"\*

Francis Marion Crawford has given another proof of his ability to write literature other than fiction. The two volumes contain very scholarly and interesting essays, modestly called "studies in the chronicles of Rome," in which the history, topography, and art of ancient Rome are delightfully mingled and vividly described. The first five chapters are devoted to the making of the city, the empire, the city under Augustus, and the Middle Age; the following fourteen contain descriptions of as many different regions of the city, and the concluding chapters treat of Leo XIII., the Vatican, and St. Peter's. Fourteen fine photogravure plates of well-chosen subjects add to the beauty of each volume, while numerous smaller illustrations are interspersed through the text. The volumes are very artistically bound, and the workmanship is of the highest order.

**Miscellaneous.**

One of the classics of American literature, "Poor Richard's Almanack,"† has been added to the "Thumb-Nail Series," published by The Century Company. It is a small, attractive volume bound in full leather, stamped with a design constructed by Miss Blanche MacManus. The contents consist of a frontispiece, Franklin's portrait, a facsimile of the Almanack for 1733, with copies of Poor Richard's proverbs. The editing, which is admirably done, is the work of Benjamin E. Smith, managing editor of "The Century Dictionary."

By means of booklets many choice thoughts and

\*Ave Roma Immortalis. Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By Francis Marion Crawford. Illustrated. Two volumes. 332 + 344 pp. \$6.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†Poor Richard's Almanack. By Benjamin Franklin (Richard Saunders, Philomath). Selections from the Prefaces, Apologies, and Rimes, with a Facsimile in Reduction of the Almanack for 1733. Edited by Benjamin E. Smith. 248 pp. \$1.00. New York: The Century Co.

valuable suggestions which have an elevating and ennobling influence on humanity are delivered to a large audience. One of the most admirable series of these publications is the "What is Worth While Series,"\* which represents some of the best work of eminent writers. Among the contributors to these excellent booklets are Count Tolstoï, E. S. Elliott, Rev. J. R. Miller, Prof. G. H. Palmer, Rev. Henry Van Dyke, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and others equally well known, who have written short treatises on subjects pertaining to religion, education, literature, and society. These publications are pleasing not only on account of their contents, but the dainty covers and the generally excellent character of their make-up.

Among the many books prepared to help young people solve the problems constantly confronting them in their battle with the world, "Young People's Problems"† deserves praise for its lofty thought and excellent literary character. Some of the problems considered pertain to home life, social relations and duties, and the Christian life. Every one who reads it must be the better therefor.

A new edition of Dr. Miller's delightful meditation on the Twenty-third Psalm‡ has been beautified by eleven full-page illustrations appropriate to the subject and half a dozen vignettes. The cover, bearing a decorative design in green and gold, is also a work of art.

A fine edition of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"|| recently offered to the public belongs to what is known as "The Faience Library." Handsome covers of green and gold, a photogravure frontispiece, an artistic title-page, and excellent illustrations are the characteristic features of the make-up of the volume. Nathan Haskell Dole is the author of an interesting introduction and the editor has added a vocabulary and notes to the contents.

"Fables for the Frivolous"§ is the title of a col-

\*The Modern Man and Maid. By Sarah Grand. 37 pp.—The Greatest Thing Ever Known. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 55 pp.—The Study of English Literature. By William Henry Hudson. 31 pp.—The Evolution of the College Student. By William DeWitt Hyde. 39 pp.—New Forms of Christian Education. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 39 pp.—The Glory of the Imperfect. By George Herbert Palmer, LL.D. 31 pp.—Luxury and Sacrifice. By Charles F. Dole. 63 pp.—What a Carpenter Did With His Bible. By John Franklin Genning. 31 pp.—Ideal Motherhood. By Minnie S. Davis. 34 pp.—The Best Life. By Charles Franklin Thwing, D.D., LL.D. 32 pp.—The Everlasting Arms. By Francis E. Clark, D.D. 31 pp.—The Fruit of the Vine. By Rev. Andrew Murray. 30 pp.—The Secret of Gladness. By Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. 32 pp.—The Marriage Altar. By Rev. J. R. Miller. 32 pp. 35 cents each.—†Young People's Problems. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 206 pp. 75 cts.—‡By the Still Waters. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 32 pp. 60 cts.—||The Song of Hiawatha. By Henry W. Longfellow. 310 pp. \$1.00. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

§Fables for the Frivolous. (With Apologies to La Fontaine.) By Guy Wetmore Carryl. 118 pp. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

lection of rhymes by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Some of them are old and some are new but all are expressed in pungent, idiomatic English and the morals are distinctly modernized. Take, for example, that of "The Inhuman Wolf and the Lamb Sans Gène":

The Moral: The wisest lambs they are  
Who, when they're assailed by thirst,  
Keep well away from a public bar;  
For of all black sheep, or near, or far,  
The public bar-lamb's worst.

The book is illustrated with full-page drawings by Peter Newell and is a work of art; heavy antique finish paper, French old style type, handsome cloth binding, deckle edges, gilt top.

The second volume of "The Workers"\* is a graphic account of the author's experiences as an unskilled laborer in the West. From the East he went to Chicago, where the crowded condition of the labor field brought him near to starvation and consequently into close contact with the lowest classes of society. As he gradually worked his way up to improved circumstances his association with anarchists, members of labor unions, and different classes of workmen gave him an opportunity to study life as it actually exists in the industrial field of the city. From Chicago he worked his way to the Pacific coast, and in this trip he found an opportunity to investigate the labor problem on a western farm, in mines, and on the cattle ranch. The recital is clear, vivid, and extremely interesting, and it constitutes a valuable contribution to sociological literature.

Eight biographical sketches make up the textual part of a volume† by Ernest Seton Thompson. They are the life histories—true stories the preface says—of eight animals in which the personality of each is brought out in a strikingly realistic manner, and the reader is made to feel the kinship of man and the lower animals. The writer is his own illustrator and the pictures therefore are especially appropriate to the text. A charming originality is observable in the general make-up of the volume, the striking features of which are wide margins, decorated with pen sketches, a unique title-page, heavy paper, with deckle edge, clear type, and covers suggestively stamped.

Miss Grace Leigh Duncan is again the editor of "The Chautauqua Booklet Calendar,"‡ a compilation which shows her fine appreciation of the heart needs of mankind. For each day in the year there is a Scripture text and a quotation from some emi-

nent author which amplifies the thought of the text. The last few pages contain the C. L. S. C. mottoes and directory and some facts in regard to the C. L. S. C. work.

A phase of life which has long since ceased to exist is the theme of a volume entitled, "Home Life in Colonial Days."\* The author in her usual bright, lucid style has brought us into touch with the manners and customs of our forefathers and reproduced some interesting obsolete household terms. In the writing and in the illustrations, which are from photographs collected by the author, there are evidences of careful and painstaking research.

"From Day to Day"† is the title of a small volume compiled by Theodore W. Woolsey. It contains three hundred and sixty-five texts of Scripture, and each is rendered into French, German, and Italian, thus greatly increasing the general utility of this little book. In its construction the publishers have given us an example of excellent typography and serviceable binding.

Another compilation especially for busy people is "The Starlight Calendar."‡ For every day of the year there are prose or poetical selections bearing healing and cheerful messages to those who have friends in heaven. The compiler, Kate Sanborn, has culled these choice gems from some of the highest literary sources.

A very timely publication is "Immortal Songs of Camp and Field,"|| by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. In a very pleasant, entertaining way the author has given the history of twenty-five songs, most of which pertain to our own national life. "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Recessional," by Kipling, and the national hymns of Germany, France, and England are also included in the list. The text is illustrated with portraits of the authors of the hymns and pictures of interesting historical events and plans associated with the songs. The publishers have used large, clear type and heavy paper in the construction of the volume, which has a handsome binding of green and gold.

A book which enters more deeply into the study of nature is "Outlines of the Earth's History."§ The opening chapter, a brief sketch of the develop-

\*Home Life in Colonial Days. Written by Alice Morse Earle. Illustrated by photographs gathered by the author. 470 pp. \$2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†From Day to Day. By Theodore W. Woolsey. 365 pp. \$1.25. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

‡The Starlight Calendar. Compiled by Kate Sanborn. 365 pp. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

||Immortal Songs of Camp and Field. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. With portraits and illustrations. 280 pp. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Brothers Company.

§Outlines of the Earth's History. A Popular Study in Physiology. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Illustrated. 417 pp. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

\*The Workers. By Walter A. Wyckoff. 378 pp. \$1.50.

—†Wild Animals I Have Known and 200 Drawings. By Ernest Seton Thompson. 359 pp. \$2.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡The Chautauqua Booklet Calendar for 1899. Edited by Grace Leigh Duncan. 25 cts. Syracuse, N. Y.: University Press, Eaton & Mains.

ment of natural science, is followed by a chapter giving instructions in the methods of nature observation. Then comes the principal theme of the book, which is suggested by the title. An explanation of the formation of the members of the solar system is the first chapter of the history. The atmosphere is the next subject discussed, and in this division the author gives a very full explanation of cyclones, tornadoes, hurricanes, ocean currents, water systems, and the effect of water on the configuration of a continent. Subterranean water systems, glaciers, rocks, and the soil are the other divisions of the history, which he has treated in a very full and complete manner. It is a book full of interesting information, written in dignified English, which, for the most part, is pellucid, though marred occasionally by sentences somewhat complicated and awkward. The illustrations are ample and appropriate to the subject treated.

A book designed especially for mothers is "Child Culture in the Home."<sup>\*</sup> It contains a wealth of excellent suggestions in regard to heredity, training the will and the senses, the cultivation of the emotions and the moral nature, punishment, character, manners, and habits. If every mother would read the book and act upon its suggestions many social problems would be solved.

The rather ambiguous title which Dr. Francis E. Clark has given to a volume of his composition is "Fellow Travellers."<sup>†</sup> The subject matter, he tells us, was obtained during a journey of about forty thousand miles in the interest of the Christian Endeavor work, and from the great variety of his personal experiences while abroad he has selected the most interesting ones for the contents of the book. Hence he gives us a little of Europe, Asia, and Africa, telling of people, places, and events not usually described by the ordinary traveler. The book will be specially interesting to Christian Endeavorers.

In 1850 M. Huc, a French missionary, sent forth a book entitled "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China"<sup>‡</sup> which has been out of print many years. A revival of interest in these oriental countries has led to a reprint of this ancient book, the first to give any information in regard to these countries. The dignified simplicity of the writer's style of composition is very impressive, and that with the facts he gives and the incidents, he relates makes entertaining as well as instructive reading. About fifty wood engravings adorn the pages of each of the

<sup>\*</sup> Child Culture in the Home. By Martha B. Mosher. 240 pp. \$1.00.—<sup>†</sup> Fellow Travellers. By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. 288 pp. \$1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

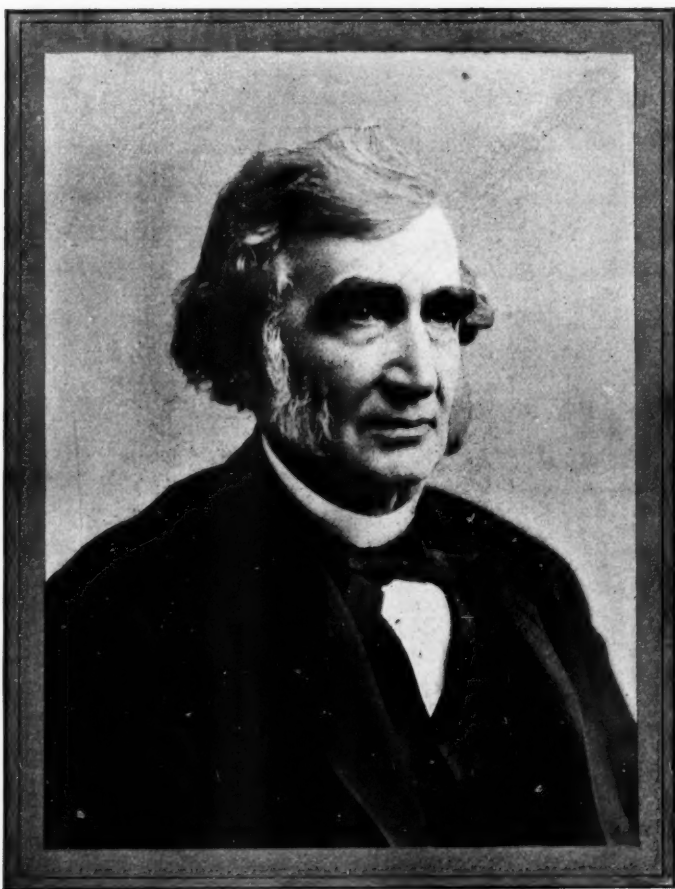
<sup>‡</sup> Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China. During the years 1844-5-6. By M. Huc. Translated from the French by W. Hazlitt. Reprint edition. Illustrated. Two vols. 340+242 pp. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

two volumes, whose unique cover designs will catch the eye of the casual observer.

For a fuller announcement of books and a more complete description of fall and winter literature see pages 181-216 of the December number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK. CURTIS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.  
Brown, Borden P. The Christian Revelation. 30 cts.  
Dryer, George H., D.D. History of the Christian Church. Volume II. The Preparation for Modern times. 600—1517 A. D. \$1.50.  
Newell, Wilbur C. The Truth about Hell. 20 cts.  
Bancus, Georgiana. Outline of the Moral Teachings of the Bible. 20 cts.  
Bates, J. H., Ph.M. Christian Science and Its Problem. 30 cts.  
D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.  
Austin, Herbert Ernest, B.Sc. Observation Blanks for Beginners in Mineralogy.  
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, 2 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.  
Burrell, David James, D.D. "For Christ's Crown" and other Sermons. \$1.50.  
LEE AND SHEPARD, BOSTON.  
Stratemeyer, Edward. Under Dewey at Manila, or The War Fortunes of a Castaway. \$1.25.  
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., NEW YORK.  
Longmans' "Ship" Literary Readers. Books I., II., and III.  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.  
Lessing's Nathan der Weise. With Introduction and Notes by George O. Curme. 60 cts.  
Goethe's Egmont. With Introduction and Notes by Sylvester Primer, Ph.D. 60 cts.  
McLellan, J. A., A.M., LL.D. and Ames, A. F., A.B. The Public School Arithmetic. Based on McLellan and Dewey's "Psychology of Number." 60 cts.  
Turgenev, Ivan. Dream Tales and Prose Poems. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. \$1.25.  
Zola, Emile. The Downfall (La Débâcle). The Smash-up. Translated by E. P. Robins. \$1.50.  
Doctor Pascal. Translated by Mary J. Lerrano. \$1.50.  
Smith, William Benjamin. Infinitesimal Analysis. Vol. I. Elementary: Real Variables. \$3.25.  
Balzac, H. de. Cousin Betty (La Cousine Bette). Translated by James Waring. With a preface by George Saintsbury. \$1.50.  
A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. (Un grand Homme de province à Paris.) Translated by Ellen Marriage. \$1.50.  
The Seamy Side of History. (L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine.) Translated by Clara Bell. \$1.50.  
Seraphia. Translated by Clara Bell. \$1.50.  
Nichols, Edward L. The Outlines of Physics. An Elementary Text-Book. \$1.40.  
Wilson, L.L.W., Ph.D. History Reader for Elementary Schools. Arranged with Special Reference to Holidays. 60 cts.  
GEO. A. MOSHER, 112 E. FAYETTE ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.  
Baker, Adella L. Famous Authors of America. Brief Sketches of Twenty Prominent American Writers. Illustrated with Photo Blue Prints. 50 cts.  
Warner, Ruth Janette. Historic Art. An Aid for Teachers of Public Schools and Colleges. Illustrated with Photo Blue Prints.  
CHAS. N. PAGE, DES MOINES, IOWA.  
Page, Chas. N. Feathered Pets. A Treatise on the Food, Breeding, and Care of Canaries, Parrots, and other Cage Birds. Paper, 25 cts.  
THE PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.  
Clodfelter, N. J. The Gotham of Yasmir: A Satire. \$1.00.  
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TORONTO.  
Cary, Otis. The Man who Feared God for Naught. Being a Rhythmical Version of the Book of Job.  
McClure, James G. K., D.D. The Man Who Wanted to Help. 25 cts.  
Cuyler, The Rev. Theodore L., D.D. Mountain Tops with Jesus: Calls to a Higher Life. 25 cts.  
ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.  
Alger, Abby L. In Indian Tents. Stories. Told by Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, and Micmac Indians. \$1.00.  
WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, CHICAGO.  
Crooker, Joseph Henry. The Growth of Christianity.



HON. JUSTIN S. MORRILL, OF VERMONT, LATE SENIOR MEMBER OF THE  
UNITED STATES SENATE.

See "History As It Is Made."